



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

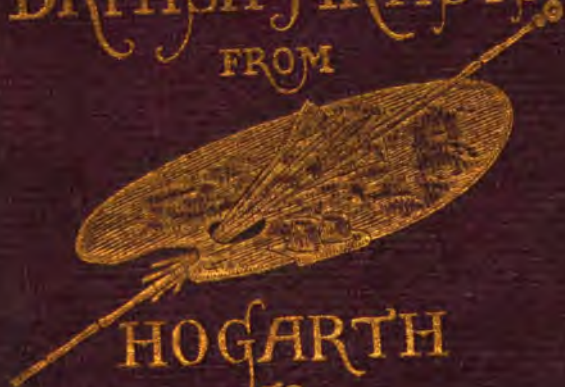
W. OXFORD STREET

AND 20 & 21, MUSEUM STREET LONDON

SINGLE SUBSCRIPTION

One Guinea Per Annum

BRITISH ARTISTS
FROM



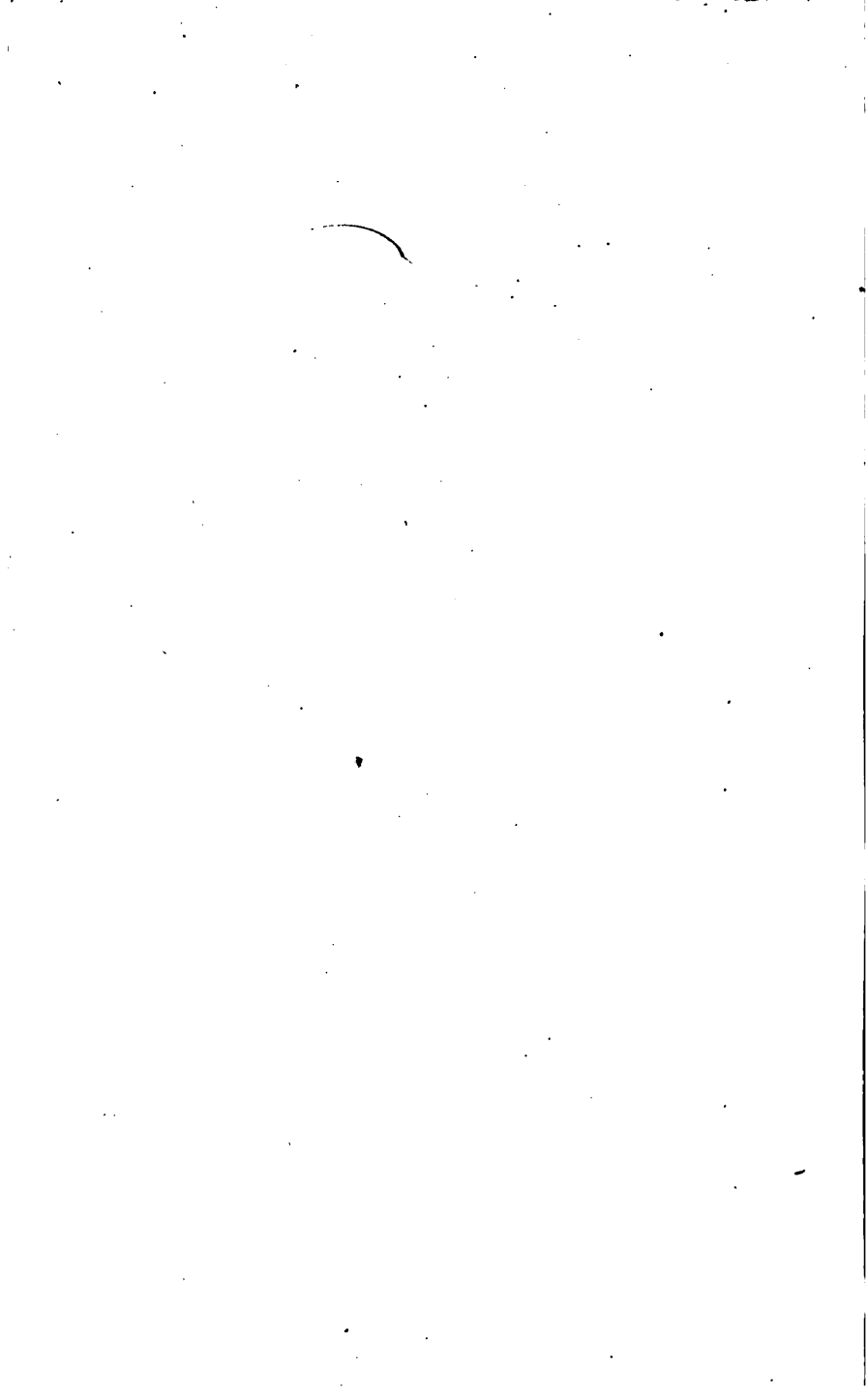
HOGARTH
TO
TURNER

BERKELEY
LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF
CALIFORNIA

John Linnett junr.



Edwin Linnell junr



BRITISH ARTISTS

FROM

HOGARTH TO TURNER;

BEING

A SERIES OF BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

BY WALTER THORNBURY,

AUTHOR OF "ART AND NATURE," "LIFE IN SPAIN," &c.



J. M. W. TURNER.

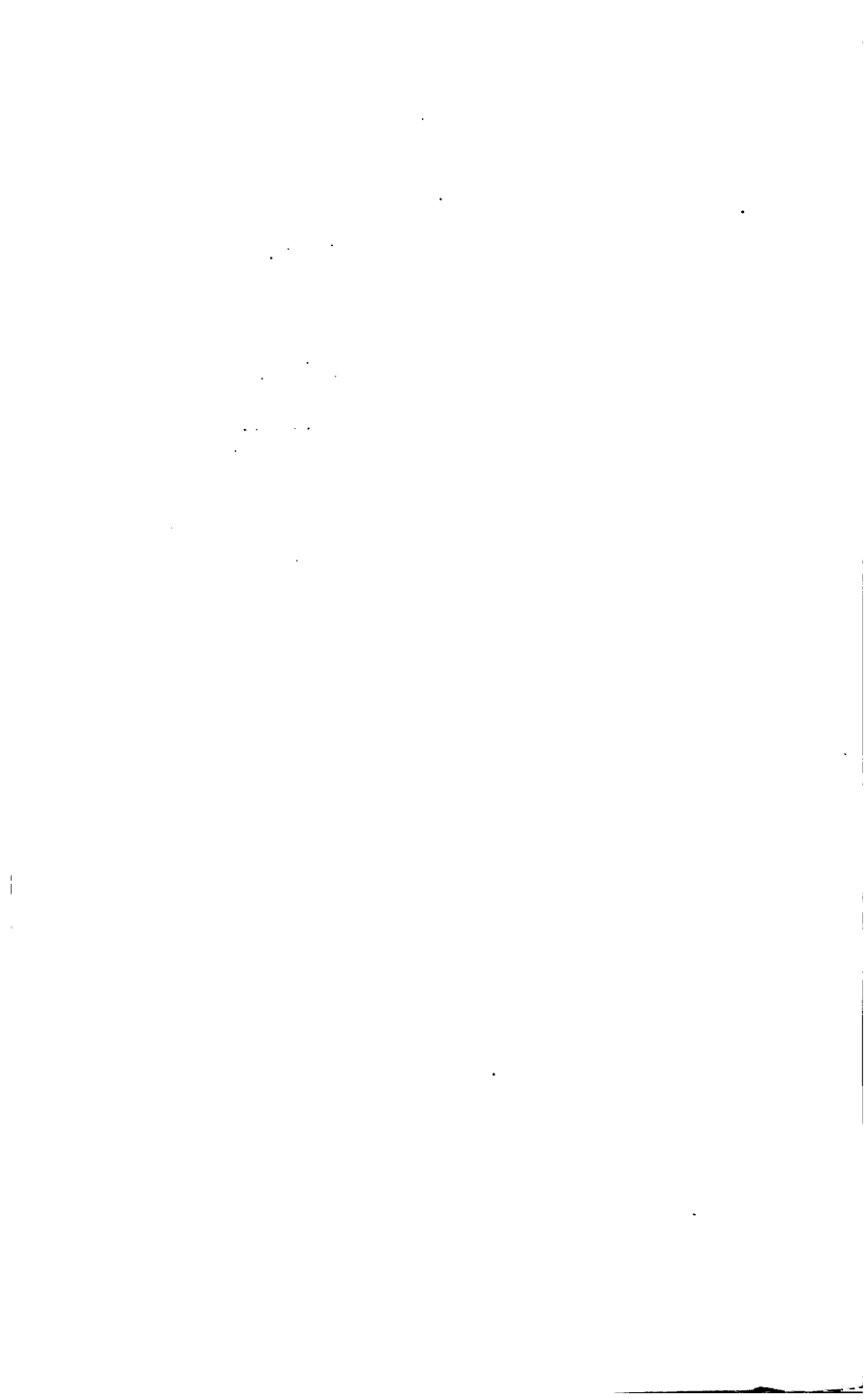
IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
HURST AND BLACKETT, PUBLISHERS,
SUCCESSORS TO HENRY COLBURN,
13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

1861.

The right of Translation is reserved.



N6796
T5.
v. 2.

CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

CHAPTER I.

A Ship full of Nobodies	1
-----------------------------------	---

CHAPTER II.

The Prophet in Carnaby Market—Blake the Visionary	26
---	----

CHAPTER III.

The English Caricaturists, and King Cruikshank	45
--	----

CHAPTER IV.

Men of Promise—Procter and Deare	70
--	----

CHAPTER V.

West, the Monarch of Mediocrity, in Newman Street	100
---	-----

CHAPTER VI.

Stothard the Graceful	131
---------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER VII.

Morland in the Sponging House	. .	144
-------------------------------	-----	-----

CHAPTER VIII.

David Scott		173
-------------	---------	-----

CHAPTER IX.

Epochs of Painting		185
--------------------	---------	-----

CHAPTER X.

Greek Art		233
-----------	---------	-----

CHAPTER XI.

Moorish Art		275
-------------	---------	-----

CHAPTER XII.

Gothic Art		296
------------	---------	-----

BRITISH ARTISTS

FROM

HOGARTH TO TURNER.

CHAPTER I.

A SHIP FULL OF NOBODIES.

A SHIP full of nobodies is what I can just make out with a very fine glass. It is bearing straight down on me, from out of the dark past, and is steering straight for a still darker future.

Nearer—now the blue haze rises, and the rainbow that sprang across the sea vanishes, and I see the vessel better. It has no name, no figure-head. Its planks seem coffin-planks, its crew are ghosts, with shrouded, bound-up faces—“where from, and whither bound,” I roar through

my speaking-trumpet. It is the mere shadow of a voice that replies—

“We are nobodies from Hades—bound to oblivion—cargo, things that the world has forgotten.”

I stop them, and insist on overhauling the papers, for this is a dangerous station.

First in my list from that forgotten crew of the black ship sailing to oblivion, let me call Biagio Rebecca, an artist of Italian extraction, who, in George the Third's days, thought himself somebody, as in cocked-hat and laced cuff he daubed Patience, Virtue, and all their allegorical sisterhood, over the staircases and ceilings of Windsor. With no doubt infinite belief in himself, and infinite contempt for everybody else, Rebecca daubed where that impudent Neapolitan Verrio had daubed before, and he had the impudence to paint himself that gigantic coxcomb, Sir Godfrey Kneller, in full-bottomed wig, strutting among the apostles, in an altar-piece.

Oh, a very great man for a day or two of this short mortal life was Rebecca, little thinking how in a few years afterwards that grave, dull,

old courtier, President West, would laugh at his airs and impudence to old hoary Nollekens, who is modelling at his bust. A few years later, and I, thy biographer, O Biagio, will have scarce a reader who has heard thy name so surely rise the muddy waters of Lethe over mediocre poets and small painters.

Thy tangled arabesques, thy vegetable mermaids, have withered and crumbled, since the poor mad king scrambled up and down those Windsor staircases. Thy Faith, Hope, and Charities, O bewigged painter, have all grown pale under slanting suns and the dry fire heat of many indoor winters. O spoiled door-grainer and marred house-decorator, what ill-genius, strong and wilful, led thee to bedaub palaces, and people a world, sufficiently unhappy, with thy uninterpretable allegories.

The stories told of Rebecca, however, rather make one like him, for they show a lively, aerial spirit, though a frivolous and conceited one; and, after all, if conceit does not drive a man into Bedlam, or make him yellow and malicious, what great harm is there in conceit?

No doubt Rebecca, on lofty scaffold, spent

many a hopeful hour at Windsor, sure of immortality, and excelling, as he believed, Guido and Guercino. Romano and Veronese, chattering Italian self-praises, and teasing a not very wise or dignified king with practical jokes. Surely, if ever the wicked folly of the theory of divine right was shown, it was when such a king as George III. filled the throne. This was the king who let Wilson and Barry starve, who encouraged West, and disregarded Reynolds. West, the grave, courtly mediocrity, was supreme then in the palace, for he knew how to humour royal ignorance, and he painted neatly whatever was ordered.

But Rebecca, like Verrio, was a reckless joker, and did not care two straws for a king, unless a king proved himself the best or the strongest man. He little knew how dangerous it was to jest with kings; he little suspected what "kittle cattle" people born in the "lucky accident" of the purple are.

On one occasion, having been paid in a bag of guineas for his allegories, male and female, red and blue, Rebecca resolved nobly to be extravagant for once, and take a post-chaise to

London from Windsor with Mr. West. The bland and conciliating Quaker court painter of course agrees. The yellow post-chaise comes and whirls the painters towards London, leaving the Round Tower and the great Druid oaks far behind them. On Hounslow Heath, a carriage, with servants in royal scarlet, sweeps past them. A staring, kind, foolish face looks in at them. Hat off, Mr. West, it is the King! Rebecca, who has a paper star pinned to his coat, tears it off, as the carriages pass by—one to London, the other to Windsor.

A few days after West is bowing and rubbing his delicate courtly hands at Windsor. The King in regimentals, big for a review, strides in, and wishes the painter good morning. West wishes all Heaven's blessings to fall on the King's head.

"But who was the foreign nobleman, West, in your chaise—eh, eh?" says the inquisitive Monarch; "noble, noble!"

"There was no one but Rebecca, your Majesty."

"Oh, no, no—it was a person of distinction—foreign noble. I saw his star—diamond star—eh, eh?"

With great reluctance, West hard pressed, confessed his friend's trick, and with proper prudence gave him up to the King's displeasure; for the King did not like joking—a circumstance partly to be accounted for from the fact that he never understood it. Now, although the King often spoke to Rebecca as he hung over his allegories, spreading his palette, or squeezing his colour-bladders, he always complained to Mr. West gravely about these offensive and low jokes; and from West he always found sympathy, I will be bound.

Another trick of this born jester was to carefully etch a pen-and-ink drawing of half-a-crown, then cut it out and lay it on the floor of one of the rooms in Windsor, laughing to exhaustion, when some swollen Bubb Dodgington, in full dress, with sword and bag, forgot his dignity, and ran to pick up the stray money.

It was a merry time of it, Rebecca, when you teased kings at Windsor; but day by day thy very grave-stone now settles deeper and deeper in the mud inundation of oblivion.

Next from the hold of that shadow vessel let

me summons Senor Ceracchi, a man of a darker fate, who all his life, could he have seen it, wore a typical scarlet thread round his neck. He is not a painter but a sculptor, and yet I place him among my crew, because his fate is tragic, and because his name and work are associated with many London nooks that are dear to me.

Ceracchi came, a short, meagre man, with a bluish beard and a piercing black eye, from Melty's studio in Rome to England, with letters to his countryman Carlini, afterwards keeper of the Royal Academy, the man who executed the great colossal masks of river gods for the key-stones of Somerset House, who accomplished a great statue of Ward, the Hogarthian quack, and who was one of the competitors for the Beckford monument in Guildhall. With that Carlini, a great man, too, in his day, Ceracchi lived in Carlisle Street, Soho Square.

I seldom pass under that Somerset House gateway without thinking I see Carlini in his dirty greatcoat and short pipe, on working-days; or as he gets into his chair for Academy dinners, in purple silk, and scarlet gold-laced

waistcoat, looking up and smiling at the black faces on the key-stones, which were his and Ceracchi's handiwork.

Well, this Ceracchi, the little thin man with the keen eyes and blue-black beard, got on well, being clever and enthusiastic. He took a great studio and rooms in Margaret Street, Cavendish Square, (No. 76, I am told by Nollekens Smith, the king of gossips,) where he taught that lovely genius, the Honourable Mrs. Damer, his model of whom is now in the British Museum. Mrs. Damer, whom Walpole praises so much, and whose fair hands, dexterous in rounding marble with gentle and scarce palpable touch, did work for amateurs not discreditable. Ceracchi devised several fashionable and popular things, for he executed a bust of Reynolds for the figure-casters and for Adelphi Adams, the architect—and shaped a "Sacrifice of Bacchus" for the front of Desenfan's—the great picture-dealer's house in Portland Road. This relieve he kneaded up with cement and mastic oil.

But, spite of sacrificing Bacchus, and modelling Reynolds, and teaching Honourable Mrs. to do what nature never meant them to,

things still went indifferently with our friend Ceracchi. The air in Margaret Street grew worse and worse; the furniture dusty and sordid, as only the unpaid-for furniture of poverty revengefully can. With a wrench at last, Baretti, Johnson's friend, in his *Guide to the Royal Academy*, talks of the black figured key-stones, and ascribes them to "Signor Ceracchi, an Italian sculptor, who resided some time in London, whose abilities the architect (Sir William Chambers) wished to help and encourage among us; but the little employment found in England for sculptors, however excellent, frustrated his intentions."

* * * * *

Here we lose sight of the little, lean, keen-eyed man, with the black-blue beard; but he reappears for a moment to our eyes in a street in Paris, amid a great crowd, in 1801. There is a batch going to the guillotine, and high among them rides in the red cart a little gesticulating man, dressed as a Roman emperor. That is Ceracchi. Now for Locatelli—let us relate his story:—

In 1782, the Earl of Orford bespoke, in a blundering, purposeless way, after the manner of

noble amateurs in these things, roused by *dilettanti* talk, I may say, intoxicated with frivolous Art chat about Vatican galleries, and such outworn things, he ordered a (colossal?) group of one Locatelli, without prescribing what it was to be, or what would be the price. The subject, the sculptor said, should be, an his lordship were willing, no less than "Theseus offering assistance to Hercules;" by which I can clearly see there would be a small prize-fighter offering something to a big prize-fighter. Nevertheless, the lord, whom the gods previous to destroying had maddened with a taste, agreed to the subject, about which, probably, he knew nothing; and on went the artist, pinching his clay, kneading it, and baking it, while his hungry men sharpened their files and chisels ready for the marble.

Jean Baptiste Locatelli, come out of that dark ship's hold while I tell your story, my poor, oblivionized fellow, to my readers. When first fame knew thee thou wast a poor foreigner, fresh from Verona, that wonderful ancient city, which still wears the great Roman amphitheatre like a marriage ring, from which

time cannot wrench it. Thou then livedst at No. 9, in the Haymarket, with Rossi, an Italian friend, whom actually Heaven permitted to beget a Royal Academician. Next I saw thee in Berwick Street; then, in 1776, I behold thee emerge from the chrysalis we all come out of, till we pass into what Richter calls "that black seed-pod," the coffin, in a house in Union Street, at the back of Middlesex Hospital, where Angelini, an assistant of Nollekens, miserly Nolly, had before lived, but who had to dispose of his marble "Virgin and Child" by lottery—unlucky man! It was here this unlucky and splenetically-violent man, Locatelli, the child of oblivion, had his great dispute with the Earl of Orford. In the midst of all the aforementioned hope and glory to a needy man, who should come in one day, with large eyes and fretful looks of pedantic dissatisfaction, but the Earl!—the Earl!

"'Fore George! he never wished a colossal group!—'fore-gad! might he be flagellated if he would have such a blind monster of a thing that no country-house would hold! 'Fore-gad! he would not, as he was Earl of Orford, not

for twenty Italian marble-chippers, 'fore-gad ! Tom, do me the kindness to call my coach, and, 'fore-gad ! let us drive to White's !"

Hinc lachrymæ—hence much ink shed ; specially a furious octavo pamphlet of 125 octavo pages, in bad English and very choice Italian, that set the chocolate-houses, and Vauxhall arbours, and drums, and routs, in quite a fret and ferment. Every lady who wielded fan in fashion's whirlpool read and fussed about—

The Dissertation of a Colossal Group of John Baptist Locatelli.

Poverty spoils even a good man : a bad man it deforms—and generally it is a stunting, crippling, blighting, cursed thing ; that it did no good to Locatelli, then, we cannot wonder. The *libellus*, if not a libel, ran over with spleen, gall, and bile.

All this turmoil ended in a committee of fifteen gratuitous gentlemen, who offered to be arbitrators. Amongst these were Sir James Wright, Mr. Locke, Mr. Nelson the anatomist, West the mediocre, Cipriani the peaceful, Fuseli the blustering, and Procter "*the man of promise.*" Fuseli was sarcastic enough upon

it. Mr. Procter too was severe upon the poor Veronese; but then he was in the flush of his success, and had just won the Society of Arts premium, and had not been told a word yet of his own miserable death in a Maiden Lane garret; and young men are apt to be arrogant, if not mean and cringing.

Some said the limbs of Theseus were all broken, and others that the joints of Hercules were all out; the surgeons pulled them, the artists eyed them, and the sculptors sniffed about them; but old Nollekens among the outsiders was terrible, for he chuckled and said:—

“Those figures of Locatelli’s look like the dry skins of two brickmakers, stuffed with clotted flocks from an old mattress. I think Locatelli must have studied Goltzius’s Hercules, that we used to call ‘the potatoe man.’”

And all this time Locatelli went about fretting and bragging, quite glad that he had at last got the public by the ear, and declaring that he had been much noticed by the English at Verona and Venice; that Count Firmin, M. Tilot, and Cardinal Crescenzi (whoever they

were) had employed him; and the brothers Battoni had gone to the enthusiastic length of ordering as many as seventy statues and groups, which I don't believe, though I do believe very strongly in the existence of fools.

In the opposite camp paced up and down the Achilles of the opposite faction, the Earl of Orford taking his wig on and off. He complains of Locatelli's ingratitude. He had purchased largely from him abroad models from the antique, at one hundred guineas each. Directly Locatelli came to England, he (the Earl) had been the first to particularly notice him; finding him unemployed, he ordered a group, expecting and ready to pay dearer for it than he had for the models wrought in Italy—he even advanced money running up to 350*l.*; but when he goes and finds the group colossal, which is unusable and bad, which is intolerable, he refuses to pay the price. *Hinc lachrymæ.*

But, after all, though rather heedless and wrong-headed, and unbusiness-like — which in business is the worst sin of all—there was some good in the Earl; for though he had the ma-

jority in the committee, he paid Locatelli after all for the model that Nolly gibed at so, and sent it off to the family seat at Houghton, the place Horace Walpole talks so much of, and there—for there is ill-luck over unsuccessful people and things—it was destroyed. When the fire scorched Houghton, and all that remained of it was a poor model, portions of which lingered for some time in the New Road studio of Smith, Locatelli's pupil, the Smith who designed the Guildhall monument to Lord Nelson—and there probably it went to pieces, or to oblivion, which is the same thing.

Now, all we know more of this son of darkness is, that when the fashionable *furor* subsided—as such small deluges are apt to do—Locatelli sank into dimmer obscurity and neglect than before, though he is known to have chiselled a chimney-piece for one of the Adelphi Adams, which went down to Harewood House, in Yorkshire.

He also, when old Nolly was down buying health at an “awful expense” at Harrowgate, helped to carve, with his pupil Rossi, the basso-relievo now blackening outside the Clerkenwell Sessions House. That was in 1780.

In 1796, sore and disappointed, he left England for Milan, where Napoleon (pleased, I suppose, at an Italian of *quasi-genius* leaving England to return to French rule), patronized him and granted him a pension for life. This no doubt kept him alive a long time; but he died at last, and once having died, was instantaneously forgotten.

Next I call back Captain Laroon, a contemporary of the great Hogarth's, an amateur draughtsman, whose red chalk and black-lead pencil drawings exist now only in the portfolios of the curious. Laroon was the son of a French painter, who lived in Bow Street, and who at the treaty of Ryswick, where Prior was a diplomatist, sent his clever son to be one of Sir Joseph Williamson's six pages; having already well educated him at home, and taught him writing, arithmetic, fencing, dancing, painting, and the six-string viol. After a page's view of the celebrated treaty, Laroon went as page to Venice with the Earl of Manchester, the English ambassador—forming one of his train of two-and-twenty dependents.

After a year's roystering, gondolaing, dancing, and fêting, Laroon returned to plain Bow Street, to practise as a painter; but quarrelling there with his younger brother, he became an actor and singer at Drury Lane; then again turned painter; and still restless, as Englishmen with foreign blood in their veins are, I think, apt to be, he joined the battalion of Guards under Colonel Gozsuch as a cadet, and accompanied the Duke of Marlborough in his yacht to the twar in Flanders.

Laroon, soon after joining, distinguished himself by guarding all night (unrelieved) the Duke's bedchamber, when there was a rumour that the enemy were about to try and carry him off.

The next year, as lieutenant in the Earl of Orkney's first battalion, Laroon did brave work at Oudenarde, and at the battle of Winnendall was struck by two spent bullets, one on the forehead and one on the left arm; and at the siege of Ghent, while talking in the trenches, was shot in the shoulder by a townsman who had approached concealed by the fog.

After a turn at Tournay, this child of fire

accompanied General Stanhope to Spain, and became in the next campaign Deputy-Quarter-master-General of the English army. At the battle of Saragossa, Laroon went as volunteer in Colonel de Bourgay's regiment of foot, where the enemy were routed with great slaughter, and lost some six thousand men; but at Madrid our adventurer was surprised and taken prisoner by an unexpected advance of the French and Spanish forces. He was confined in a town in Biscay, and, after a pleasant gay imprisonment of twenty months, was exchanged and returned to England.

In 1715, when the northern rebellion suddenly flamed out, Captain Marcellus Laroon joined a new regiment of dragoons, and rode to Lancaster to join them. Retreating from Preston to Wigan, the Jacobites were invested after some trouble in Preston, and forced to surrender. Three of the Chevalier St. George's officers were shot, and the rest sent to London.

A march to Stirling after the flying chevalier was Laroon's next adventure; but the Pretender, embarking at Montrose, left him free

to go and put down some Highland clans round Inverness, where ended the veteran's wars with his getting his troop, and, with his usual luck, the regiment breaking up soon after.

Hogarth must have often seen the works of this imitator of his, with their spirited and sweeping lines of red chalk, and their liquid flowing pencil curves. Horace Walpole, too, liked this accomplished amateur's work, and possessed a red chalk drawing of his, representing wicked Moll King in Covent Garden, and Laroon must have often beheld there, and at Mother Douglas's tavern, the clashing sword brawls and wig-tossing uproars that Hogarth delighted in and often witnessed. Indeed, it is Moll King's booth opposite St. Paul's church that Will has introduced in his *morning* sketch of Covent Garden; and the very stiff Welsh baronet that Hogarth introduced in his "Rake's Progress" (the arrest scene) figures also in one of Laroon's sketches of night revelry.

Laroon's works, good or bad, have, however, all sunk into the sea of oblivion, where so much bullion and so much rubbish lies unheeded. Of

all his works, we find only record now of two or three things :—

1. The Strawberry Hill drawing of the inside of Moll King's.

2. The same, with Mr. Aprice in full court dress.

3. A drawing of the members of a Covent Garden club.

4. A gilt folding screen, painted with spirited, humorous figures of a quack doctor, a Merry Andrew, and a gaping mob; and a portrait, in oils, of Mr. Dacon, of Covent Garden, a gentleman in the Excise-office, who practised wood engraving, and lost his life of the jail fever that in May, 1750, carried off sixty-four persons.

Mr. Welch, Nollekens' father-in-law, who succeeded the novelist Fielding as police-magistrate, used to say, that of all the rakes of the time, Laroon, his friend Captain Montague, and their page little Cazy—the link boy afterwards transported for stealing—were the most incorrigible.

Boitard, says Nollekens Smith, has introduced Laroon brandishing an artichoke in his rare print of the "Covent Garden Morning Frolic;" where

little Cazy, with his link, is preceding Bet Careless's sedan, on the top of which lolls Captain Montague, palpably drunk. There is also a print representing Laroon as Captain Macheath, in his moment of hesitation, singing — "How happy could I be with either!"

It is not improbable that the two mad gallants, who are frolicking in Hogarth's "Morning in Covent Garden," were intended for Laroon and Montague returning home from Sir Robert Walpole's club of six gentlemen that met at Scott's, the marine-painter, in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, where the witty, pretty Mrs. Scott always attended on them.

After a rough, noisy, dangerous life—after much drawing of blood and faces—after much fighting and drinking, Captain Marcellus Laroon died quietly at York, in the summer of 1772, aged ninety-three; and from that moment oblivion laid her stifling hand on him, and he was forgotten.

Lastly, from the dark, nameless ship, steering fast to oblivion, let me summon Peter Scheemackers, a great man in his time—a very great man—but now small enough, and *all but forgotten*.

He was, a book tells me, a native of Antwerp, and studied under old Delvaux, just as Nollekens afterwards studied under him.

Fired by a noble impulse, the young sculptor, in 1728, though very poor, determined to walk from Antwerp to Rome, in order to study in Italy, as the Flemings then thought fit to do. Like Perrier, who had for the same purpose followed a blind beggar to Rome as his guide, the young Fleming tramped his tedious way—falling ill, and selling the very shirt from his knapsack for food.

But this self-denial and struggle had their reward, as they always must have, even without genius; for, at Rome, Scheemacker's avidity for Art interested many patrons; and, with a package of models made from celebrated antiques, he came to England, and set up in London—having, however, first visited Denmark, and worked there as a journeyman.

He lived in Westminster, near Henry VII.'s Chapel, and from there removed to Vine Street, Piccadilly. Here, rivalling in the favour of the rich Roubilliac and Rysbach, the lucky Fleming entered upon the full summer of his life, after

a rough but hardening winter. He did anything—busts, vases with bas reliefs, monuments, or garden statues. London still, with silent ingratitude, possesses, with little thankfulness, many of his statues.

To wit, the statue of Shakespere in Westminster Abbey, from a design by that impostor, Kent; Dr. Chamberlain's monument in Westminster Abbey, Admiral Pocock's, and Major Lawrence's, Lord Clive's statue in the India House, the bronze Guy in Guy's Hospital, the tasteful, graceful little bronze Edward VI. in the court-yard of St. Thomas's Hospital in the Borough, and Dr. Mead's bust in the Temple church.

In the country, also, this industrious handicraftsman adorned many country seats with perishable records of perishable riches. As, for instance, the Ferrers' seat at Staunton Harold, in Leicestershire, and Stowe; of which the moralist can now only say with a sigh, "STETIT."

There he and Delvaux (Junr.) were employed to decorate the gardens, and competed with each other which could best adorn the flower-plots. For the Temple of Ancient Virtue this ready manufacturer designed life-

like statues of Lycurgus, Socrates, Homer, and Epaminondas. In the front of the pediment of the Temple of Victory and Concord he worked an *alto-relievo*, representing the four quarters of the world bringing their various products to Britannia. In the Temple of English Worthies he also designed (it is supposed) fourteen busts of English worthies. High up among the trees, too, in this world of pretentious sham, he set a statue of Queen Caroline on a stucco Corinthian column, that was afterwards taken down, and put by as lumber, to prevent it falling. For the Temple of Friendship he executed some busts of noblemen. Indeed, with lavish hand, and the glib, unhesitating readiness of industrious mediocrity, Scheemacker's strewed Pitts, and Chesterfields, and princes and earls, all over the foolish, pompous place.

The leaden statue of Shakespere, now over the principal entrance to Drury Lane, was also the work of the same indefatigable hand who gave his designs to be cast by Cheere, the celebrated garden-figure maker of Piccadilly, for whom Roubilliac had worked.

This great mediocrity — this Scheemacker, who will be chiefly (if at all) remembered by his introducing brocoli into England in 1700—died at Antwerp, where he went to end his days, having latterly become so fat, that when he knelt down in the cathedral to say his prayers he had great difficulty in rising again.

And here I dismiss my ship, with its dead crew, and wish my unknown great ones a speedy voyage to the far Lethean sea from which they will never—never return.

CHAPTER II.

THE PROPHET IN CARNABY MARKET—BLAKE
THE VISIONARY.

WE English have many faults, which our old rivals and neighbours the French, "littered under Mercury," have not failed to find out: we are cold-blooded traders—"quotha," we are stubborn, ill-mannered people—"quotha," we are obstinate, and do not know when we are beaten. Like the Athenians, we are also the ambitious planters of colonies in ill-conquered places. We have many faults, I say; for the sentence is grown like a team of sixteen horses, too long for one man to drive—some which we may correct, and some which we cannot; but of one thing even the Germans, in their sourest kroutish

humour, cannot accuse us—and that is, of being *visionaries*. Still we have had some, even before the great monarch of dreamers, Swedenborg, came to live at Pentonville—and our Art-world has had them too. Loutherbourn, the panoramist, who lived near Turner, at Twickenham, and was Gainsborough's great friend, was one; so was that airy little fop, Cosway; so was Varley, the primitive water-colourist; so was Flaxman, who turned his dreams into marble; last, not least, so was good William Blake, the hosier's son, the prophet of Carnaby Market, Golden Square, a most poetic dreamer, an enthusiast of more than Swedenborgian calibre, and a poet of no mean order; for he anticipated Wordsworth, rivalled our old dramatists in sustained majesty and dignity, and at times vied with Shelley in nervous fire; yet he lived unknown, and died poor, in Fountain Court, Strand, which I venerate for his sake.

Blake was the Hell-Breughel, the Kaulbach, the Doré of English art, and it shames us that he should still be unknown, when such men as — and — lord it in Art, and forsooth get it immortalized by the graver. . Carnaby Market,

the fusty market leading to mean streets and a dingy square, on the dreary side of fashionable Regent Street, a place once a pest-house field for thirty-six plague-struck men, was not a likely place for genius to arise; but then Fortune is capricious, and is as often found in the *tabernæ* as in the *regumque turres*. God be thanked for it, for the rich have everything in England—lords of land and lords of cotton. They have the picking of the world's best. At the house of the father of my old friend, Leigh, the artist, Blake was a frequent visitor, as was Varly; it was there he drew his "Demon Flea," one of the wildest fancies ever hatched in man's brain, and worthy of a Rabelais Cruikshanks. Encouraged by his mother, Blake began, as soon as he rolled out of the cradle that had prepared him for the tossings of life's sea, to draw and to write verse. He drew on the walls, on the counter, on the shop till, on the shop paper, and drew well, and wrote good verse, that the gods would not have spurned, though they might not have understood. His father, pleased at the instinct which he could not explain, and proud of having originated a genius, determined

to send him to a great man's studio ; but the great man asked a great sum, and the little man at Carnaby Market at last took William to an engraver in Green Street, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, and at fourteen years of age bound him apprentice, just as the poor thread-bare corrector of the press for the booksellers in Little Britain had done for Hogarth.

Artist at ten, poet at twelve, the sequence shows the mind of the boy—first an artist, then a poet, but still always a dreaming, sometimes rather a mad poet, painter, and engraver. A dutiful servant of an engraver, Blake remained, bending his strange head, crammed with dreams, over polished steel plates and squares of shining copper, busying himself with sharp scoops and needles, under screens—shades of tissue paper, dreaming all the time of Edward III.'s chivalry, or of the chimney-sweep's sufferings—oppressed with drudging London toil, and longing for the gentle sunshine of pure country life.

Yet "certes" the deformed and blinded sun of London never shone on a greater enthusiast. In a quiet room in Green Street he lived like a

hermit, to execute drawings, and illustrate them with verses for the walls of his mother's bed-room. He boldly to the stupid, selfish, undreaming, wide-awake world, called amusement, *idleness*—sight-seeing, vanity, money-making—the ruin of all high aspiration. He said, "Were I to love money, I should lose all power of thought—lust for gain deadens genius. I might roll in wealth, and ride in a golden chariot, were I to listen to the voice of parsimony. My business is not to gather gold, but to make glorious shapes, expressing god-like sentiments." Here was a dreamer for the Philistines to jeer at, put into the publishing mill, get money out of and flout. Days at the graver—evenings at drawing and verse, pure-hearted and hopeful.

"So merrily the days of Thalaba went by."

And all this time, when at No. 28, Carnaby Market, the prophet lived, Fuseli the rantypole lived at No. 1; so with Fuseli and Flaxman, Blake studied.

At six-and-twenty Blake married Katherine Boutcher, a poor but pretty and honest-hearted girl of his squalid district. The marriage came

about oddly enough, for Blake was too busy and solitary a man to have much time to fall in love unideally. Blake was eloquently lamenting the neglect of some goddess who had jilted him.

"I pity you from my heart," said Kate, betraying her friendship.

"Do you pity me?" cried Blake, heartily, awakening to a sense of a love he had never realized. "Then I love you for that."

"And I love you!" cried Kate, with true-hearted frankness, too simple to make the most of the great deed of gift.

They married, and were happy—a common end of a fairy tale, but in reality not perhaps so common as might be imagined possible.

Father rather grumpy about the unprofitable love-match. Blake leaves father, and goes to Green Street, Leicester Fields, where Woollet, the great engraver of Wilson's pictures, used to live, and where he used to fire off a cannon from the leads of his house when he had finished a plate.

Here Blake remained till his good, honest father died; and then he returned to Carnaby Market, to start as printseller, with Parker, a fellow-

apprentice, and a favourite brother. But men of genius, who often turn mere date leaves into gold, sometimes turn gold back again into dry leaves. With Blake, as tradesman, everything failed. Parker went off in a flash of angry fire; the poor brother died—the customers left. Parker and the trade follow the brother; disgusted with trade, and repentant of the temporary sinful wish of desiring to make money, Blake betook himself to Poland Street, where Dr. Burney once lived. Here he plunged into a sea of dreams; he engraved for a living, and in the evening wrote songs, imagined music, and drew to illustrate his own poems, the beautiful and simple songs of “Innocence” and “Experience,” which he now published.

A man of genius's first and dearest converts and believers are those of his own house. Mohammed began by converting his wife, Kadijah. Blake's dear Kate believed in him, and adored and wondered at his fiery-eyed, irrestrainable genius. She cared not whom the fool-world crowned: to her Blake seemed not less great because he lived in Poland

Street, instead of May Fair. She sat by him, admiring his work, and never tiring in her encouragements. She stood at the press to reproduce his engravings. She coloured them with her own hand; she drew—she also loved art and poetry commingled—and she loved her husband better, because he was also the artist and poet. It has not been observed, but is still, I believe, true, that the love of a childless couple is greater than when other ties arise to weaken the primary affection; this is one of those Divine compensations of which this wonderfully-framed world is so full.

A solitary life, a perpetual, and even professional, indulgence in dreaming, soon developed in Blake the mature visionary. He now began to hear voices and see day-dreams: everyone he drew appeared to him, and he could not, at last, discriminate between what he thought of and what he saw with the bodily eye. Madder than Hamlet, Blake had forgotten "The mind's-eye, Horatio;" he even saw the devil in his coal-cellar, and his dead brother, he believed, returned to tell him a secret in engraving.

He printed and engraved these songs himself, after this strangely-vouchsafed receipt: he tinted the figures beautifully with strange colours, yellow predominating, and then began sixteen small plates, called "The Gates of Paradise." Unfortunately, he became poorer, and, perhaps from want of the purifying influence of popularity, more obscure and allegorical. His "Urizen" (twenty-seven designs), which even his wife could not fully understand, were full of purgatorial horrors and Dantesque thought, and probably were intended to represent the effects of the fall, and the efforts of evil to corrupt man.

Blake was now (1794) living in Hercules Buildings, Lambeth, and began to be known to booksellers and printsellers, who prepared to use his talent (after their fashion) as cheaply as they could. They talked to him much of fame, but themselves at the same time ate the pudding.

Edwards, a bookseller, employed Blake to illustrate Young's "Night Thoughts," (for much fame, but small money,) beautifully and originally. Blake worked, but the productions of

his pure mind were too much for the impurely proper and the prude, and they gained him little but the increased admiration of Flaxman, who introduced him to the quasi-poet, Hayley, who he went, with his wife and sister, to visit, at Felpham, in Sussex.

The visionary found the country more spiritual than London. He discovered there that he had been painting cycles of ages before he was born, and that the archangels' picture-galleries were full of his works. What were riches to such a man? By day he worked to illustrate the "Life of Cowper;" in the evening he walked by the sounding sea-shore, to dream he saw Dante and Milton, Pindar and Virgil, walking with him over the bladdery sea-weed and among the salt shells. He said they were grey yet harmonious shadows of more than average stature. (N.B. Blake was a little man, and thought much of stature.) He saw a Fairy's Funeral. Milton even went so far as to hand him an unpublished poem, which, however, was not quite as good as "Paradise Lost."

After three years, with that dullest of all human poets, Hayley, Blake returned to Lon-

don, to seventeen years' dreaming in South Molton Street, where he produced his wild rhapsody "Jerusalem," with a modest intimation that now he,

"After three years' slumber on the banks of the ocean, again displayed his Giant Forms to the public."

The Giant Forms did not sell—perhaps, partly because they were giant forms, partly because they were imprudently offered at twenty-five guineas the set.

Illustrations for Blair's "Grave," much praised by Fuseli, were Blake's next productions. Mr. Blake complained that the engraver, Schiavonetti, was too polished and weak for him, and was inadequate to transfer his thoughts from paper to steel. These illustrations (hard, ill-paid work, tamely engraved, it must be remembered) are very unequal. The "Old Man at Death's Door" has, however, sublimity about it; and the angel raising the dead is *original*. Mr. Fuseli's influence crops out in this book as injurious to Blake; for Fuseli led the visionary deeper into the cold, allegorical world, and further from nature than he might otherwise have gone.

Here, again, at the pure delineation of the human body that God made and said, "It is good," the northern prudes, more prudish than even the southern prudes, professed much horror as they looked and looked, in order to correctly gauge the amount of impropriety.

About the time that in self-defence Blake (1809) opened an exhibition of his works at his brother's house—the old dreaming place in Carnaby Market—Blake had his first and last quarrel with a fellow-artist. He accused Stothard of imitating him in his "Canterbury Pilgrims," and of stealing his subject. The fact is, Blake seems to have dreamt that Cromek, the engraver, had commissioned him to paint the picture.

The exhibition was a failure; it was too spiritual for a gross, undreaming world. The catalogue that attempted to illustrate the prophet's failure was a wild rhapsody of visions, mistaken for reasonings, and formed a sort of creed, showing what Blake wanted to do rather than what he had really done. He condemned oil-paintings as perishable, and upheld water-colours and fresco. He contended, justly,

that where form is wrong, colouring can never be right; and still more prophetically of Turner, who proved the fact that *clair-obscur*, and not local tint, is the real source of good colour. He praised clear, precise outline, and condemned all shadows that hide form. He swept away at once all works since the time of Rubens; and while praising Raphael and Albert Durer, Michael Angelo and Julio Romano, he returned an evil verdict against Titian and Correggio, Rubens and Rembrandt. With a true engraver's appreciation of form, he upheld, as essential to all true Art, "the distinct, sharp, wiry, and bounding external line:" he called it the line of the Almighty, the line of life and distinction, without which Art became mere chaos. Fired by this belief, which his fervid and not always well-balanced imagination, believed to be imparted to him by something little short of inspiration, Blake leaped on the tripod, and denounced the demons who were let loose on earth to fill artists' mind with hopes, fears, and perturbations, and confound "the sharp, wiry outline" pre-ordained of God. It is they, he said, who turn Art into a machine, who block up a pic-

ture with brown shadows, who make the artist mistrust his first conception. The Titian demon suggested to him the indispensable necessity of a model—the outrageous Rubens demon impeded originality—the sensual, effeminate, but crude Correggio demon suggested hopes of imitation.

As to the Pitt and Nelson pictures, the rather crack-brained genius said, they were drawn from visions seen in the ancient Asian patriarchates, and were copied from statues of cherubim 100 feet high.

No wonder that that wise humorist, Charles Lamb, who had sent a beautiful little poem, full of touching simplicity, to Montgomery, wrote with great unction about the author Blake to honest Bernard Barton, narrating how the artist had seen and drawn in visions the old Welsh bards! “The beautifullest, the strongest, and the ugliest man left alive, after the massacre of the Britons by the Romans.”

But he concludes :—

“Alas! the man is flown, whither I know not—to Hades or a mad-house—but I must look on him as one of the most extraordinary persons of the age.”

It was at this time when at work on Job, with all the patience of the man of Uz, Blake, from nine at night till five in the morning, used to hold his spiritual levees—staring on vacancy with kindling eye, and with his pencil drawing spirit-portraits for artist friends or fellow-enthusiasts.

Thus he drew Wallace, the heroic ; and Edward, the bloody ; Lais, the impudent ; and the lovely Corinne. Pindar, as he stood a conqueror at the Olympic games ; the cruel task-master of Egypt, who Moses slew ; a fiend who resembled a contemporary lawyer ; Herod, who was exactly like a critical editor of Blake's time ; and, lastly, a demon flea, with a cup in his hand to hold blood, and clad in a scaly serpentine suit of green and gold. Lot, too, honoured him with a sitting ; and at last, to crown all his spiritual visions, he saw, as he went upstairs in the dark, staring fiercely through the iron grating of a staircase window, with eyes like living coals, and teeth like a harrow—the real Gothic devil—"all else," said the unheeded prophet and seer, "are apocryphal."

All this time the prophet turned in the money mill, where the world has put all the Sampsons it blinds; lived in one small room in South Molton Street, with dear, faithful, loving, believing Kate; subsisting on eighteen shillings a-week for both; inventing, designing, and engraving his twenty-one fine illustrations to Job. In these he was sublime, and full of a high imagination, that did not spurn common sense from the threshold of its airy palace. He flew at everything. Hope and the morning stars sung together before him in that poor room in South Molton Street.

Yet all this time it went ill with the poor old prophet. He paid his small debts, was cheerful, independent, and had visions, and drew them daily the same as ever; yet the ghastly face of starvation sometimes looked down South Molton Street, half planning a dreadful visit to No. 17. A kind friend, Mr. Linnell, saved him, however, from this visit, by employing Blake to engrave his own "Inventions of the Book of Job." Encouraged by the mere fact of being able to keep body and soul together, Blake next produced two mysterious volumes of prophecies on America

and on Europe. There were enormous fishes preying on dead bodies, and a vulture feeding on a floating corpse; two angels emptying a pailful of spotted plague on England; a man drowning at sunset; the great sea serpent, an angel and three furies standing coolly (?) in the sun. But his favourite of all the designs was the "Ancient of Days"—God, in an orb of light, stooping down into chaos to measure out the world.

Still sinking, Blake, in 1823, after seventeen years of poverty that left painful, yet endearing memories, quitted South Molton Street, and moved to No. 3, Fountain Court, Strand. Here he continued, older and poorer, yet still happy and independent, to draw and engrave, to wash with glue-water, and to tint his "Jerusalem" and his "Ancient of Days," for the former of which he in vain attempted to get twenty-five guineas. He had written volumes of verse, and had designed one hundred and two sublime designs to illustrate Dante, his dear wife all this time watching, with intense and touching belief, his moments of inspiration.

But the most striking of all Blake's spiri-

tual visitors was about to visit him—I mean THE ANGEL OF DEATH.

Blake was seventy-one, and hard work and want are not the most advantageous assistants to longevity. His strength failed, the flame of life was fluttering round the socket. Three days before his death, the brave, good old man sat bolstered up in bed, tinting with heavenly colours his "Ancient of Days." At last he laid it down, and said to his watchful wife, "There, that will do; I cannot mend it." The wife, thinking he meant never to touch brush again, burst into tears.

"Stay, Kate," he cried, "keep just as you are. I will draw your portrait; you have been always an angel to me." Though bed-ridden, the good old man after this lay chaunting improvised songs from improvised tunes, lamenting he could not commit the inspirations to paper.

"Kate," he moaned, "I am changing. I always rose and wrote down my thoughts, whether it rained or snowed, blew or shone, and when I rose, you rose too, and sat beside me."

"Kate," he exclaimed again, cheerful and

resigned, and with the true spirit of the unconscious yet real martyr, "I glory in dying, and have no grief now in leaving you, Kate. We have lived happy, we have lived long; we have been ever happy together, but we shall soon now be divided. Why should I fear death? Nor do I fear it, for I have endeavoured to live as Christ commands, and I have sought to worship God truly in my own house, and when "I was not seen of men."

On the 12th of August, 1828, without a pang, this happy old man gave up his soul to God, with so little struggle at the parting that the watching, tearful wife, did not even know for a time that she was alone with Death.

CHAPTER III.

THE ENGLISH CARICATURISTS, AND KING
CRUIKSHANK.

IF I wanted an excuse for being tedious, I could not have a better title than "The Origin of Caricature" to head my paper. A fanciful friend of mine, who once challenged a Heidelberg student who had struck him at a beer commerce—a grand *Abschied's* commerce, in fact—was the next morning visited by a deputation of the Swabian Chor, headed by their captain, who reviewing the quarrel, commenced with the creation of Adam. I will not imitate the Swabian, however, but premise that directly man began to build walls, his children learned to draw caricatures of their seniors upon them. As it is natural to man to draw, so it is equally natural to man, in malice and

sport, to exaggerate the infirmities, and detract from the excellences, of his rivals, superiors, and enemies.

All nations have their humorists. Aristophanes was but a literary caricaturist when he made a fool of Socrates; and the author of "Reinecke Fuchs" was a good example of a jester in mediæval drollery, turning a fable into an epic.

Our middle-age illuminators, too, caricatured, sometimes wilfully, sometimes accidentally. When they drew thread-paper saints with large heads and splay feet, and good-natured lions gaping at Daniel, and with trumpeting (*Buffalmacco*) labels issuing from their mouths; David with the genealogical tree springing from his side; and St. Laurence with the gridiron, anxiously ready for his own cooking. But the better known works of the middle-age caricaturists are those distorted stone heads, which still vomit water from the roofs of cathedral towers or old decorated churches: eye-balls goggling, tongues lolling, levator muscles pulling and twisting with a coarse, homely, downright fun, which would have qualified the designers to decorate a pantomime with giants and goblins enough to people all fairyland, and the

whole region of the witches' country. All the fun of the early morality plays, and of the three P's, is all embodied in those eternal jokes that grin at death, looking down upon our country church-yards.

But this, if not going back to the creation, is trying back rather too near the deluge for the purposes of the present chapter. It is no use in English art beginning much before Hogarth, because with Hogarth began English art; for Cibber, Lely, Kneller, Gibbons, Scheemackers, were all foreigners, and were the product of foreign schools. Hogarth alone was pure English, he represented English thoughts, and painted and engraved English scenes, totally divesting himself of all foreign influence, though his graver aimed sometimes at somewhat of Callot's playful French grace, and his brush sometimes at the solidity and pure sound colour of the Dutch brewer, Jan Steen.

Though greatest as a painter of moral stories, Hogarth owes much of his fame to the caricatures, with which he scourged a foolish age; generally—not always—well and wisely; never basely or for mercenary purposes; never like a bravo or a hired

stabber, fighting for whichever side payed him best or took him into pay first. There was scarcely an abuse of his time that he did not lash till the blood came in the long troughs where flesh had once been. He denounced Heidegger's vicious masquerades, Rich's buffoon pantomimes, the licence of elections, French foppery, military misrule, aristocratic extravagance, cruelty to animals, and the horrors of gambling. He drew Wilkes, who had been his boon companion, at a whist club, with his rat teeth and Satanic eye; and Churchill, the poor abandoned clergyman, as a bear in full canonicals. He laughed at Pitt, and at foolish picture-fanciers; at antiquarians and quack doctors; at pompous judges and knavish lawyers; the fop, the dancing-master—the fool of every order met his ready lash, for he had been born to flog vice, and to protest against a corrupt and artificial age. Even in his pictures Hogarth sometimes falls unheedingly into that exaggeration which in real nature is either deformity or caricature. Of these lapses, which are faults, we may instance the constables in his "Night," out of many other examples.

Next in our list of caricaturists comes Bun-

bury, Walpole's friend, the clever son of a Suffolk baronet, whom Reynolds over-praised, and whose humorous horse-scenes were in vogue in fashionable circles about 1780 and earlier; Bunbury dying in 1811. Bunbury, though playful, and clever, and good-natured, never seems to me to rise much beyond the mediocrity of amateur art. The drawing is facile, but seldom correct; and without power and knowledge in drawing, the richest humour is always crippled. His horses are skirmishingly dashed off, with spirit and readiness, but they are boneless, shapeless things, and mere sketches. The fun, too, is overdone and extravagant, like the fun at fairs and small country theatres. All he has to show one is that citizens ride badly, and fall off, and get into ridiculous scrapes; but there is no Leech-like individuality about his riders—they are but the puppets that ride round and change dresses at a circus. I prefer Bunbury when he sketches the humours of Bath, and the oddities of the assembly rooms. Then he can be graceful, and give strange groups, such as Macklin laughs at in his admirable, cleverly-written "Man

of the World;" with here and there, among the grimacing little fops and huge aldermen's wives, a pretty face of some "Jessamy Bride," which delights you like coming suddenly in a country walk upon some flower you have hitherto not known. No one has better portrayed the stately folly of the old minuet dancings, but still in a lazy, careless, off-hand amateur way, that can scarcely be called Art, and is the mere pantomime of design.

Of Rowlandson's high-coloured, redundant extravagance, I cannot say much. It is loathsomely gross too often, and there is a sensuality about the very round billowy lines of his manner, that reminds me of what a senile and degraded buffoon Rubens might have sunk to be, had he condescended to do nothing but laugh and grin at all purity, all greatness, and all virtue. Still there is at times a rare oily fun about Rowlandson in his fat doctors', swollen "parsons," and exuberant, Moll Flaggon women; in his boisterous fights, and upsets, and horse-play, and conspiracy, that I suppose corresponded to some stage of the national civilization, and had its counterparts on the stage in the comedians of the day—for the stage has

always a powerful influence on the costume and feeling of our *genre* and small historical art. If Bunbury was a mere *vers de société* and small-talk man, Rowlandson was a diminutive Swift, with some of the fun and all the impurity of the baboon, delighting in filth, and unable to be decent long together. Just, however, as a round hand-writing, and a rounded forehead, indicate mellow good-nature, so, I think, does the round line—the line of fat cheeks and portly stomachs—indicate a certain portion of harmless drollery in our impure friend Rowlandson. One of his merriest and grossest caricatures represents the crowded staircase of the Royal Academy (Somerset House) on exhibition days, with some fair couples falling backwards, with no more feeling than a prize pig has. Rowlandson delights to represent human beings in moments of great peril, and draws infinite brutal fun from the certain prospect of broken legs and backs. In a word, except for antiquarian reference as to manners and costume, Rowlandson might as well have perished, for his fun is the fun of Squire Western, after his fourth pint bumper of port; and it represents, in its worst aspect, the age of prize-fight-

ing, cock-fighting, and gambling, of wigs and square-toed shoes, of drinking and impurity; yet here and there I have seen traces of pathos and sublimity in Rowlandson that augur better things; so let us hope that he was not a bad man, but merely an artist of too little strength of will to resist the money and dictations of ignorant and vicious patrons.

When I say Rowlandson, I think of a fat pig moulding himself in the mire of a thieves' alley; but when I write "Gilray," I mention the name of a lurid and great genius indeed, though unfortunately a genius without moral principle. I do not think much is known of Gilray, except that he worked a slave to print-sellers, who gave him a guinea or two for a caricature, and employed him to ridicule the French Republic, whose cause he really in his heart advocated. I believe he sank lower and lower in vice and drunkenness, till he resorted to attempt to extort money from noblemen whose faces he threatened to introduce into his caricatures unless bribed off; and I have heard, I think, somewhere that he ended his days by a raving drunken leap from a window in which he had been confined: but much of this is doubt-

ful, so let us hope the good alone is true, and all the bad is false.

To me there is something luridly awful in Gilray's apocalyptic visions of the French Republic, in the perpetual dripping crimson of his never-resting guillotine axe, in his red skeletons that stalk about Napoleon—the yellow dwarf, the hideous, lean resurrection man of these poisonous libels, which express all the hatred of a rude age, and of a virulence unequalled in venom and intensity. Napoleon slicing the world as if it were a great pudding—Napoleon a strutting mannikin in Farmer George's Brobdignag hand—Napoleon leading his murdering scarecrows towards England—Napoleon everywhere in every attitude of contempt, ridicule, and loathsomeness. Pitt perpetually lean, cold, and saucy; Fox a brutal, black-browed butcher, the very horror of the revolution, seen by us through the red smoke of battle-fields, dwells upon the works of Gilray, that strong hater, who gave “no quarter,” and who always showed how detestable the thing he hated was, before he ground his heel into the face on which he had already set his

foot. He stands on the Channel shore, and keeps shouting to the French, "Babe killers—priest stabbers—king murderers—women destroyers—atheist-assassins—come here, and we'll sweep you from the earth!" All very intemperate and unphilosophical; but the little island was in danger then, and it made us all lose our temper to feel that we were in danger from the Corsican—the little lean man who had risen no one knew how.

And as for George III., Gilray laughed at his dulness and average intellect worse than Peter Pindar himself, but never with the bitterness that George IV. was assailed with when he persecuted his ill-judging, coarse wife, and offended the whole nation with his foul and disgraceful amours. A heartless, vicious ruler of men, frivolous, extravagant, and latterly personally repulsive, was too good a butt for caricaturists to resist firing their poisoned arrows at; and though some were bought off, and others silenced, in days when Leigh Hunt could be imprisoned for smiling at the bloated Adonis of Carlton House, and the press had no real freedom, caricature was no bad safety-valve for

the wrath and hatred of an overtaxed and angry nation.

Cruikshank was the direct lineal descendant of Gilray—so much so, that he actually finished with his own hands some of that great tomahawker's unfinished plates. With less mature skill, more fun, and less burning vitriolic hatred, the young humorist set to work, for stray guineas, to perpetuate the national antipathy against Napoleon, whose star had now set amid the snows of Russia. It is strange how Providence seems to give each mind its proper food: Gilray, violent, stubborn, and aggressive, had had the uphill game, the hopeless attack on a resistless conqueror; Cruikshank, the younger, swifter tirailleur, now the great gun had ceased its steady, hitherto unremitting volleys, leaped out of the dark ambush, and prepared to sting the rear of the retreating army, and hold it up to the ridicule of Europe. He showed the Frenchmen in rags falling under the Russian axes; and he laughs as he draws. He is calmer and more fanciful than Gilray, and seldom gross, but when he deforms the Regent, and shows vice "its own" Medusa

"image." He draws grotesque images of Napoleon being snuffed out, and finally leaves him at Elba, with a contemptuous face, the chained-up scorn of bleeding Europe.

At a later period this great humorist takes far higher flights, changes Gilray's coarse, whip-lash line, and heavy blacks and whites, for the graver's finest needle, and joins the richest and most kindly fancy to the most delicate and exquisite manipulations, and the most refined and correct drawing caricaturist has yet attained—(we except Mr. Tenniel, of the *Punch* staff, because, though a rare draughtsman, he seems to me by nature to have a mind more serious than humorous.)

But how can I find room to eulogize the great wealth of fancy of this artist—his here and there flashes of real weird imagination; his pathos, and the purity of his purpose; the generous warmth and chivalry of his moral nature? I will, therefore, from the realms of fun he has scattered over the England he has done so much to make merry—from the great nations of droll beings who invisibly will attend him some (let us hope distant) day to

his time-honoured grave—from the long shelves of books he has enriched and improved—from the drolleries, whimsies, and fantasies that made our fathers' sides shake, and still hover like motes in the sun, and shoot to and fro in our English air like dragon-flies across a summer brook — from all these let me select two or three examples of the versatility and depth, magic and originality, of the genius of Cruikshank.

It must never be imagined that Cruikshank derived any fun from the great treasury of Charles Dickens: his fun is his own, but it was partly contemporaneous with "Boz" and "Pickwick," and deals largely with the same materials. Two men discovered that great vein of fun, just as two astronomers contemporaneously put up their telescopes and "brought down" the last planet. Cruikshank rioted in all the early fun of the present still grinning epoch; some branches of fun he originated, others he improved. He had his little army of black figures; he vivified, like Irving and Dickens, furniture, and all dumb things, from fire-irons to the corks of wine

bottles. Apropos of this, we must not forget the Irish faces in the whiskey-bottle corks, and the unequalled, chubby, groggy faces he devised from the nippy ends of two bisected lemons.

For weird force, and as an embodied ghost-story, as a flash of light on a dark Rembrandt-night, as showing his imaginative goblin sombreness, George V. never did anything so admirable and so excelling as his "Will of the Wisp," across which, as across a dying wit's face, passes a ghastly gleam of humour. Talk of Fuseli and his wind-bag, there is real, vivid imagination enough in this to make a whole Academy of Fuselis. It is just an Egyptian darkness, with breaking through it above a bog-hole, some black bulrushes, and above them a bending, leathery goblin, exulting over some drowned traveller, the meteor lamp he carries casting a downward flicker on the dark water. Such darkness, such wicked speed, such bad, Puck-like malice, such devilry, Hoffman and Poe together could not have better devised; many a May Exhibition has not half the genius in all its pictures that focusses in that gem of jet.

As a book illustrator, Cruikshank has given

many an author life, and doubled the power of many even clever books. Even Dickens, in his "Oliver Twist," had his fine gold jewelled by Cruikshank. Ainsworth's tawdry rubbish—now all but forgotten, and soon to sink deep in the mud-pool of oblivion—was illuminated with a false splendour by this great humorist. He revelled over Smollett's broad, practical joking, and over sea-stories innumerable; but his best work was the "Irish Rebellion," whose horrors he has treated with great dramatic intensity, and a truth to nature which few of our Academicians, with all their bones, and muscles, and varnishes, and receipts, could surpass.

A living critic, with the usual special pleading of a man who speaks either ignorantly of his subject, or is too anxious for victory in argument to care much about exact truth, takes on him to lament that Art patronage should still be such in our commercial country that the grave, thoughtful genius of Cruikshank should have been devoted to merely illustrate "Jack Shephard," and the horrors of the "Irish Rebellion."

Now, this is all sophistry, and a mere trick of argument; for the greatest works of Cruikshank,

as the clever but wilfully blind *arch critic* very well knows, are neither the "Rebellion" nor the Thief Novels illustrations, but the Comic Annuals, the "Results of Crime," the "Will of the Wisp," the *Sic transit*, &c. &c. merely to dip out a few pailfuls of the vast ocean of fun that George Cruikshank has been deluging the English world with for the last forty years, anticipating Dickens, forestalling Thackeray, and handing down the touch of national humour direct from Hogarth and Gilray to Leech and Hablot Brown.

The Irish Rebellion sketches, though probably drawn without nature or models, without much knowledge of any Irishmen but the Irishmen of St. Giles's, and any Ireland but the Ireland of stage scenery, are yet wonderful for their dramatic force, intense pathos, rising even to the frontiers of the horrible, and technically for their admirable *clair-obscur*, and the exquisite needle-point delicacy of the etching. The national face is studied with great, though restricted, truth; and the drawing, though not academic or overstrained, is eminently easy and admirable. With wonderful versatility of imagination (for the mind trained to do everything becomes versatile if

it has any power at all—if it has not it snaps short at one dull mannerism), the artist shows a ghastly phase of that terrible civil war, with Napper Tandy, and Emmet, and Lord Fitzgerald flitting like spectres through every scene. There are the peasants in the hidden forge sharpening their pikes, with rude madmen, in frieze coats, dancing jigs of joy on the tables; while other rebels, meditating bloodshed, sit upon powder-barrels, and drink. The strongest bits of Celtic terror in Carleton are here anticipated and surpassed. Then there are sterner scenes, where forty pikes at once are meeting in a soldier's breast, and shrieking, maddened women pray for mercy; and there is an admirable scene (exciting as Cooper's struggles with Indians), where some loyalists are defending a house against the rebels, and some are melting lead for bullets, at the fire-place, and others are firing through holes in the riddled window shutters; while, at a table, an officer sits with all the calmness of professional habit, and gives out ammunition, or writes a despatch for reinforcements. In these illustrations, lurid with battle-smoke, and unsurpassed for their realization of the horror, movement, and fury of

1

such scenes, Cruikshank shows himself no longer the mere caricaturist, writing out fun in ciphers, but the true artist, excellent in light and shade, in composition, and in the power of touching the heart.

It is true, Leech has since his climacteric shown us higher life, more graceful girls, prettier faces, and more fashionable and more modern "swells." Leech draws a horse better, and knows more practically the fun and the *gaucheries* of hunting, shooting, and fishing; Gilbert has more colour, more picturesqueness, more of the Rubenesque richness in his draperies; Phiz is more arch and naive; Keane more Duresque and artistic; but in moral purpose, heart, and variety, Cruikshank is still pre-eminent, and technically as an etcher no needle has ever been found to surpass his. His *Sic transit*, or sketch of the passengers in a Dover boat going on shore, is grand in its breadth of humour as well as in its truth. It makes one almost sea-sick to look at its seesaw, its dreadful up to heaven, and down again unto hell; its frightened, head-aching, giddy travellers, and jolly, careless sailors, who like "a little sea on," because it makes the

passengers less inclined to dispute the exorbitant demands of the Dover boatmen.

In a later view of Cruikshank's the artist has given us a fat German baron, half way to Calais, beginning to feel the motion, and clinging to the steamer rigging, which also, as epitomising the horrors of sea-sickness, is little short of perfect. After all, that wonderful and mysterious transitory yet incurable malady is the best guarantee we have against invasion.

Six folio volumes of fun and pathos are no mean result of a great etcher's life-labours, and it is from a study of these that we deduce the fact that at a certain stage of his career a great moral change came over the humorist, and from that moment the desire to do good became the predominant passion within him—a noble impulse arose within Cruikshank (pushed to an intolerant extravagance on one philanthropic point) to work for the world which he had so long amused. He set himself, tooth and nail, to abate our great national shame of drunkenness, and against vice in general directed arrows feathered as from the humming-bird's wing, but barbed with the keenest and brightest steel.

Among those works with a high moral purpose, which raise him from the amuser to the instructor, I may specially instance the "Progress of Crime," with its series of tableaux of the gradations of sin, with the prison corridors and all the corrective apparatus, ending with the last bitter lesson of the gibbet; and in the centre that dreadful typical sketch of the murderer thrust by a devil over a precipice, the bloody knife still in his hand, and large blocks of stone bound to either of his feet, to sink him swifter into the hell whose licking flames he sees rising eagerly to strike him with their fiery fangs. There seems to me quite as much thought, and heart, and moral power about this work as about any of Hogarth's or Durer's; and I am firmly convinced that Cruikshank, when he dies (which may God long avert), and Death has given a sacred character to his works, in our national collection of English Art (if we ever have one) will be one of our most venerated old masters.

To rapidly epitomize what I think is most surpassing in Cruikshank's works, I may mention his Rembrandtic nightmare of the "Headsman sharpening his Axe," from Ainsworth's melodra-

matic novel, "Tower of London." A wonderful weird dusk, with no light but that which glimmers on the bald scalp of the hideous headsman, who, feeling the edge of his axe with his thumb, grins with a devilish foretaste of his pleasure on the morrow. I need scarcely say that all the poetry, dramatic force, mystery, and terror of the design is attributable to Cruikshank, and not to Ainsworth, whose novels are suited only for melodramatic shop-boys and romantic ladies'-maids, and whose sham supernatural scenes are borrowed from the immoral and overstrained tragedies of the Victoria Theatre. But peace to his *manes*!—he is forgotten; so after a fitful fever he sleeps well, and I would not disturb his swift passage to oblivion.

Already I have tried to show that, although in the humour of London life, and indeed of life universal, no one but Shakspeare has yet surpassed our Dickens; still, in the special phases of tavern life, thief life, and theatre life, &c., Cruikshank had already attained triumphs when the "Sketches by Boz" proved that a new genius of boundless comic faculty was rising above the horizon. We have shown that, beginning as a direct descendant

of Gilray, lashing George IV. with the serpent whip of satire, Cruikshank passed gradually into the modern book-illustrator and the modern humorist; passing out of the old conventional, buffoon, scurrilous form of humour, and originating the modern, the more playful and more truthful mode of laughing at social follies, which, after all, are seldom laughed down, and live their foolish life in spite of all protests, however angry. I have shown him as adorning our standard novels, Smollett's broad drollery, and Fielding's mock heroics, and I have shown him at once the poet and the satirist, the comedian and the tragedian.

I look upon him with veneration, as an artist who, if fortune had permitted him, and ambition had driven him, in early life, to devote himself to large collective works, even if he had never painted, would have rivalled, if not excelled, Hogarth. But, perhaps, he had no motive power of ambition; perhaps he had not a mind sufficiently large and harmonious in its constructive power. Certain it is, his genius has been rubbed into bread-crumbs by the very necessity perhaps of making bread. He has filled six folios, but he has done nothing

like the "Rake's Progress." Many of his book-illustrations will perish with the books they illustrate, and have no legs to stand on. Attached to such frivolous insanity as that of Ainsworth's they remind one of those precious china plates that the early Italian builders sometimes plastered up in their dull stone walls. They are as out of place as real jewels would be on the dresses of Madame Tussaud's murderers in the Chamber of Horrors. It is always sad to see genius adorning fire-screens or carving-knife handles. "Fire George" Cruikshank deserved a better fate than to be half his life painting complexions upon barber's dummies, and trying to render folly immortal. The Regent's age, the Brummel epoch of the short waist and shoulder of mutton sleeves, was specially his own. That worst of kings, debonair and selfish, handsome and cruel, gracious and obese, the most bland and cold-hearted of men, was lashed by Cruikshank with remorseless severity. He has lived, like Dickens, to see two ages: to laugh at coachmen, and to laugh at railways; to show us the skeleton coach and the demon railway engine. He has laughed till he is

tired, and so grows serious with his upas-tree and his Bottle.

But through all his pleasant world of fairy stories, through his Wapping (his sailors are inimitable) and his Whitechapel (for his thieves are the very creatures), there have been always (with few exceptions) two great deficiencies in Cruikshank's work. The first is a Londoner's ignorance of, and indifference to, the country, which makes his backgrounds generally weak and meagre, and prevents him showing in nature sympathy with man; for instance, trees weeping and tossing their arms over the drowned creature, &c.; even Hogarth had the same defect. Secondly, his female faces are always mannered and insipid, generally ugly. He can seldom give any expression to a female face, unless he make it ugly; of beauty he has all the imperfect conceptions of a mind a little warped in favour of ugliness by a love of caricature, and impeded in expressing even what it knows by an ignorance of the human form in its construction and its changes.

Latterly, I believe, with almost the self-denying wisdom and "pluck" of Cato, who began Greek

at seventy, Cruikshank, I hear, entered the boys' class at the Academy, and on hard stool, with drawing-board between his venerable knees, set hard to work to laboriously portray in stippled chalk the matchless graces of the *Medicean Venus*.

CHAPTER IV.

MEN OF PROMISE.—PROCTER AND DEARE.

“THE grave of a man of promise!”—what a text for the moralist!

Shall our poets shed stage tears in honeyed verse at seeing frost kill the March violets, or the rough wind of the month with the lion’s breath snapping off a budding bough, and shall we not do well to sit down for a moment upon the grave-stone of young genius?

Death is terrible when he strikes the child—Death is even more terrible when he comes to the young man, and casts him down the dark trap-door into the black river. It is difficult to say at such times, with the Turk, “*Khismet*”—*it is ordained*; it gives us great spasms at the heart,

and pains in the brain, to see life snapped in the middle, and the rude black pen suddenly drawn across all the sketches of great resolves, high hopes, and mighty aspirations. When one recalls the kindling eye, the warm hand that grasped one's own so often with the silent grasp of friendship, it is difficult to imagine a cold weight of earth stopping that glowing pulse, fettering that wise hand, clogging that eager eye. Is the man of promise prisoned under the turf?—what divine voice bade that heart grow cold, and those limbs forget their duty?—what removed him from us ere his work seemed done?—who took the chisel from this hand and the brush from that, and bade them go sleep under the heavy stone until the judgment? The All-seeing, the All-wise, sent the Angel of Death to call them away,—these two we are now the temporary biographers of—that we know; but before the causes of that summons hangs the great curtain of night. That unseen hand is moving among the crowd in every street, but it seizes only those whose hour is come. Death is but God's messenger, and all he does is well, because God wills it.

A hundred years ago, the name of Thomas

Procter, now forgotten, was great among the sculptors of England. He was a student of the Royal Academy, and the black river-god of Somerset House had seldom stared at a youth of greater promise. He was of humble birth—that is, he had the disadvantage of being poor, a disgrace only to those who are base enough to think it so—and was born at Settle, in the West Riding of Yorkshire—a hardy, horse-breaking province, where the men are toughened by the sea air, and rendered kindly wise by the necessity of struggling more for life and life's needs than we are in the more tepid and enfeebled south. He was a man of the wolds!—perhaps of Danish blood, or with some tang of a purer and less mixed race than your flat lower provinces, with their squared-out and super-divided meadow, can muster—something of the Scotsman's tenacity, craft, and endurance lingered about the horse-taming Yorkshireman. The Northman's luxuries are the Southron's necessities; and I have no doubt that, if civil war were possible in England, the southern counties would soon be overrun and conquered by the northern. Home-

sickness is a disease unknown to the Scotchman, as we all are aware: the man who did not live on grass and thistles could snatch no living, if he dared to struggle for life, among a circle of Yorkshire traders. But in saying this, we do but jest. The Yorkshire blood is pure, and strong, and hot, though it may be a little cool and slow in pulsation. The Yorkshire body is a good stock for the worker, whether with brain or hand; and stouter and more stalwart men are not to be found than are to be met with in the bleak Ridings.

We presume that Procter started with a good country capital of health—no bad basis for the bank of life, say what you will. What early instinct, what accidental preponderance of certain faculties led Procter, the young Yorkshireman, to sculpture, we shall never now know. Some drawing in the nursery, perhaps, some book of prints, some stray picture, waif and stray of some great house gone to pieces, kindled the first ambition in the heart, and fed that snake that grew till it swallowed up all the other passions. Strong enough at first to be called genius,

to enlist friends, and to win believers in father and mother, it does not seem to have been; for in due time the swarthy, black-haired boy was bound apprentice to a tobacconist at Manchester, to which smoky town he repaired, to weigh spongy masses of the narcotic weed, to number cigars, to dip out shells of snuff for old women, to perch on stools, and run all day up and down tedious columns of figures, to compare, to add up, to balance—in fact, to narrow a large and growing mind with a routine of petty duties. This provincial work soon became intolerable. The ambitionless, idealess, money-making Manchester men were no meet companions for the high-souled, ardent young sculptor, with perpetual fire working at his heart and brain—to whom the earth itself seemed too small a scope for his ambition, and who could play jugglers' tricks with the very sun and brother planets, were his hand as large as his ambition. He goes up to London, and enters with new hopes and fresh wings the house of Messrs. Harrison and Ansley, merchants. But who can stop the sea when the dyke is once broken down? No-

•

thing now will do but devoting a whole life to Art. Imagine his ardent letters home, down in Yorkshire, showing that giving up something for nothing is the nearest way to earn thousands. In 1777 he becomes a happy student of the Royal Academy, eager to grow his own gold tree, and to surpass in fame even that rough misanthropic genius, Irish Barry; or, in his own special art, the great Roubilliac. His mind fluctuates between the two goddesses, of painting and sculpture. In both arts, however antagonistic they may appear, he obtains triumphs; and all the time he works on the hard benches of the academic schools. He is treated kindly and as a friend by the merchants he had left—at both their houses, at Tottenham and Clapham, he hangs up his cocked hat with equal pleasure; he drinks their wine, and tells studio stories, he rhapsodizes, in the midst of mercantile talk, about the Venus de Medici and the Belvidere Apollo—about Rome and its sculptor's heaven. The same fire that burnt in the man of promise who died yesterday in the Temple or Gray's Inn, burnt in the heart of the young Yorkshireman. Give him time

and opportunity, and he will grapple with even the great Florentine himself; no fence is too high for his horse, no ditch too broad. He is the centre of a band of young men, the central planet in the life-schools at Somerset House. If he wanted money, his old employers give it him—for they, at least, know his worth, and believe in his genius.

Barry's picture of "Venus rising from the Sea," a well-drawn but coldly classical subject to our eye, fired this swarthy youth to paint a large and ambitious scene of "Adam and Eve," illustrating a passage of "Paradise Lost;" though not a mechanically good painting, still winning great applause from bewildered rivals and pleased superiors. A few years later, and the young Yorkshireman gained a premium from the Society of Arts, and a silver medal from the Royal Academy. The next year, he crowns his triumph by carrying off the Academy gold medal by an historical picture, and his grasp and vigour are now admitted.

Cottage interiors and every-day happiness

are nothing to our man of promise—the real is far too vulgar a thing for his great ambition. He lives in dream-world, among straight-nosed goddesses and well-made Apollos. He thinks no one can become an old master without painting Greek noses, so he strains a monstrous white canvas, and designs “Venus approaching the Island of Cyprus,”—as if the Isle of Dogs did not behove us more than Cyprus, and our own “not unimpossible she” more than all the dead stone Venuses with the frozen simpers and the blank eyes. Still the man of promise knew no better, and what he thought he ought to do, he did—which is more than some of us can say.

I suppose, with his strong will and fervid speech, the short, sturdy Yorkshireman, with the swarthy skin and enormous coal black whiskers, was a great favourite among the hot bloods of the studios, with their ready belief in budding genius and profound sympathy with men of promise. At all events, we hear that when Procter gained the gold medal, and some bland mediocrity read his name out to the hot, eager

faces, they seized the black-eyed lad of the West Riding, hurried him downstairs, and eventually carried him on their shoulders round the broad quadrangle of Somerset House, much to the wonder of the sooty figure of the Thames. All this Barry, the truculent and pugnacious, saw with kindling eyes, and shouted "Blood and oons! the Greeks did it—do it again, boys—do it again!" which must have so-laced Procter for many pangful midnights, and have sent Barry home with ideas for his Adelphi pictures, and the Olympic Games episode.

To work goes the black-bearded Yorkshire-man, as one of his horse-taming race should; no tobacco now, save to smoke as balsam for mental wounds, while he pinches, and thumbs, and kneads the stupid clay into forms of beauty, that the man of promise believes fashioned for the pantheon of genius and the palace of eternity. Alas! it is but grave clay he kneads, and the black face is behind every mask that hangs upon his humble walls. God's promises are children; the devil's are the juggling dreams with which genius such

as Procter's is beguiled to death. Procter works with his tooth-brush handles, his steel scoops and scrapers, his sculptor's tools, in short. He creates out of clay wonderful works, which are never to become stone. His "Ixion on the Wheel, rolling in Torture," draws crowds of cocked-hatted and spectacled men, who look at each other and smile as Sir Joshua Reynolds, drawing out that wine-filterer of an ear-trumpet, tells Mr. West the work is admirable—and Mr. West, of course, who praises everything, says it is admirable, too; so that Sir Abraham Hume thinks it a safe investment, and buys it, giving guineas for clay—one sort of earth for another—lead for gold, as Procter's friends think; though that one-ideaed old Nollekens says, "He don't see why Procter should make the man Ixion going round on the Catherine-wheel with his eyes closed, for he (Nolly) could not sleep if he had the toothache, much less on the Catherine-wheel:" but then Nolly does not like men who dare large works, and are fools enough to neglect profitable bustos. Then Procter's Piri-thous was very good; and he tried to excel,

like Michael Angelo, both in sculpture and painting.

But the clouds of fate began to darken over the man of promise. His ambition was sometimes greater than his powers of performance. On one occasion he sent a huge mainsail of a picture—a Druidical subject; oakwoods like enormous cabbages, and bed-gowned Druids. I fear the council shrugged their shoulders at it, and advised him to put more work into it. There was mind in the sketch, but not much paint. It was such a monster of a picture—such a rickety, hydrocephalic child, with so little brain, that the council had to give him a painting-room on the premises; where the porter doubtless gave him friendly hints, and received with perfect composure the black scorn of the Yorkshireman of promise. Busy at the bed-gown Druids, Procter worked for several days on the mainsail: but the members of the council who dropped in, dropped out again, fatally silent, and squinting violently at the Druids, as sham Druids—whether in pictures or on the stage—always make you do. They begged little bitter Northcote to go

and look at it, and he went and squinted too; and so, after all, the picture was never exhibited, but the council, with many bland bows and smirks, and looking over spectacles silvery and golden, pretended to the black-whiskered man of promise that the Druids were too large for Somerset House, and not a word was said about the want of expression and the flimsy painting. Like a famous fresco of modern times, the great picture was, we fear, a *fiasco*. What claims to fame Procter had as a painter it is indeed difficult to discover, for Northcole, a lemon of a man, said Procter's paintings were poor, but spoke of him highly as a modeller; while Nollekena, the sculptor, said Procter excelled in painting, and was not much in clay. Now, a painter praising a man's sculpture and condemning his painting, and a sculptor praising his painting and condemning his sculpture, sounds rather dubious to our suspicious ears, distrustful of men of promise who are not men of performance.

* * * * *

Perhaps those unlucky sham Druids led

Procter into trouble; for ten years a crape veil of mist and premature oblivion shuts him from our sight—all we know is, that among other low, material vexations, such as milk scores and angry, “nagging” landladies, he had to dig a hole in the floor of his room, so as to enable it to contain his enormous model of “Diomedes thrown to his Horses, that he had fed on Human Flesh.” It was too big for his house—and it proved too big for the houses of the *cognoscenti*, for no one bought it; and Procter, unable to pay for hire of a warehouse, broke it to pieces with his own hand, his heart aching at each blow.

O ye who have dreamed for years over some thought, which with sweat of brain ye have, at last, transformed to book, or statue, or picture, suddenly to see it snipped to pieces by critics’ poisoned scissors, or left unheeded by the crowd who passed on to see the last juggler balance his feathers on his nose, imagine, as no others can, the agony of this destruction!

Ten years have passed since the shining gold

medal was placed in the swarthy brown hand of Procter; and that useful body, the Royal Academy, have left their man of promise to starve in obscurity—to break up the work of his lone midnights in the paroxysm of despair.

* * * * *

Ten sad years pass, and the period arrives that a student is to be sent to Rome by the Royal Academy. The respectable snow-bewigged mediocrities, over their comfortable wine, remember the clever gold-medal student, and fix upon Procter. Mr. West, always mediocre, and always amiable, agrees to find him—to dive for him, and bring him up by the locks. Where is he? No one can find him, or hear anything of him. He is buried in black London—drowned in the muddy, weedy sea of poverty.

At the time that Mr. West, with kind but yet tardy zeal, is searching for the entombed genius, singularly enough, Fortune, also rather tardy, has sent another friend: Mr. Riding, a painter and picture-dealer, formerly an intimate friend of Procter's, is also looking for him, and finds him. The clouds break for

Procter; the blue shows. Riding observes his friend's disturbed and restless manner; he sees that he is entangled in a Nessus net of debts, and that his one wish is to become free. Riding put forth all his strength to help him. He goes privately to a man who holds a note against Procter for money lent. It is a weapon that may be at any moment used against the man of promise. He goes and represents his poor friend's distress. He appeals to the lender, and touches his heart. He so wins him over that the note is thrown on the fire, and flies a red tinder up the chimney, the mischievous devil that lurked in it being exorcised by that process. It is late at night when the devil is dismissed; and early next morning Riding will rise and tell Procter. Happy at his success, Riding goes home to sleep lightly, as good men can do.

In the meantime, Mr. West has dug up Procter, and been to his lodgings in Maiden Lane. He finds him cowering over a heap of clay, in the obscure lodging, in a deplorably reduced state—weak, helpless, and desponding. The well-dressed, comfortable man looks at him

with eyes of pity, relieves him, invites him to dinner, offers him letters of introduction to Roman friends, and determines to send him as tutor to his own (West's) son to Rome. He leaves him, brushing his cocked hat, and blandly expressing his regret at Procter's genius having been so long neglected. He shakes him by the hand, and wishes him "good night."

The next morning dawns hopeful and bright, and with it, to the humble door opposite the Cider Cellar in Maiden Lane, comes Riding. He pushes back the dirty, careless drudge, who knows nothing about Mr. Procter—he is upstairs in a moment; he thrusts open the bed-room door—no answer; he calls anxiously; he shouts his good tidings—no response; he runs to the bed, drags down the tawdry, tucked-in curtains, pulls back the sheet—there is the great black *fell* of hair on the pillow, but the face pale, and the jaw sunk. The man of promise has died before he became a man of performance.

* * * * *

But we must move from the death-bed of one man of promise to the grave of another. Un-

like that of Procter, it is far from the smoke that boils perpetually over the "dim spot" that men call London; it is in that lonely burial-ground outside the walls of Rome where Keats sleeps, under the shadow of the toy pyramid of Caius Cestus, within hearing of those skeleton chariots that nightly race along the adjacent Appian way, what time the nightingales are toiling at their delicious inspiration of song. It is the grave of Deare, the young English sculptor who lies in this garden of death; and it is of the dream-bubbles of his life, and their evaporation into grains of church-yard dust, that I have now to treat.

Deare was of a humble Liverpool stock; those irrestrainable instincts which, when allied to power and energy, constitute genius, led him, from a boy, to observe the shape and outline of objects that surrounded him, and to try to reproduce them—a tendency which, in a low mind, is apish, but in a high one is nothing but divine. At ten, after much chipping and scraping of a resultless kind, he produced a small skeleton carved by himself with his own school penknife. It was rather an ominous,

ghastly production; but so it was that, day after day, that thoughtful boy, rosy with health, and intent on his self-imposed task, had sat down beside a real skeleton, and studied its central column, its globular grim skull, reproducing in wood every socket of the vertebræ, every ridge and furrow of that wonderful ground-plan of the Deity—that first sketch of Adam—that scaffold on which our house of clay is reared. On that little wooden puzzle, only six inches and a half high, that boy had laboured like a young Baron Trenck, wiling away weary hours of prison gloom with this task of laborious idleness; and all that time, could he but have seen it, the skeleton grinned and waited for the appointed time when he would be permitted to put forth his bony claw, and clutch his victim.

Between school hours our genius, sadly indifferent to sticky sugar-casks, wadded cotton bales, and red-lined ledgers, devoted all his spare time to copying prints and engravings, bought for him by his proud father. His genius ran to Homeric subjects—to the vast and grand; and what in other minds was a dunghill on a

village common, was to him a boundless prairie and the illimitable ocean. Long afterwards his eyes used to glow and his nostrils dilate at reading of the tramp of Homer's horsemen, or the clang of the wounded as they fell beside the Scamander.

No difficulties lie, like "caltrops" for cavalry, in the way of this young genius — the sun smiles, the sky is of a perpetual blue. He goes up to the great black London. He is articulated, with much hopefulness, to a Mr. Thomas Carter, in Piccadilly, in a small house now erased by a larger one. He is set at carving chimney-pieces, and although only sixteen, soon becomes celebrated for his exquisite taste and skill. But this will not suffice him ; he goes to the Academy, where Nollekens is visitor, and where Flaxman and Procter are beginning to get known, and drawing so well that the startled new comer is driven to modelling, being afraid of their competition. In 1780, though then only twenty, he carries off the gold medal at the Academy for a model of (Milton's) Adam and Eve. There is no limit to what this genius may do. He will be the greatest Liverpool, greatest

English, greatest European sculptor. If wonderful at twenty, what will he be at forty? Alas! could not that skeleton have answered had heaven given it back for a moment a tongue?

The genius writes home in high spirits. The world grows wider round him—perpetual sunshine for him gilds black London. Mr. Carter, “a blustering fellow, but a good man,” as he tells his father—making, I suppose, much easy gold by the ready, skilful hand of the Liverpool genius—is going (“he thinks”) to give him half-a-guinea a week for the first part of his apprenticeship, and fifteen shillings for the latter end of that term of bearable slavery. He is full of stories of Roubilliac, and Scheemackers, and Spang the Dane, who taught Nollekens, and produced the small anatomical figure that artists still use. He tells his father of how he attended the dissections of dead murderers and thieves at Surgeon’s Hall—how he went and watched their pale bodies with the blue rings round the necks flayed—as Hogarth once did, when he drew his hideous picture of Tom Nero being anatomized. Deare was present

when a "fine subject" — some murderer or highwayman—was removed to the Somerset House (in a chair or a coach, we suppose), and bent into the position of the Dying Gladiator for the use of the Royal Academy, where the "fine subject" still is an ornament useful to young anatomists. The casts in Surgeons' Hall, hideous but to the eyes of science, being one half red and flayed, and the other whole, of untouched skin, especially delighted him. All this time there is a care and prudence in the young genius not uncommendable. He takes great pleasure in telling his friends that crafty Nollekens got most of his money by buying and selling antique figures; and that Van Gildar, one of his fellow-workmen, "who is one of the best hands in London for foliage," and who "cut that large figure in our shop," had saved a thousand pounds by keeping men at work for him at home, while he got his humble two guineas a week at Carter's shop. Carter is one of those men who know how to use clever men, and get himself the praise for what others do. He "screwed down" the young craftsmen, and paid them liberally with promises—

a sort of mental assignat that your Pecksniff of every profession is liberal in, whether he be your editor who is praised for what a correspondent has written, or your sculptor who is praised for what his workmen have achieved. Carter, in this way, gets great credit for a monument for unlucky General Burgoyne's lady, and for a rich tablet for a chimney-piece.

Deare does not neglect his study of more serious things all this time: he is determined to go through the whole course of the antique, from Adonis to Venus, from A to Z—men, women, children—all the stone family that the Greeks left us: he will draw and draw till he knows them thoroughly, inside and outside, muscle and flesh; he will take to pieces, in fact, the old Greek puzzle, and, by help of Surgeons' Hall, put it together again, so that he may in time learn the art of constructing similar puzzles. The genius of Liverpool prepares, with much fear and trembling, to compete for the Academy gold medal. Ecstein, a German who works in "Tom" Carter's shop, is one competitor—the third falls ill, and is therefore "scratched."

Ecstein is already known as the designer of Townsend's monument in Westminster Abbey, a work that Flaxman thought very well of, and, being twice as old and big as Deare, looms with undue grandeur in the imagination of the genius. The day comes, the names of the subjects for the best historical design in clay and on canvas are put into a cup—the painters first, the sculptors next. Both professions have five hours to make their proof sketches in. The sculptor's subject is, "The Angels Surprising Satan at the Ear of Eve." Deare thumbs and squeezes the clay; his sketch is pronounced surprising, his friends only lament that such early success will render him conceited, or make him neglect his studies. The day of decision comes; there is a dreadful silence as bland Sir Joshua, beaming in glittering spectacles, stands up and declares the gold medal is adjudged to "the model marked E, the production of Mr. John Deare." The students, who know Deare for a lively, generous, open-hearted, frank man, murmur their congratulations. The secretary calls "John Deare." The genius, all of a fiery blush, bustles through the mob, receives the medal, and stands there

timidly before the President and council till the lecture is over. Proudly he writes home to tell his father that his model is to be carried to Buckingham Palace, to be admired by the King and Queen; proudly he tells them that the Satan was modelled opposite a mirror from his own face, distorted by grimaces for the purpose; proudly, and with pride no man could blame, he entreats his father not "to part with that Devil," but to keep it till his brothers, Ned or Joe, had "taste and ability" enough to value it as a gem.

How soon these young geniuses acquire the trick of royalty, learn to sway the sceptre with the conventional grace, and trail the royal purple in the old Cæsar way! Still, the true metal shows itself—real genius never stays at Capua when Rome itself is within sight. He drives his fussy landladies distracted with anxieties about his candles, for he sits up to "hateful 'ours." He works in such a way that the skeleton in the corner has much ado to keep from bursting into open laughter, so forgetful is he of poor flesh and blood. He seldom goes to bed till three or later; and after his latest

theatre—for he is a great student of Shakspeare—he will produce ten or twelve clear, well-drawn designs. To go to the theatre he will miss his dinner, or anything but work. Grin, skeleton, grin; this is the way genius cuts its own throat, with its short-sighted avarice of time due to sleep. Is there an action we do that does not make either our attendant devil laugh or our guardian angel weep? So let the skeleton grin, he can do but what God permits; and, after all, it is not with marble statues the world is in these latter days much benefited, not with all this plaster academy work and daily two-hours' life-study. Yes, this knowledge, gleaned from Dr. Hunter's Anatomical Lectures, Sandby's Architecture, and Reynolds's Art Aphorisms, will all end in the dark pit and its smothering six feet of Roman earth.

1783.—Deare has left Carter, and that divinity of his youthful imagination has shrunk to very small dimensions. He comes now to bring the genius work, and tries to quibble him out of odd guineas, at which genius fires up, finding it “of amazing advantage to keep

up consequence," as it keeps off "twopenny-halfpenny jobs." He knows Carter must come to him, for nobody else can finish it in the same style; so he boldly ups, and tells Carter that unless he deals as a gentleman with him he will not work. He gets twenty-four guineas for a chimney-piece tablet, tries to save up to launch in larger apartments, and almost succeeds in persuading the Prince of Wales to sit to him. The world knows no proof of genius superior to that of making money. Deare does anything; models a Cupid for Mr. Cheere, the maker of leaden garden images, who lives next door to his old master, Carter; and, to crown all, the great Mr. Bacon, the sculptor, comes to him to model some figures for a monument, to be done at two guineas a-week, not tying himself down as to time.

The sculptor in this leaden age was still something of the tradesman, so you see he designed chimney-pieces, garden images, and figures for the pediments of country houses. Orders for all these come in fast and three-fold upon our friend Deare. He now charges sixty pounds for a mantel-piece, has modelling

more than he can execute, and all this time he lives in a room so small and full of models, that gentlemen visitors must either stand or sit on the bed when they come to see his wonders. He models for the great lead-figure man in Piccadilly; and even now, perhaps, in suburban gardens, Deare's Cupids gather mould and moss.

* * * * *

ROME.

Deare at Rome turns marble into gold, hob-nobs with dukes, copies the Apollo for Lord Berwick, and the Ariadne for an Irish banker's son. From a descendant of Penn alone, who takes him on a trip to Naples to see Vesuvius throw up fire, he gets 470*l.* worth of work. He buys a grey stallion, and rides out like a gentleman after working hours, when it gets too dark to chip at marble mouths and marble eyes. He learns the Italian airs of dancing, hires several marble cutters and a boy servant. Marble comes to him from Carrara, and he is able to pay as much as 427 crowns for it at a time. To crown all, he marries a clever little Roman girl of humble birth, with whom he is happy.

He is now a thriving man. He writes to his brother Joseph that he has laboured like a giant for three years, and entreats him not to lose an hour in picking up information; entreats him not to stop till he is a leading man in his art, whatever it may be. He gets full, too, of *dilettante* gossip about Rome and its museums and galleries; about the Palatine Hill, now a vineyard; and about the large and grand "Colosseum, or Amphitheatre of Titus," which he innocently describes as one might now do Tadmor, or some temple of Central America. He prefers St. Paul's to St. Peter's, but is interested at the tomb of "the late Pretender's" wife, the daughter of Sobieski; and he mentions, as news, that, just before he wrote, the Duchess of Albany, an amiable woman, the Pretender's natural daughter, had died at Bologna of abscess—so there remained of the Stuarts only the Cardinal York, an old man and a bigot, who lived like a sovereign.

In the midst of all this hope and performance, Death comes to the door of the man of promise's studio, and gives his order among the rest. Deare must leave his chisel, and lie

under a stone carved by another. On August 17, 1798, Deare dies of bilious fever, after ten days' illness. His friend Grignon writes a business letter to the poor father in England, sending him an authority to sign, in order that Signor Antonio Leonetti, an advocate, "who has a very extensive acquaintance among the English of the best fashion who visit Rome, and is universally known for a man of abilities and integrity," may prevent the dispersion of the man of promise's effects among the poor relations of Deare's Italian wife.

The lively, generous, choleric man of promise now sleeps near the Pyramid outside the walls of Rome.

Let us fling down our handful of valedictory dust on the two men of promise, deriving some small lesson of humility from our glance into those quiet and forgotten graves—a warning that we in our pride of strength and flush of hope will do good not to neglect. Let us not repine at the great dark hand that sometimes comes out from behind the curtain, and removes the crowning pieces from the chess-board of life: that hand cannot move

without God's will. Life begins, but does not end on earth. From great miseries, from still more fatal and hopeless non-performance, may those men of promise have been withdrawn. As struggling men ourselves, as men not always triumphant in the struggle, let us look aside with pity for one moment as a fore-rank man falls ; and hereafter, when we pass over the battle-field, let us stop to pluck one weed, at least, from the-graves of two forgotten *Men of Promise*.

CHAPTER V.

WEST, THE MONARCH OF MEDIOCRITY, IN
NEWMAN STREET.

HAZLITT, in his delightful "Table Talk," having brought up from the grave his old friend Northcote, with the Devonshire tongue and Titian face, goes on to sketch little leonine Fuseli, with his keen transparent blue eye, and fell of white hair, painting straddling giants with rope muscles and stone eyeballs in tin sockets. Then—touching for a moment upon old, jaunty, gay Cosway, "the little withered elderly gentleman," who, sitting to let his black servant lace his half-boots, looked like Venus being attired by the Graces—the charming essayist proceeds to shew us Mr. President West, "a small thin old man, with

regular, well-formed features, and a precise, sedate, self-satisfied air"—a thoroughly mechanical, commonplace, and academic person.

An easy first in America, sectarianly self-sufficient, favoured by kings, he felt that, except perhaps Napoleon, no one in the world could be named in the same breath. Gifted by nature with a dull, careful, but tame and feeble mind, West followed rules and receipts: and when he painted a picture, thought it was perfect—no doubt that it was not ever dared to profane his mind. He looked on himself as a sacred being, and the founder of English Art; he used to talk of Reynolds's mistakes, and would describe the laws of colour that he discovered in Raphael's cartoons. Like small men generally, he had no misgivings about his theories. He knew only the rules of Art, and following these, he believed himself to be infallibly right; he had no more doubt of what he did than the carpenter has that the plumb-line is straight.

Leslie describes West as diffident, and blushing like a young girl at one of his insufficient lectures. Men of boundless conceit are often diffident when they attempt an unaccustomed thing.

In the very lecture at which he blushed, he did not blush to say that he had discovered the final theory of colour—though Titian's "Peter the Martyr" violated all its rules—and coolly gave it to the students as you would give a receipt for brandy pudding.

When he walked through his gallery in Newman Street, his fifty years' labour on either side staring vacantly and inanely at him, West, says Hazlitt, saw nothing "to be added or taken away." He called his "St. Paul shaking off the Serpent"—"a little burst of genius, sir;" and before a rosy billowing Rubens said, "What a pity this man wanted expression!" Envious old man, his conceit has something in it of genius. West saw nothing beyond himself; he measured the number of heads, he brought in his brown man, he counted his ribs; he divided his three groups, he put his warm colours where the light entered, and his cold where the chief white was; he attended to Le Brun, and elevated and lowered his eyebrows at the proper time, and was smiling and happy.

An old dear friend of mine (Leigh, of Newman Street) remembered seeing the old man in his

gallery — since an Irvingite chapel and a dancing-room—sitting quietly waiting for the fiery chariot and the convoy of angels—calmly certain of immortality. Yet it was a good, harmless old man; not energetically good, but still harmless—loved by at least Robert Brenning, his faithful servant, and kind to young and poor artists, to whom (to their wondrous injury) his morning doors were never shut. He had his pangs, too, when the Regent neglected him, and stopped the commissions the unartistic old king had given this Quaker painter.

“Put not your trust in Princes,”

depend upon it, has been sighed in Newman Street with as much sincerity as David ever uttered it when he was being hunted like a partridge on the mountains. When a witty and acute writer (Mr. C. Collins) laughs good-humouredly at the lavish benevolence with which people leave their pictures by West to the nation, remember, that West did good to English Art by encouraging the large historic style.

The old pig-headed painter, sitting in his gallery in Newman Street, calmly waiting for Death to bring to him the crown of immortality,

was an incarnation of vanity almost sublime in his self-confidence.

Can we wonder at his vanity, when we remember that his life was one unbroken series of successes. He was a Quaker, yet a courtier—a republican by birth, yet a friend and companion of kings—a commonplace man, yet attaining the highest rank in his profession. When genius was starving, he was thriving; whoever rose or fell, West was loaded with commissions; whoever was in or out, West had his band of patrons, eager to outdo the king in loading him with commissions. If ever a lucky star shone in the heavens, it shone out that hour that West, the Quaker painter, was born to adorn the world with four hundred feeble pictures.

Let us retrace the life of the successful, dull man, and discuss his claims to that oblivion that has already blotted out so many of his pictures. He was of a Buckinghamshire stock, and one of his ancestors had ridden side by side with sturdy Hampden. It was even said by courtly heralds that, going further back, you found the Quaker's ancestry centred in a Lord

Delaware who fought under the Black Prince. Later, the family turned Quakers, and early in Charles II.'s time emigrated to America, where the head of the family married a daughter of one of Penn's chief councillors, and on his marriage set the example of releasing his negro slave, as an example to the colony.

Benjamin, "the youngest wren of nine," was born somewhat prematurely after a camp meeting, where a denouncing preacher had predicted the curses of God on France for her licentiousness, and on England for her avarice. The preacher at the mother's bed-side predicted the son's greatness, having never before produced such a result by a sermon; and at seven years old he was found drawing, in red and black ink, a portrait of his sister's child, that he had been asked to watch with a fly-flap while her mother gathered flowers. A year later, a party of Indians stopping at his father's house taught him the use of the bow, and gave him their war-paint to colour his sketches of birds and flowers; his brushes he made from hair stolen from his father's cat. Having paint and canvas given him, he hid himself for

several days, re-arranging pictures from some of Grawling's engravings. The praise of a painter named Williams, and the present of Richardson's and Du Fresnoy's works, made him decide at nine years of age upon being a painter. His ambition began to show itself; he declared to every one he would be a painter, and refused to ride with a boy who announced his intention of becoming a tailor. His drawing set all the boys in Springfield drawing, and the neighbours began now to buy young West's drawings on boards.

At fifteen, a governess at a gentleman's house where he was on a visit read to him some of the Greek and Roman poets, and set his imagination working. A lawyer's beautiful wife sat to him for a portrait, and for a friendly gunsmith he painted a picture of the "Death of Socrates;" but all this time his education stood still, and to the end of his life, even when venerable President of the Academy, and the favourite of kings, he was always shallow in information, and very uncertain in his spelling.

The time had now come when the boy's profession must be fixed on—momentous mo-

ment of boy-life! Painting had hitherto been ignored by the commercial, unimaginative sect. It was doubtful what the Friends would say to the young enthusiast's choice; but suddenly, one John Williamson got up and proposed that they should agree to "sanction the Art, and encourage the youth;" God had conferred remarkable mental gifts on the boy, and those gifts could be bestowed but for a wise and good purpose.

The boy is called in, and stands in the middle of the room between his delighted father and mother. A woman speaks next, and says that their sect had hitherto excluded painting because it had been misused and employed only to minister to man's sensual gratification; they hoped that in the boy's hands it might display a lofty sentiment and devout dignity, "worthy of the contemplation of Christians." The moral purpose, we must own, was always strong in West, and in that respect he contrasts well with Reynolds, who, with ten times his talent, was rather purposeless.

Suddenly, from some momentary impulse, which no cold Quakery hand restrained, West

became joined to the troops of General Forbes, and accompanied the expedition sent to search for the remains of Braddock's army, that the Indians had cut to pieces in the woods. West was with Major Sir Peter Halket, some officers of the old Highland Watch, and some native scouts. They found the bones of the fallen men under the trees of a long gloomy valley, or by the side of the ashes of the Indian camp-fires. Under one of the trees, a scout pointed out where Halket's father and brother fell, and, removing the leaves, discovered their skeletons. Halket recognised his father's skull by an artificial tooth, and fainted in the arms of the soldiers. A grave was dug, and the bones, swathed in a Highland plaid, were buried. Years after, West would have painted a picture of that pathetic scene, but Lord Grosvenor dissuaded him; it no doubt, however, furnished him with suggestions for his best picture—"The Death of Wolfe."

Recalled home to receive the last dying blessing of the mother he loved so much, West now left his father's house, and set up as portrait-painter at Philadelphia, where he charged

two guineas and a half for a head, and five guineas for a half length.

He now determined to visit Italy, and, to collect funds for this object, visited New York, where he met with generous supporters, and at once raised his prices. He had a free passage to Leghorn given him by a flour merchant, fifty pounds to pay expenses, and numerous valuable letters of introduction. He entered Rome on a July morning, 1760.

The first American who had come to the Eternal City to study Art became at once a lion. He was looked upon as a savage—as one of Jean Jacques Rousseau's pure minds, which are useful, as children's wit, to trace the origin of metaphysical impressions in. Blind Cardinal Albani, a great judge of intaglios, which he examined by touch, asked eagerly if he was black or white; and thirty carriagefuls of *dilettanti* accompanied the young Quaker to the Vatican; to see what effect the Apollo would have on him. Great was the company of "the preachers"—wigs shook down powder on the Vatican stones—sacques swept the avenues of St. Peter. At a signal, the doors that hid

the Apollo were thrown open. Would he swoon, or would he dance for joy? No! he calmly exclaimed, "My God, a young Mohawk warrior." At first there was a buzz of annoyance at the humiliating comparison; but when the Quaker told them how he had seen his Mohawk friends standing in the same attitude watching the flight of their arrows, they declared it was the best criticism ever pronounced—and from that moment West had it all his own way. He was the King of the Lions.

Everything he did now served only to make him more popular; a picture hung by him anonymously in Crespigni's gallery, was by Dance mistaken for Mengs, though the colour was superior. On Crespigni pointing out the young artist, sitting restless and agitated, waiting for their verdict, they ran and shook him by the hand, while the Italians embraced him. Mengs praised him, and advised him to travel; but a fever arising from mental anxiety coming on, kept him eleven months at Leghorn.

When he recovered, and prepared to complete his Art tour, he found that rumours of

his success had reached Philadelphia, and that his kind friend the flour merchant had ordered the bank to give him unlimited credit.

Egregious vanity, sublime from the very unconsciousness of the man, was always breaking out in West. He shed tears once when a rascally guitar player improvised some verses at a Roman coffee-house, in which he predicted the transfer of Art, through West, from the old to the new world. The doggerel, no doubt, was prophetic—but of the future Evangel, West certainly never will be the prophet. One of his great dictums about Rome in after-life was that Michael Angelo never gave “a probable character to his works,” but he called Raphael, daily, more “interesting, natural, and noble.” The great man could afford to pat Raphael on the head, and to snub Buonarotti. Everywhere honours and success. Parma, Bologna, and Florence elect him into their academies. At Parma, the reigning prince gives him an audience, and in France he stops to prophesy revolution.

A member of I do not know how many foreign academies, the lion of Rome, the pet

of cardinals, the talented Quaker, who had dared to appear at the court of the Princes of Parma with his hat on, returned to London in 1763, to tarry a short time, and then fly home to his father's land. This clever mediocrity came at a time peculiarly favourable to mediocrity, that acknowledged no difficulties in Art, and had so many claims to public notice: Hogarth was failing, and his mind was on th' lees; Reynolds had given up the dreams of high Art for the solid advantage of portrait painting; Wilson was despised, and taking to that false friend—brandy, the true *aqua mortis*; Gainsborough sought fame in landscapes, which would not sell; Barry was fretting and copying at Rome; and West, with all his mediocrity, could see this, and he at once took rooms in Bedford Street, Covent-garden, got introductions to Wilson the neglected and Reynolds the prosperous, and set to work as a professed historical painter, without competitors. The course was there for him to trot over; the turf was green, fresh, and without a hoof-print. His "Angelica and Medora," his "Simon and Iphigenia," and a portrait of "General Monkton," Wolfe's right hand

at the battle of Quebec, were all "sweet poison for the age's tooth." Johnson and Burke approved his works, and the oracle of the clubs, though purblind, had a voice as eloquent to lead other men as Burke's. His clear, shallow, dull colour was new to those days of dark pictures; above all, his quiet, religious, and classic subjects won the church and the university. Every day was a step onwards. There were fresh rumours every day of his successes—now he was painting the touching scene of "The Parting of Hector and Andromache," for Dr. Newton; now the "Return of the Prodigal Son," for the Bishop of Worcester; and he had refused 700*l.* a year to go down and decorate Lord Rockingham's country mansion in Yorkshire. Cold, prudent, and industrious, such a man as West could not fail to get on. With the true calmness of his nature, West yielded to the persuasions of his friends, and contrived that his intended bride should come to him from Philadelphia, instead of leaving his easel to fetch her. She came, and they were married at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, gravely and calmly as Quakers should be, with no outburst of

intemperate joy, and no visible demonstration of feeling.

But the great instrument of West's success was his zealous friend, Dr. Drummond, Archbishop of York. West listened patiently to his powerful patron, and painted for him, from a passage in Tacitus, "Agrippina landing with the ashes of Germanicus." The archbishop, flattered by the prudent painter's alacrity, never rested in trying to benefit the young Quaker. He tried laboriously, but in vain, to raise for him 3,000*l.*, to enable him to give up portrait and take entirely to historical painting. He teased the Duke of Portland and worried Lord Rockingham; he even obtained an audience of the young king, and told him of the genius of the devout young American. The royal mandate at last went forth: "Let me see this young painter of yours, with his 'Agrippina,' as soon as you please."

Before the archbishop could reach West's house a lady of the Court, with the mystery of an old sibyl, had brought the painter the news, though without disclosing her name. Before the door had well shut after this fair *avant-courrier* of good fortune, an officer of the palace arrived to summon

West with his "Agrippina" to the palace. The courtier told him the not very wise king was frank and candid, and of great purity and goodness; and the impression these words made on the delighted Quaker began a forty years' friendship between the king and the lucky artist.

The "Agrippina" was admired. The king proposed "a noble Roman subject—the departure of Regulus from Rome." The painter said it was a magnificent subject. The flattered king, won, as the archbishop had been, at once ordered it. The king helped to put the picture on the easel, and ordered the attendants out of the room. He would have read the Regulus scene from Livy, had not that book of the history been lost. With the man of tact everything goes well, while Wilson pines in a garret and Barry is working at gratuitous pictures—is training for starvation. At this crisis of success, various auxiliary circumstances concurred to help him on the right road. He became renowned on the Serpentine for his skating; and Colonel Howe, who had witnessed his skill in America, brought all the *beau monde* to witness his performance. These admirers, by an easy transition, passed from admirers into pa-

trons and sitters: everywhere in this man's life quiet tact was the lodestar of success.

Even from quarrels of artists he obtained some benefit. West and Reynolds retired from the Society of Incorporated Artists, who had fallen out about the mode in which their exhibition profits should be spent. The sculptors said, Buy sculpture—the artists, Collect pictures—the rich neutrals, Put the money in the funds, and let it grow, sir, grow.

Quietly, velvet-footed, after his manner, West got the ear of the king. He flattered the weak, good, shallow man by encouraging him to draw up some plans for a new association, although he had given his pledge to the old society, whose manager, Kirby, had taught the young king perspective. Kirby, in his inaugural speech, assured his colleagues of the king's indifference to the seceders. He little knew the thunderbolt that was forging for him by the quiet, smooth-tongued, respectable intriguer.

One day West is painting on "Regulus," the king and queen looking on, smiling their royal approval. Mr. Kirby is announced. There are whispers in German, and Mr. Kirby

is admitted, and introduced to the young American.

Kirby, half-alarmed, and affecting an air of patronage and indifference, turned to the king, and said, "Why, your Majesty never mentioned this work to me. Who made the frame? It is not made by your Majesty's workmen; it ought to have been made by the royal carver and gilder."

Calmly and coldly, as royalty, when below freezing point, can be, the King replied, "Kirby, whenever you are able to paint such a picture as this, your friend shall make the frame."

Kirby gets redder and more alarmed; he must try conciliation. "I hope, Mr. West, that you intend to exhibit this picture?" What a smile expands the mouth and widens the eyes of Kirby!

Says West, scarcely looking from his picture, "It is painted for the palace, and the exhibition must depend upon His Majesty's pleasure."

Both Kirby and West mean what they say, not for each other, but for the King. The

king breaks in here, and says, "Assuredly I shall be very happy to let the work be shown to the public."

Kirby is now getting into smoother water; he presses his advantage by continuing the flattery. "Then, Mr. West, you will send it to *my* exhibition?"

Miserable man! now comes your *coup de grace*, as the king sternly answers for his silent *protégé*, "No; it must go to *my* exhibition—to the Royal Academy."

Kirby bowed and retired; and when he died shortly after no one could decide whether he died of old age or of mortification and broken heart. When the Royal Academy opened at Somerset House, West's "Regulus" was the sun of the room.

West being now the first English historical painter, began to sweep away some of the conventions of the art he had embraced, and in doing that was the chief good he ever did. In his "Death of Wolfe," bought by Lord Grosvenor, he abandoned classic dress, and clothed the Indians and soldiers daringly in the costume of his own time. The opposition at first

was alarming, but common sense prevailed. The king refused to purchase, and Reynolds and the Archbishop of York came to entreat him not to run any risk of losing the public he had just begun to win. What Kemble did years after for the stage, West did now for Art.

He silenced Reynolds by the simple but obvious argument—America was unknown to Greece and Rome, and the costume was obsolete. The classic dress, he confessed, was picturesque, but to introduce it would be to gain in grace and lose in sentiment. He wanted to paint truth, not fiction, and to mark the place, time, and people.

They went away and returned again. Reynolds, after half-an-hour's thought before the canvas, rose and said, "West has conquered ; this picture will occasion a revolution in Art!" At this time he was not so jealous of West as he afterwards became.

West was now famous, and the royal commission kept him in incessant work. You may still see the dreary pictures of the mediocre man in the quiet rooms at Hampton Court,

where they rest as in alms-houses, old, invalided, and now almost forgotten candidates for immortality. There is Epaminondas dying, and the Chevalier Bayard, in grievously inaccurate costume, following suit, and Cyrus liberating the king of Armenia's family, and Legestus and his daughter (rather Guelphic in face) being brought before Germanicus.

West was always at the royal ear, to flatter and propitiate; and when the king grew tired of the Iliad, he painted subjects from English history and the Bible. He was always quietly stimulating his royal patron to fresh orders, and persuading him that the suggestions arose in his own mind.

When the king grew tired of the classics, West lamented that the Italians, in painting perpetually the miracles and triumphs of saints, had neglected their national history. The king instantly proposed that West should decorate St. George's Hall, Windsor, with seven scenes from Froissart. They are such weak vapidities, that the tamest eclectic of the Caracci school would have disdained to produce them. But the colour is clear, and reasonably pure; and they

are full of West's calm, dull self-confidence, and at best are only fit for an hotel or a concert-room. O tact, tact!—thy worldly triumphs are greater than those of genius! Weary of Froissart and the posture-making knight, West proposed to the king to decorate his chapel with a series of pictures showing the Progress of Revealed Religion. The king, flattered by the disinterested fidelity of his American painter, consented to consult a council of bishops as to whether it was right for Protestants to introduce religious paintings into their churches. The king remembered the Reformers' horror of paintings and the Puritans' dislike—the subject was a debatable one then, as it is now.

But when kings ask advice, they ask only to get confirmation of their own opinions; the bishops answered as the king wished. Bishop Hurd, as their spokesman, said, that "They had examined Mr. West's thirty-five subjects, and that not one of them but might be treated in a way that even a Quaker might contemplate with edification."

The king was offended; for it is said in youth

he fell in love with a Quaker girl (Hannah Lightfoot), and he loved West because he was of the same sect. The king replied tartly to the bowing bishop, "The Quakers are a body of Christians for whom I have a high respect; I love their peaceful tenets, and their benevolence to one another; and but for the obligations of birth, I would be a Quaker." The snubbed bishop bowed, as Kirby had done before, and retired.

The painter-courtier, smooth, quiet, prolific, went to work at the series of thirty-six Scripture pictures, as he would have done to decorate St. Paul's, or adorn all the palaces of England with frescoes; calmly, confidently, dully, he went to work—finally achieving twenty-eight out of the series, and netting *twenty-one thousand seven hundred pounds*; no bad reward for mediocrity. What Leonardo, and Raphael, and Michael Angelo had done, he did with all the tameness of Carlo Dolce, and the tedious equality of Guido's old age; and to the great works and great profits we must add rich frames of royal portraits, for which he received two thousand guineas.

Even the American war only rooted West deeper in the favour of the king; for he became the royal gossip, and the chief source of information as to the character and doings of Washington and his brave colleagues.

He told his stories of his Indian masters in painting, and of the finding the Halkets' bones, I have no doubt, till every footman in the palace knew them by heart. West, who considered himself favoured by heaven, believed that his communications were of the deepest importance to the king, and began to think himself a privy-councillor all but in name.

Can we wonder that on Reynolds's death West succeeded him as President of the Royal Academy, and that tame lectures, stuffed with flowery truisms, were applauded by lads who really considered their president, as Fuseli did, an old woman! Weak, cold common-sense is but heavy porridge for the young mind; but the students were dazzled by his court influence—and, luckily for West, attendance is all but compulsory at academic lectures.

Steadily, unruffled went on West, with his

cold dignity, his commendable industry, his diplomatic reserve, and his ungenerous, respectable coldness, safe and prudent to the last. It was thought wonderful of the great man to attend Gainsborough's funeral; and that such attendance should be thought wonderful proves him cold and selfish, for he was neither poor nor unknown; and by the side of a friend's grave one's own small ambitions appear but trivial things at the best. Barry might starve in his Castle Street den; Wilson die broken-hearted; Procter and Deare perish in their prime: nothing ruffled the calm serenity of West's vanity. Silent, easy, grave, and sedate, he waited for the certain immortality, and walked his gallery as if the halo were already luminous round his brow: a living statue, he moved about imperturbable and content. Jostling nobody, yet fenced in from all rivalry, his life moved on calmly as a summer's day. From Newman Street to Windsor and back he glided — a saintly courtier, moving in a frozen atmosphere no accident could thaw. A flatterer and a friend of the king's youth, he was fixed immovably in royal favour.

There is every reason to suppose that West, like Haydon, might have succeeded had he lowered his ambition. In simple *genre* subjects West might have left a permanent name. Leslie speaks highly of the picture of his family, which he had seen when a boy in a print-shop window in Philadelphia. He calls it the most original of his works—which is not saying much—and praises its nature and simplicity. Everything in it is individual, characteristic, and essential; its masses of light and dark are broad and strong. Afterwards he painted too fast—away from nature—on subjects his imagination could not reproduce; and he spoiled everything by throwing over it the sham classical wet blanket. The picture represents the Quaker relatives paying their first visit to Mrs. West after the birth of her child. John West and his eldest son keep on their hats. They are all sitting in silent meditation for a moment, till the old man shall rise, remove his hat, and offer up a prayer for the mother and infant. A gentle flatterer, West knew well how to propitiate foolish and great people, even though they might be kings. Even

when he had introduced that great reform into English Art—the introduction of modern costume into historical pictures—when Reynolds and the archbishop were all running about aghast, and asking each other's opinion, West was wise enough to let the king question West about his artistic schism. West's answers were mere common sense, and what every one now thinks, but in that conventional age they were wisdom. The Quaker painter contended that the dress was true and marked the time—that without this a century hence the work would be treated as a mere dream and fiction. Reynolds sat half-an-hour looking, then confessed himself conquered, and declared there would be a revolution in Art.

We may laugh at all this, but we must remember that though wigs were foolish things, he was a brave, wise man who dared first burn his wig and wear his own hair, and deserves a statue in the Abbey as much as half of them. King George, repenting too late, bought a copy of the picture that Lord Grosvenor had purchased. He filled his palaces with West's rubbish. West listened to all the fancies of his

royal patron, and painted every one tamely, coldly, and with the same dull faces and incorrect costume. He painted dead Epaminondas, Bayard, Cyrus, because the king remembered them from his school-day reading; and when he painted Legestus before Germanicus he took care to introduce likenesses of the royal family, careless of the envy of Reynolds's friends at the Quaker's monopoly of royal patronage.

Like a facile house-painter, West was always ready for anything: he painted all through Froissart to adorn St. George's Hall with Edward III.'s victory, though of all men in the world West was the least impulsive and the least chivalrous.

When the king ceased to be warlike West changed too, and became religious. He amused the king as projecting builders do some men—humoured his slightest fancy, and made him pleased at believing he had a taste. The conscientious king, with the aid of a council of bishops, decided that it was not dangerous to Protestantism to adorn his chapel with West's religious pictures. The Quaker, flying at all game, instantly, with cold haste, sketched out

his subjects, executing almost as rapidly as he sketched. Entering boldly into the list with the old masters, netting largely, as has been seen, by the transaction, he waved his brush, and, as though it had been a Prospero wand, there fell a shower of gold. Art, after all, was an expensive hobby of the poor king, and somewhat (considering West's talent) a proof of incipient insanity. While Barry and Wilson wrangled and starved, West was a rich Sir Oracle, the friend of princes, the man whom the world delighted unjustly to honour; though all the time, as even his obliged friend Haydon ferociously yet truly said: "In drawing his style was beggarly, skinny, and mean; his light and shadow scattered, his colour brick-dust, his women without beauty—not one single picture to delight the taste, imagination, or the heart: the block machine at Portsmouth could be taught to paint as well."

Even during the American war West contrived to persuade the king that he could give him valuable information; and when, on the death of Reynolds, he became president, it seemed with the Art world an undisputed

•

matter of course. His lectures were tame and insipid as his pictures. He remained after, as before his dignity, meek, yet dignified, unobtrusive, yet good-naturedly self-satisfied. Every day up early, work from ten till four; dress, dine, see visitors, and work again. Such was the even tenour of the self-deceived old man's way.

I sometimes indeed think that West's pride was scarcely inferior to his self-conceit, for he refused knighthood from the king, thinking "a more permanent title" more desirable.

When the dark veil fell over the king, a cloud fell suddenly on West's fortune. It was like an axe falling on his neck. His income ceased, his pictures were stopped—all owing, he thought, to Queen Charlotte's anger at his visiting Napoleon in 1802, or, as some persons hinted, to the wish to make up the Duke of York's income. These suspensions, however, were after many relapses and returns of income. In vain the Nestor of Art sent to say that the suspension of his work would injure the national Art; the patronage never returned again in full blow. Things went badly with West after this. Neither Fox, Pitt,

nor Percival redeemed their promises of aiding an Art-association West wished to found. The times were too busy to think of Art. Perpetually opposed at the Academy by Lee, West retired, and gave way to Wyatt, the architect, though he was afterwards re-elected. Yet still the old man remained bland, unruffled, self-satisfied; and, painting his "Christ Healing the Sick," received three thousand guineas for it from the British Institution. A copy of it he sent to Philadelphia to adorn a hospital, after its exhibition had helped to collect funds for its erection. On he went painting large unsalable pictures, till one day Death entered the studio, and called the old man gently from his peaceful art, where he had long been waiting the summons. He went, as he believed, to be a crowned demi-god of Art; but his first step was into the darkness of oblivion.

CHAPTER VI.

STOTHARD THE GRACEFUL.

It is hard to see the old man in the boy—to identify in the portrait of the sage the likeness of the boy one went to school with, and beat at marbles. Growth, looked at in this way, seems like enchantment, and what is merely proper seems one of Time's miracles.

In the portrait of Stothard, deep-browed, abstract, benevolent, and musing, it is difficult to recognize the sickly child of the Yorkshire inn-keeper, drawing a little black man on the wall of his father's house in Long Acre: yet this quiet dreamer, full of years and honours, is that sickly boy sent to the good old dame who kept a school near York, to grow stronger and to

learn his letters. It was here that some heads by Houbraten and the blind Belisarius, engraved by Strange, fired his impressible mind, and made him an artist. It was at the little cottage at Accombe that his greatest pleasure was to be allowed to sit in the long store-room of the old dame, and spend hours in studying the old picture that hung there. Years after his clever biographer supposes that the recollections of this residence were revived for his illustrations to Shenstone's "Schoolmistress," which is full of the artist's quiet grace and sense of beauty. There is the old dame, grave and kindly, her simple cap and plain kerchief crossed over her bosom, the "boding tremblers," in quaint coat and knee-breeches, sit near the open door, through which tree boughs wave pleasantly—the distaff, the ready birch, the high-backed chair, are all remembered.

Kind old aunt at Stretton—a bitter dose of school at Tadcaster—half-starved at an Essex school, where he was taught to dance by Grimaldi—then home to console his poor mother, who had gone to live at Stepney, having lost her husband while out angling.

Now, what to do with the boy Thomas, thirteen

years old? He must draw, and is therefore apprenticed to a designer of patterns for brocaded silks—a craftsman who lived in Spital Square, and ministered there to the fashions of a frivolous age, if ever an age was frivolous. Having enough of silk flowers in the day-time, Stothard devoted his nights to designing from the “Iliad” and the “Fairy Queen,” and to devising Indian-ink battle-pieces, after the wild manner of Mortimer, much to the delight of his master, who wisely encouraged these dawning and ambitious efforts. But master dies, and silk brocades go out of fashion, and Stothard has more time to himself and his own fair fancies, though he is a good lad, and so sweet-tempered and steady that everyone loves him, and he is all-in-all to the poor struggling widow.

The chance hanging up of some of the lad's best drawings over the mantel-piece in the best parlour was the turning-point of Stothard's life. Mr. Harrison, the editor of the “Novelist's Magazine,” calling to give an order sees the drawings, and engages the clever, bashful boy to work for him, giving him as earnest-money the sweetest half-guinea he ever

earned ; working in company with Shelly, a young miniature-painter, and Mr. Scarlett, a clever young clerk—taking lodgings with the former in the Strand, after a short tour in Wales.

Now really an artist, and getting a guinea for a book illustration—now cutting out some footholds for the climb upwards, the young aspirant enters himself at Maiden Lane, where Moser and Wilson are librarians, sends a “Holy Family” to the Society of Artists, has kind advice from bland Sir Joshua, and mixes with the bag, wigs, and swords, sacques, and short sleeves that attend the 1780 Royal Academy Exhibition. He studies Albert Durer, and establishes a method of pen-and-ink drawing, from the living model, which orthodox men rather groan at.

It is founded on his dread of the dead lay figure, and his disbelief that momentary action can be well learnt from the fixed, relaxed positions of a hired model. He therefore learns in about an hour to draw a pen-and-ink outline of a statue, and then moved to a fresh position, believing that truth, care, and a good

flowing line, were best learnt by using a material that would not rub out.

Stothard's leisure time, when the Academy closed, was devoted to riding tours in Wales, and sketching cataracts, castles, and glens, as backgrounds for future pictures. It was in a sketching tour up the Medway that, near Upnor Castle, Stothard and his friends, Blake and Ogleby, were seized as French spies, and retained under a river-side tent, till letters proving their innocence could be received from London.

About this time Stothard married the daughter of an Anabaptist. It is a striking instance of the tranquil equanimity of the artist's mind, that after his wedding he went as usual to the antique room at the Royal Academy, to draw till it closes at three, when he calmly mentioned his marriage, and asked a fellow-student, who sat next him, home to dinner.

Neither George the Third, or that king of *dilettantes*, Sir George Beaumont, ever patronized Stothard; but still quietly he toiled on, became an Associate in 1792, and the same year exhibited his graceful picture of "Con-

firmation," illustrated "Paradise Lost," threw up Mortimer as a model, and tried to catch something of the suavity and spring sunshine of Raphael's youth and goodness. Removing with his growing family from Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, Stothard now moved to Newman Street, where West the painter, and Bacon the sculptor, lived, and where soon after Russell, Ward, Howard, Jackson, and Dawe, also resided.

The chief events of the painter's quiet life at this period of it were the loss of his family plate by a robbery, his becoming an R. A., his beginning to illustrate the "Pilgrim's Progress," and the painting the grand stair-case at Burleigh, for which he received a thousand guineas. His letters to his wife during this task of four summers are full of a gentle love and solicitude; and amid all this time of toil and thought, we must imagine the brave man working hard, at extra times, at all sorts of humble work, drawing for pocket-books, ladies' fashions, court-balls, royal huntings, transparencies, magazines, play-books—all executed with as much skill and care as if

each had brought him in a fortune, or was the crowning work of his ambition.

In 1809 Stothard went to Scotland to make drawings for his designs for Constable's edition of Burns, and about the same time went to Haford to decorate Col. Johnson's library with illustrations from Froissart and Monstrelet, which the Colonel had translated. Unhappy home!—a few years, and the Colonel, his wife, and daughter were all dead, and the first mansion burnt down, the second one bought by the Duke of Newcastle, and Stothard's drawings sold in London by auction.

With his pupils, whether Miss Johnes or Miss Markham, the daughter of the archdeacon of York, Stothard was always the kind, patient instructor, and recommended incessant copying in line from Raphael and the sketching from real woollen drapery, which is always large and generous in its foldings and fallings. Stothard was one of the most amiable of men, and he painted the tender, the peaceful, and the beautiful of that lovely inner, unlost Paradise of a world which he kept treasured in his own pure heart. He longed for the better world to which he has

gone, and which, while living, he tried to realize—with stammering hand, yet with a delightful *naïveté* quite his own. He lived in a sacred, holy elysium, of which he kept the key, and he died leaving it hermetically sealed up.

Serene amid misfortunes most crushing, he found comfort in his gentle art. Even the condemnations of Sir George Beaumont, the neglect of the aristocracy, Stothard bore, like Turner, with the patience of true genius, that knows it has a golden future before it.

Leslie, in his pleasant post-mortem autobiography (edited by Mr. Tom Taylor, the admirable editor of Haydon's life), gives us a good sketch of Stothard's manners; he tells us he drew chance objects from inn windows—what long country walks he took—how Turner loved his work, and called him "the Giott of England"—how he tied a pencil to his finger, and drew from the post-chaise all the apple-trees that line the Amiens road—how he drew academy life studies at once (to make him think) with pen and ink—how he walked the streets looking for subjects for the "Novelist Magazine"—how he and Constable went out (1824) pic-nicking to Coombe

Wood—and how he was so hardy and thrifty that he never wore a great-coat, or entered a hackney coach, in his life—how Flaxman respected him, and used every year, on his birth-day, to present his wife with a picture of Stothard's—how at last he grew deaf and careless in dress, but still retained a venerable Homeric head. Lastly, how once, on a cold balloting day at the Academy, when Sir Thomas said, "Who will bring Mr. Stothard's hat?" every boy ran to the door, and he was the lucky and the gallantest who brought it before the puzzled old Nestor knew what the bustle meant.

But at the risk of arrest for robbery, I must quote two exquisitely naïve stories of Leslie's, who wrote as well as painted. Leslie was praising the touching sentiment in a picture of his, representing a sailor taking leave of his sweetheart. "I am glad you like it, sir," said the dear, simple-hearted old man, "it was painted with japper's gold size."

Again at the Coombe Wood pic-nic, where Constable had been crowing over him for his own providence in thinking of some means to temper the cold water of the spring, he lay back

on the grass, and looking up at the Midsummer sun, staining with mellow gold the leafy vault above their heads, he said, "That's all glazing, sir."

In the ten thousand designs that Stothard left behind him, some are careless in drawing, many are incorrect in costume, but none are devoid of a certain sweet Raphaellesque beauty—grace and modesty stood ever smiling near his easel. The lovely and the graceful he understood, but the strong and dignified were not his; he is sportive, elegant, delicate, sensitive; sunshiny, joyous, yet his peasants too often look to be ladies in disguise, and his colour is often too flimsy and sketchy, though occasionally deep and strong as the Venetians.

In his family Stothard was unhappy. His eldest boy, a fine manly fellow, was accidentally shot dead by a school-fellow; the other, the gifted and amiable antiquarian artist, was killed by falling from a ladder while coping an old stained-glass window at Beer Ferrers, in Devonshire.

Stothard's death was calm and happy; he died looking upwards, and holding his son's hand.

Stothard was one of those happy souls whose lives seem a foretaste of Heaven; to whom

“All the way
To heaven was a summer's day;”

who bear kindly, like some gracious fruit, the sharp cold storms of early spring and the fierce mid-heat of summer, and instead of cankering or blighting, or sowing under their influence, may ripen the faster for the hand of the great gatherer in life's great garden—
DEATH.

I do not wish to arrogate for our calm, equable man a very high place in Art. He was but a mere tender-hearted and poetical Watteau: he drew too much; his graceful facility became a danger; his world was a world of conventions; but still we must all admit it was a world of angels.

I cannot speak very highly of his painting, though Turner admired it so much. It was not solid, it was not learned; it was a gay, playful style, unfettered by any severe laws of light and shade, form or colour. It was a random skirmishing, happy manner, that might have

been graceful for the amateur, but hardly became the severe artist. There was a smile of eternal youth about it, but it wanted the sobriety and massiveness of the great Venetian masters. There was a little of the ballet-dance and second-hand Boccaccio about it, and a trifle of the elegant staircase painter of early life. It has always seemed to me that Stothard was not vigorous, or dramatic, or passionate enough for our serious age. He would have been in the times of Louis XV. an exquisite house-decorator; an innocent, gentle enthusiast, who would have turned a Rococo Palace into a very Arcadia.

Still, beside begging, half mad, Haydon, beside Barry, with his fumes, and pets, and rages—beside Fuseli, with his dreamy bombast, Stothard appears like a good spirit come from some brighter spot than this dim earth, with its atmosphere of turmoil, its storms, and its too transitory sunshine.

I close this insufficient chapter, headed with his name, with a pleasant sadness. I have no sense of charnel-house damps around me, no fume of the fresh grave, no breath of the new-

opened vault, no unwholesome smell of crape and coffin; but no, instead, I feel transported to a bright open meadow, purple with April violets; and far above my head, blythe in the far-receding blue, I hear a lark, the favourite bird of the younger angels, rising, rising- and it seems to me as if it were the transformed soul of the dead artist.

CHAPTER VII.

MORLAND IN THE SPONGING HOUSE.

I SEE, on the dirty pallet-bed of a loathsome sponging house in Air Street, Hatton Garden, a poor artist, burning with fever, and trying in vain to sleep. He groans and tosses from side to side—only stopping now and then to drink from that pewter tankard full of gin that is on a chair by the bedside, or to curse the old hag who, suffering herself nothing, preaches patience to the “dear creature,” whose white poison she has already too deeply shared. What ghastly, lazar-house light comes through the heavily-barred windows of that room! Death’s black hand is on that throat. Were that guttering candle, now a mere flaming welter of tallow, a little more

steady in its light, you would see that the poor groaning wretch lying on the sponging-house bed is palsied in the left hand, and his short, heavy, pale features are bloated with habitual intemperance. He is alone and without a friend, and is dying like a dog—the most miserable wretch on earth. Far away is his broken-hearted wife. He has sown the wind, and is reaping, as all such sowers must, the inevitable whirlwind.

This is Morland the painter, dying in the prime of life, at forty in fact, homeless and penniless—chased by duns, with worn-out constitution, loved or respected by no one. His friends at a thousand taverns have left him long ago—the pugilists, and chimney-sweeps, and picture-dealers, and rogues of all colours, have squeezed out his last penny, and left him to die in this den.

Shall we go back twenty years, and show you Morland, the young genius, with forehead of Napoleon height; dark, full brown eyes, piercingly keen, aquiline nose, and handsome mouth—dressed in fashionable high-caped coat and frilled shirt, shaking out his guineas on a tavern table? Or further still to his childhood, where we may trace some of the causes of his after misery?

We meet with him first at the shop of his father, a picture-dealer in the Haymarket—a prudent, methodical, sober, polite man, whose shop was frequented by Garrick and Reynolds, Mr. Angerstein the collector, and shoals of picture-buying noblemen, such as Lords Grosvenor, Scarsdale, and Fortescue.

The elder Morland was a crayon-painter, who had once lived in affluence in Reynolds's old house in Leicester Square, and who claimed descent from the Sir Samuel Morland, the inventive mathematician of Charles II.'s time, whom Pepys mentions so often. With fortune injured by greedy speculation, Morland's father seems to have been a reserved, austere man, with no powers of judgment, and with a mind strongly bent on making money at any sacrifice. His mother was rigidly methodical, and intent on maintaining domestic discipline and order among her children, whose talent was precocious. This severity made Morland a hypocrite when young, and a sinner all the rest of his life.

Education beyond the elements Morland never got, save only his father's unpractised teaching of hasty Latin and bad French.

Forbid toys and amusements, this young genius found his whole delight in dissecting mice, and drawing objects on the floor, to tease and surprise his father. As early as seven he was declared to be a genius, and penned up for the severest training, to ensure the profitable rearing of such a wonder. At fourteen he was articled to his father, and compelled to work from daylight to dark; all day paints perspective, and Stubbs's Anatomy of the horse, and stumping drawings from the antique, and copying Dutch landscapes—copying his father's crayon-drawings in oil—translating Reynolds, Garrick, and Fuseli's nightmare into his own pictorial language, with more or less success.

Petted and pampered, the boy-genius appeared at the easel in green coat, with long tails and large gilt buttons, buckskin breeches, and top-boots with spurs. He was not yet sixteen, and the engravers were incessantly at work at his illustrations of songs and ballads. His studies sold for several guineas, and the father's only desire was to keep the boy at work, and prevent him obtaining any knowledge of pleasures that might lead

him into idleness. Books, singing, and the violin were his only recreations.

The thread by which the hypocritical father held this young leopard was frail indeed.

But quiet country walks to the sand-pits and hanging woods beyond Blackheath, on Sundays, would not long suffice the young reprobate. Rash and wild, he began to plunge into discreditable adventures, which proved that his ascetic education had had no other effect than depriving him of self-command, and so launching him into manhood with all the ignorance and weakness of a child; on the first temptation he showed himself shameless and unprincipled. He obtained money for his phaeton-driving and drunken revels by selling secret drawings, which he let down out of his window by a string to his accomplices, who served him as brokers. His father had taught him nothing but how to paint flimsily and quickly for sale; he had refused to be apprenticed to Romney, or Gress the Court drawing-master; and now his evil genius, in the shape of a low publisher in Drury Lane, persuaded him to leave his father's house, and

live in an attic in Martlett Court, Bow Street, that he hired for him.

His phaeton-driving and drinking, and late hours and police-court troubles, made the separation bearable to his foolish and unprincipled father. He had given up reading and music, neglected to make Flaxman's acquaintance, and set out boldly on the road to ruin, with as fine a constitution and narrow mind as ever genius was gifted with. His first adventure was a blundering sail in a hoy to Gravesend, and a walk to Chatham with a tramping carpenter and suspicious sailor, ending with a debauch of gin, to be toasted up among his companions at the "Cheshire Cheese," Russell Court.

Now he is free in his attic—free ! in green coat and gilt buttons, boots and spurs, a powder puff of hair, and a club-tail. No more dull, dry, small copies of Gerard Dow—no more drawings of Stubbs's skeleton horses—no more copies of crafty father's crayon pictures—no more dull dinners at Mr. Foster's, the merchant, with only one walk a week. Every day now will be Sunday. Return?—

not he. But the new life soon proves as unbearable as the old—it is only a change of prisons. Morland is kept in the attic perpetually at work on loathsome subjects, of which he paints a room-full, and gets only half-a-crown a day—worse than being at a crossing. If he asked for five shillings, the Irishman, his master, bullied and swore; and to prevent him even breathing the air of liberty, his niggard meat and beer were brought him by his master's boy. This ought to have sobered him, but it only made him long for more vice, and more freedom to indulge in it.

At last the day of deliverance came. Mrs. Hill, a lady of fortune at Margate, wrote to him to come down there and paint portraits for the season. He, Morland, goes and takes his revenge on the Irishman who starved and imprisoned him lest he should become independent, and leave him for other employers. He gets some money in advance, and decamps, taking with him the key. A love of practical jokes, such as this, attended him through life.

His letters from Margate—often in hieroglyphic, for he never could spell correctly—are still preserved. They are full of regret at the restraint and dulness of the place, and longings to get back to his smoking-club, called the “Congress,” which was held at the “Cheshire Cheese.”

He goes to Dover, and looks at Calais, abuses Sandwich, and falls in love with “one of the sweetest creatures,” upwards of six feet high, and “extremely handsome,” and already begins to get alarmed at certain symptoms of failing health. He writes in redundant spirits, and is pleased with everything, whether bathing-houses, dancing-rooms, play-house, or coffee-house. Occasionally he appears at the “Congress,” his old haunt, shaking a purse of guineas, and boasting how much money he could earn, and saying that he was a great favourite with Mrs. Hill, who could not “bear being shut up in the society of her old maid.”

Here the reckless fellow lived, he tells us, after the following fashion. He rose about ten, “took a gup of gin,” breakfasted with his “chum,”

Lord Digby's brother, who played duets with him on the violin—dined at four, submitted to the hairdresser—rode upon the sands, or down Church Field and Cecil Square—drank tea with the young nobleman, whom he afterwards cut—and ended with the theatre—a notable day for a thoughtful man, verily.

Here, as all through his miserable life, Morland offended and lost his more respectable friends, either by cold shyness, insolence, petulance, or sheer brutality. He would break his appointment with anybody to attend a donkey-race, and he spoiled the Master of Ceremonies' embroidered coat by dropping tallow over it when he was drunk.

Like a true Bohemian, Morland was never happy but when laboriously idle. Set him to paint, and he cursed his ill fate—ask him to ride a race or buy you a horse, and he was supremely busy, self-important, and happy. At one race, from ignorantly not drawing up his horse, or from want of skill, he was defeated and hissed at, and had to fight his way through a swarm of lashing horsewhips.

The only good letter Morland ever wrote is

a description of another race, in which he was successful, and in which he proved himself the possessor of a certain bullying sort of courage. Enraged at Morland winning so easily, about four hundred sailors, smugglers, and fishermen, furious at the loss of their half-crown bets, set upon him with bludgeons, stones, waggoners' whips, and pots. An innkeeper pulled him off his horse, and he fell among the mob, who were roaring, "Kill him!—strip him!—throw him into the sea!—cut off his pig-tail!—beat his d—brains out!" The poor fellow in the striped silk jacket ran for shelter into a booth; but there the wretches, equally vexed at their losses, threw him again to the yelping people, who would have killed him, had not a gentleman suddenly dismounted and taken up the half-killed painter, telling the mob "he would mark the first who touched the jockey." A party of light horsemen, then some gentlemen and their servants, some post-boys, hair-dressers, and bakers, then armed themselves with sticks, and came to Morland's help, bringing him a horse, restoring him his hat, and enabling him to mount. That night, at the "King's Head,"

Morland tells his "bloods and bucks" his wrongs. Flushed by three crowns' worth of punch, probably supplied by Morland, the band sally out to a fishing-house to avenge the painter's injuries. Unfortunately Morland and his braves were overpowered, and the hero himself is caught by a sailor whom he is about to run through when some companions, coming up, give the mariner "his gruel." The man who dismounted him, however, they punish, and another of the ruffians Morland brings an action against. Morland ends his letter describing this scene very forcibly, by saying the watchman is just then under his window crying "past one o'clock."

Having dishonourably, and for the meanest pecuniary reasons, broken off his match with Mrs. Hill's lady's-maid, with whom he was in love, he set off with his patroness to St. Omer (*via Calais*), crossing, "amazing quick, in one hour, thirty-five minutes." He writes to a certain friend named "Dick," from a great, bare, cold hotel room, sixteen feet high, with a fireplace as big as an attic. Over a bottle of claret he rails at cheating French waiters, and the dirty

friars in verminy brown frocks, who venture their lives at fires. Like Hogarth, he sketches the fish-wives, and he goes to the hotel at Calais "that Herne," he says, "speaks of"—he sleeps in a large, double-bedded room, such as Herne describes—he sees the French soldiers flying kites on the rampart—and is laughed at by the street boys. At St. Omer he is enchanted; gentlemen and marquises flock in for portraits; exiled friends of the Pretender fill his studio. He makes sketches—he returns to England, just for a trip, intending to spend months in France. Of course he never returns again. He leaves Margate for a few days—he never returned, but plunged into London to live with his father, and to subsist by accidental employment. A creature of impulse, he was led by the thought of the moment, and he carried out no intention which he did not turn into action the very moment he conceived it.

But Fortune had not yet forsaken him. Several times in his life she led him to cross-roads, where new and better paths lay before him. He now went to live with Mr. William Ward, at Kensal Green, and there married his friend's sister, a beautiful and sensible woman, whose health

he ruined by his brutality and ill-treatment, and whose heart he finally broke, if ever woman's heart was broken.

The two young couples (for Ward had married Morland's sister) removed to High Street, Marylebone, where he adopted a sort of weak Hogarthian manner, and painted "The Idle and Industrious Mechanic," "Letitia, or Seduction," and "The Idle Laundress and Industrious Cottager," in which the painting was more careful, firmer, and finished than usual. The drawing, too, was better, and there was more thought and care visible than he had before manifested.

But from the moment that the families quarrelled and separated, and he went to live at Warren Place, Camden Town, his downward career began. Too shy to sell his own pictures, he now began to employ a regular agent, who lived with him, and who raised money for him, effected his bargains, and sold his pictures often before they were finished. His first *factotum* was a man named Simon, whom he ruined by teaching him to drink, and who eventually killed himself by the deadly bottle.

His next *protegé* was Dirty Brookes, a shoemaker, who joined in all his debauches, who followed him into the country, and who helped him to avoid the bailiffs—and who repeatedly sat to him, as Simon had done, for a model.

His amusements at this period of degradation were to write satirical songs for blind fiddlers to play under the windows of friends who had vexed him, to scrape the violin at taverns, to treat post-boys to drink, and to take rides on the top of the Hampstead and Barnet stage-coaches. As he advanced in life, he left off going to the ale-house in a daubed painting-coat, with only one skirt and one sleeve, and took the chair in boots and buckskin breeches, like a “jen’leman,” as the post-boys, his sworn friends, often, we have no doubt, observed, when the painter sat giving the law to his circle of colourers, engravers, printsellers, and apprentices.

Morland’s jokes consisted in firing off a pistol at an old patrol’s ear, and stuffing stale mackerel into the lining of tavern chairs; or in turning for a time parish constable, for the sake of the parochial dignity of the office; sometimes

sketching the soldiers, drummers, and deserters who came to be billeted.

As Morland's vices became more ingrained, his fame increased. Mr. R. Smith, the publisher, employed him, and all his best works were engraved by Mr. Ward, his brother-in-law. "The Effects of Extravagance" was twice engraved, and his name became known all over France and Germany; five hundred copies of "The Dancing Dogs" and "Selling Guinea Pigs" (a pair) were sold in a few weeks. He had now changed his style, and could paint so quick that he earned twelve guineas a week. His great success was at this time in pictures of children, such as Biggs was celebrated for. When he got his first picture, "Blind Man's Buff," done, and sold it for twelve guineas, he and his *fidus Achates*, Dirty Brookes, drank off twelve glasses of gin, to celebrate the triumph. For the adult heads in hand he took friendly post-boys and Dirty Brookes; for women, his wife and sister; and for children, those in the neighbourhood, whom he encouraged to play about his painting-room.

At other times, for stable scenes he strewed the floor with straw, and set Dirty Brookes

at the window to watch for a red cloak, or anything he wanted to introduce into his domestic scenes. His subjects in one year alone embraced several hundred situations of boys' rustic life—playing at soldiers, nutting, swimming ships, bathing, skating, robbing an orchard, angling, gathering blackberries, gathering flowers—besides scenes bearing on slavery, shipwrecks, and monetary difficulties.

Repeatedly dishonouring his bills, and being two hundred pounds in debt, Morland made a midnight flitting, secretly removed his pictures, and, leaving a cart-load of cinders and some pewter-pots to the landlord, sought refuge in a debtor's sanctuary. In a few months, his attorney obtaining him a letter of licence, Morland re-appeared in daylight, and settled in Leicester Street, from which, after many mutations, he removed to a house in Paddington, opposite a drover's inn, where he hoped easily to get horses and oxen to paint.

Oh, miserable son of the Haymarket bankrupt picture-dealer! turn, ere it be too late, from thy long protracted mud bath; hast thou not already sown acres and acres of wild oats, and

are not they sufficient for the devil's reaping, without more reckless sowing for the same dreadful harvest? Think of thy early talent and of thy young wife—repent while it is called to-day, for the night cometh when no man may work. Oh that Morland's guardian angel could have warned him that the pallet-bed in which he was to die was already being sewn together, and that already the miserable room in the sponging-house of Hatton Garden waited for the dead man! Morland! Morland! better for thee that thou hadst never been born, when the terrible voice shall ask thee for thy talent buried so deep in the mire!

But to return to Morland's beer-drinking and smoke-fumed world. Busy at stables and cattle pieces, we left Morland at Paddington, then a suburban village. He lives opposite the "White Lion" Inn, kept by a man named Cattle. He painted the sign of that inn, and keeps his eight saddle-horses there in the full flush of vulgar extravagance. He chose this present house that he might be near the "White Lion," where the carriers stopped to take up parcels

and refresh themselves and horses. He finds his window convenient for sketching groups of horses and men. In this house he held levees of small slashing picture-dealers, pugilists and horse-dealers, who all despise him, and, hating each other, only combine in one object, to rob their patron. Here, in rooms stuffed with guinea-pigs, dogs, rabbits, and squirrels, he holds his blackguard audiences of cheats and bullies.

The horse-dealers flatter his vanity, and take advantage of his ignorance—bartering bad horses for good pictures. The picture-dealers and wine-merchants discount him bills, and renew them for hasty pictures and enormous ransoms of interest. The pugilists knock him about, and charge him for their trouble.

With Dirty Brookes at his right hand, and all these weasels and scorpions and foxes at his heels, Morland is fast sinking into a black gulf of perdition.

The pugilists blacken his eyes, then drink his wine and praise his skill. The horse-dealers call him a knowing one, and praise his bargains. The picture-vampires flatter his

genius, and encourage him to borrow money. He goes to Bob Bellamy's inn, at Highgate, to joke with the stage-coachmen, and, pipe in mouth, treat every post-boy with gin and brandy; he knows every Jarvey on the North Road; it is the special pride of this reckless drunkard; and when an ostler laughs at his coarse jokes, it is his humour to reward the crafty flatterer with half-a-crown, or a pair of buckskin breeches only just soiled.

Ten thousand a-year would not support this shameless life, and yet half he spends is raised on bills, which he is never prepared to take up. Fool, fool! every seed thou sowest is seed for the future whirlwind.

And yet with all this vulgar debauchery the man works, and with taste and skill, too, though he is very unequal, and generally repeats himself: only lately the stables of the "White Lion" have furnished him with one of his best pictures,

THE FARMER'S STABLE,

quite a champion work, and A 1 at the Royal Academy, and sold for his highest price; and the Rev. Henry Bate Dudley, as usual, bought through "Dirty Brookes;" for Morland, with his

shuffling and broken promises, has tired out everybody reasonably respectable.

The subject is merely a team of horses entering a stable, with a man gathering up loose hay, and a boy leading a grey horse, the nostril of which is too dilated. The carter's pony, a cunning little Welsh "thing," half roguish, half good-natured, is admirable.

All this time, unable to bear the society of virtuous women, or the restraint of good society, Morland grew lower and lower in taste. If he ever tried to rise into the gentleman, Morland's old associates soon dragged him down with their dirty hands from what they deemed his "bad eminence." Once he was riding to Barnet with two gentlemen, trying, with much inward vexation and hurt pride, to do and speak like them. At Whetstone turnpike the three were stopped by a jockey-cart containing a pugilist, a tinman, and a chimney-sweep, who were wrangling about the toll. Morland was pushing by, when "the flaming tinman" cried out:—

"Why, Muster Morland, won't you speak to a body?"

Morland tried to shuffle by, but in vain. The

tinman shook him heartily by the hand, and turning to the sweep, said—

“Why, Dick, don’t ye know this ’ere gen’man, Muster Morland.”

Upon which, with a great absence of pride, he crammed his sable fingers into Morland’s hand. This was a standing joke, that galled Morland much, and he always declared the sweep was an entire stranger to him, and forced on him by Hooper, the fighting tinman.

Sometimes Morland got even severer rebukes than this. Raphael Smith, Fuseli’s friend, once called on him with Bannister the actor. They saw Morland’s work, and then were going to take leave.

“Stop a moment,” said Morland, “and I will go with you—

“Morland,” said Raphael Smith, sternly, “I have an appointment with a *gentleman*.”

Morland swore at the engraver, and returned growling to his easel.

It was at Paddington that Morland painted his picture of the “Cottagers,” engraved by his brother-in-law, Mr. W. Ward. It represents a farmer sitting at his own door, watching his

children playing. These stolen pictures could be only wrung from Morland by the necessity of getting money to renew bills, or by playing sham bailiff near his house. Then he would work out his snow-pieces, or hunting scenes, or children, or pigs from early morning (6 a.m.) till sunset; yet there were times when he would study Stubbs's Anatomy, and try and rival Gilpin's blood horses. On his return from a visit to a fox-hunting squire in Leicestershire, Morland changed all his habits; he gave up picture-cheats and horse-cheats, and hid himself in Hackney with his wife and his five-bottle friend, Dirty Brookes. Here he lived so retired that he was suspected of coining, and Bow-street runners were sent down to arrest him and search his house. Believing them bailiffs, Morland fled through a back door across the fields to Hoxton. The bank directors, discovering their mistake, sent the poor timorous debauchee two twenty-pound notes.

In every nook and sanctuary in the four counties round London, Morland sought refuge. In every street creditors dogged him; if any one even looked hard at him, he ran away. If any creditor discovered his retreat, he in-

stantly decamped, and left "Dick" the waterman or "Dirty Brookes" to fetch away his painting tools.

One day, wearied of this horrid life, Morland took Brookes to visit the King's Bench, to know what the worst would be. He left with extreme horror of "The Bare." Yet even at this time Morland could get four guineas a day and his drink for twelve hours' work. But then the dealer had to watch him and keep him sober, or he would sell the unfinished sketch to any one who came in, leaving the first purchaser to bear the loss. It was in these retreats that he painted with sow and pigs under his cupboard, and with a bottle of gin hanging by his easel, or was met in retired streets with a sucking pig under his arm.

A last gleam of sunshine breaks upon this miserable man before he sinks into a prison. He went to the Isle of Wight to sketch fishermen, and at Yarmouth was apprehended as a spy, and warned of the consequences of sketching the English coast. Morland and Williams the engraver, a brother-in-law, left Deal on that tour penniless. Half way they stopped

at a road-side inn, and Morland paid half his score by painting a black bull as a sign for the landlord. With angry reluctance the landlord let them go without paying the over-plus of the bill. A few days after, a gentleman, who heard Morland tell the story at the "Hole-in-the-Wall" Tavern in Fleet Street, instantly rode down into Kent, and gave ten guineas for the sign to the astonished landlord.

Now began the more wretched part of Morland's life. He was arrested, and removed to a squalid lodging in the "Rules of the Bench." He painted still for the dealers, and if the purchaser was not ready at the moment, off went Dicky with the pigs, or cottage children, or fishermen, to the pawnbrokers. On one occasion, the pawnbroker, going up stairs to his gallery with the picture, stumbled, and smudged out half a pig. This Morland refused to repair, unless he received five more guineas in addition to the three first. The threat of an action wrung this out of the greedy pawnbroker.

Always vain and petulant, Morland's great ambition now was, when he got a day-rule

in term time, to throw by his brushes, borrow a horse, and ride round to visit his friends in the suburbs, exhibiting himself at every pot-house, and denying, unblushingly, the story of his imprisonment. A bailiff generally attended him as servant, and sometimes let out the secret, by chiming into the conversation with, "Give me leave, Mr. Morland, I remember ven I vos an officer in the Fleet."

Now too, though loaded with commissions, Morland grew careless, and neglected finish, so that the truthful dealer had to "glaze up his foregrounds." A straw-yard was his especial abomination, having found their execution laborious; and on the back of one which he painted last he wrote, "No more STRAW-YARDS for me.—G. MORLAND."

Alas! no longer the facility remains to him, that once painted in six hours a tired post-boy, in an ale-house kitchen near Harrow—gone, gone for ever!

When I was young,
Ah! woful *when*,
How far unlike the now and then.

When the Insolvent Debtors' Act set Mor-

land free, he had no longer the power to enjoy freedom. His health was gone, and his only friends were the lowest picture-dealers—nay, one person in the world still loved the degraded genius, and that was his forsaken wife. Then palsy struck him a numbing blow, and he could no longer hold his palette in his left hand. Sometimes he would fall back senseless into his chair, sometimes he would sink into a death-like sleep for hours together before his easel.

Still cheerful and contented, so long as he could work, or eat and drink, Morland went on, drawing in pencil and chalk, and tinting these drawings lightly with colour. He still continued at his low lodgings in St. George's Fields, associating with bailiffs and cheating low clerks—then lower, lower still in the mud-swamp, he separated from his wife, and went to live with a sheriff's officer in Roll's Buildings. At last, arrested under a Marshalsea Court writ, the miserable palsied man was taken to a low sponging-house in Air Street, Hatton Garden, where, drinking immoderately of gin to drown his care, a fever seized his

exhausted body, and he died in a few days. Death had put in the last execution, and the skeleton man was in possession—no more writs now—

“Malice domestic—foreign levy—nothing
Can touch him further.”

The gross Napoleon face lies cold and sunken on the dirty sponging-house pillow. No more rude hands will grasp that shoulder—no more harsh voices cry “on Muster Lacquer’s suit”—no time now to achieve old promises, and no time to pay debts. Dead, dead in the stifling garret of a sponging-house—beggared, alone, friendless!

Was this, George Morland, thou lost genius, the happy end of a well-spent life? But here comes the parish undertaker, with sour, unfeeling face, to measure and to plan how cheaply he may do his ghastly work.

Let us go into the air and turn our backs on Hatton Garden. As an artist, Morland is not difficult to sum up. Occasionally gross, sometimes a plagiarist, Morland is generally fresh and simple in his rural figures. His portraits, when he did not make the sitter too

old, are strong and Rembrandtish ; but it is for his horses, dogs, and pigs (his cows are poor), Morland is specially remarkable. Though imitating Gainsborough in children, and Reynolds in his female figures, Morland, certainly, in such pictures as the "Hard Bargain," not only anticipated such painters as Bird, Wilkie, Ibbetson, but even Landseer himself. His pictures from novels are tame beside Stothard, but they are often equally graceful and tasteful.

Yet every gift of nature Morland threw away. Versatile, he repeated himself — vigorous, he ruined his constitution — industrious, he spent half his time in debauchery, and died at last in a sponging-house in Hatton Garden, a worn-out, miserable wretch, scarcely deserving our pity.

Pigs he painted, and pig he was. The instinct of natural sympathy led Morland to the sty, and there, and in the pot-house, he was at home. There was genius in him, no doubt ; but the light was from below — it came not from the sun, but from the bottomless pit. He worked hard, for he left some four thousand pictures ; but his subjects seldom rose higher than the

smuggler's hut, or the yard of a stable. He has well been called the Brauwer of English Art; but Brauwer had more thought, and before he lay down to die on that miserable pallet-bed in the Antwerp Hospital, had depicted, expressed more forcibly, the miserable pleasure of his ill-spent life. Weary of the pursuit of bailiffs, his constitution gone, his hand paralysed, we find him no longer the idol of post-boys and pugilists, but dying, miserable and neglected, in the Hatton Garden sponging-house. Can this be the little smart-dressed genius whom we have seen the wonder of lords and ladies, when he drew illustrations to the Fairy Queen, or sat in his father's library, reading Du Fresnoy, and dreaming of what great things he would do when he once became his own master. Dead upon the sponging-house bed, we leave the unhappy painter, unpitied and unwept, save by one, who, in one short month, will follow the English Brauwer to the grave.

CHAPTER VIII.

DAVID SCOTT.

FROM an honest, sturdy old Scottish stock came David of the high aims—his grandfather a glover of Lanark, his grandmother a merchant burgess's daughter, of the same burgh. Robert, one of the glover's sons, being praised for some clever pen-and-ink copies of Hogarth's engravings, was articled to a clever Edinburgh engraver, named Robertson, who illustrated the "Scot's Magazine." There being only one room to the poor shop, the smart prentice had to engrave at the window of the passage, till one o'clock came, when Robertson went up to St. Giles's airy steeple to fulfil his duty of ringing the chimes.

In the Parliament stairs, higher than St. Giles's roof, lived the young engraver, in 1806, when David Scott, the genius, was born.

His parents, crushed by the loss of four children almost at once, were gloomy, and ascetically religious; and with them, in a small country house at St. Leonards, grew up David. In childhood he was observant and thoughtful, and, it was recorded, frightened himself by a ghost of his own making, and lining a little recess with prints, turned it into a picture-gallery, for which he charged his brothers a penny each for admission.

In his father's shop he met with Burnet, the excellent engraver of Wilkie's pictures—and Stewart, who perpetuated Sir W. Allan's pictures.

The life in the lonely house at St. Leonards was not a cheery one—the father, a gloomy invalid, to whom mirth appeared almost a crime, and an old uncle, who thought of nothing but his dogs and pigeons. David, who was always drawing or reading, was the autocrat of the family. His father, too, is reduced in circumstances, and the genius has to breast

the hill of life, and give up his verses and his ambitions, which are already somewhat gigantic. The stings of incontrollable instinct soon impelled him on, at all risks, to turn painter and abandon engraving. Here a genius was naturally disgusted with the dreary toil and the utter want of originality required to master the repetitive art, and founding a life-academy, and beginning a grand high art picture of "Lot and his daughters fleeing from the cities of the plain," he writes in his diary the following morning prayer :—

"Thou Power, by whose aid men raise the imperishable name, wrap round me Thy tongued flames, and of the present make immortal days. May I live not without a consecrated purpose in my life : may I reach and grasp all means for this ultimate consummation. Grant that I may hold on with undeviating step. Strengthen the will, endow with the power, break the arm that would retard."

What a fierce pagan-prayer for a brave young Puritan struggler, who thinks all who oppose him are Philistines, and accursed of God! In 1826 he exhibits his first ominous

picture, "The Hopes of Genius dispelled by early Death," and comes to London, to see, at the Somerset House, Etty's "Marriage" and Danby's "Opening of the Last Seal." At the British Institution he sees Haydon's "Triumphant Entry of Christ into Jerusalem;" goes to hear Irving preach; and, with Allan Cunningham, visits Chantrey Gallery, and sees Turner's private pictures.

But at last breaking through his gnawing solitude, the genius starts for Italy, there to really extend the boundaries of his mind. He is delighted, as his poetical mind might well be, with the country of the great dead men. The splendour of the Venetian school, however, he thinks material. He sees the influence of the shining, bright country upon the painters. Bologna he calls in his letters a heavy, gloomy town, with its piazzaed streets; and the Caracci art dark, coarse, and unideal. When the Roman fountains blew in chill spray, and sunshine was scarce in the Eternal city, David Scott arrived. The snow is half-an-inch thick in the Borghese Gardens. Gibson, Vernet, Wesbeck, Macdonald, and

Leven, are working at Rome. Everything muses him, even down to the poodle-clippers, beggars, and models that sit on the steps of Trinita del Monte, the vendors of sham art-antiques, the pompous landlords.

The views of Scott intensify rapidly in Rome; he determines more and more, cost what it may, to strive high. He gives individual form and colour, as garb for abstract intention, and laments that religion, with its symbols, is wearing away into the mere speculative; but perpetually in the midst of his dreams of ambition comes his wailing cry, "This climate destroys me!" and he is appalled at the awful gloomy houses, full of painters, so few of whom are ever to become known. David Scott had had a bitter, disenchanting visit at Rome; he found the city, with its tepid air, only fit for vegetables, and feared that it would make him love idleness. In spite of Gibson, and Wyatt, and Cornelius, there was no hope there for the idealist. He found the artists forgetting the end in the means. He leaves in disgust, packs up his dreams, and returns to Edinburgh. He had

executed his great struggling picture of "Discord" now; he painted an altar-piece for a Catholic chapel, and attempted a "Caliban and Ariel," and an "Alchemist Lecturing on the Elixir Vitæ," the latter a specially strange romantic imagination.

In 1841 he completed his characteristic "Queen Elizabeth at the Globe Theatre, witnessing the 'Merry Wives of Windsor.'" The picture was a very meritorious one, and it contained portraits, intellectual and refined, of Spencer, Fletcher, Sackville, Ben Jonson, &c.

And as David Scott, a true-born genius and enthusiast, if not a great painter, planned, thought out all these things with all his heart and all his soul, Death was busy opening fresh doors into the great darkness, and pushing through those whom the still, small, irresistible voice had called. His father and brother died, and he was left more alone in the world, to carry on, through dark and shine, his work. His intervening time was spent in writing some clever but crabbedly-worded articles on Art for "Blackwood's Magazine."

This unequal but strong mind was con-

tinually throwing out fresh flowers of fancy. In 1841 he began his best known picture, "Yasco de Gama encountering the Spirit of the Cape." The same year he drew forty sketches for the "Pilgrim's Progress," and painted a sombre, powerful picture of the "Duke of Gloucester entering the Water-gate of Calais."

The subject from Camoens was treated in a way that showed a fine feeling for the supernatural. The scene represents the ship caught and entangled in a wild chain of lightning, and high from the surge the pale ghoul rises to appal the crew.

But from his fairy and historical scenes the Cartoon Exhibition in Westminster Hall roused David Scott to enter the lists. He sent two — "Drake witnessing the Destruction of the Spanish Ships," and "Wallace defending Scotland," both of which were failures. "They were vast sketches," some critic observed, "without mural or fresco adaptation. Their figures were vigorous, but slightly made out."

But the time was coming when no man may work. Let it be good or bad that he has done, he must leave it; for Death is

staring through his window, and nodding to him to come and leave his yet unblossomed dreams. In suffering had he toiled ; the nepenthe he had prayed for was coming to his lips. He had prayed long for peace, and now death brought that flower of immortality.

Almost the last words he uttered were criticisms on his own picture of "De Gama." That picture was exhibiting the day he died ; and the artist wept for joy when, on his death-bed, he was told there was a proposition to buy it for some public hall.

One of the last paintings he had executed was a portrait of Emerson. One of the last words he wrote in his diary was the one pathetic word, "withering!"

In one of his later letters, this brave soul, that perished in its pride, describes the way he spent the latter months of his life when he was illustrating Professor Nichol's "Architecture of the Heavens."

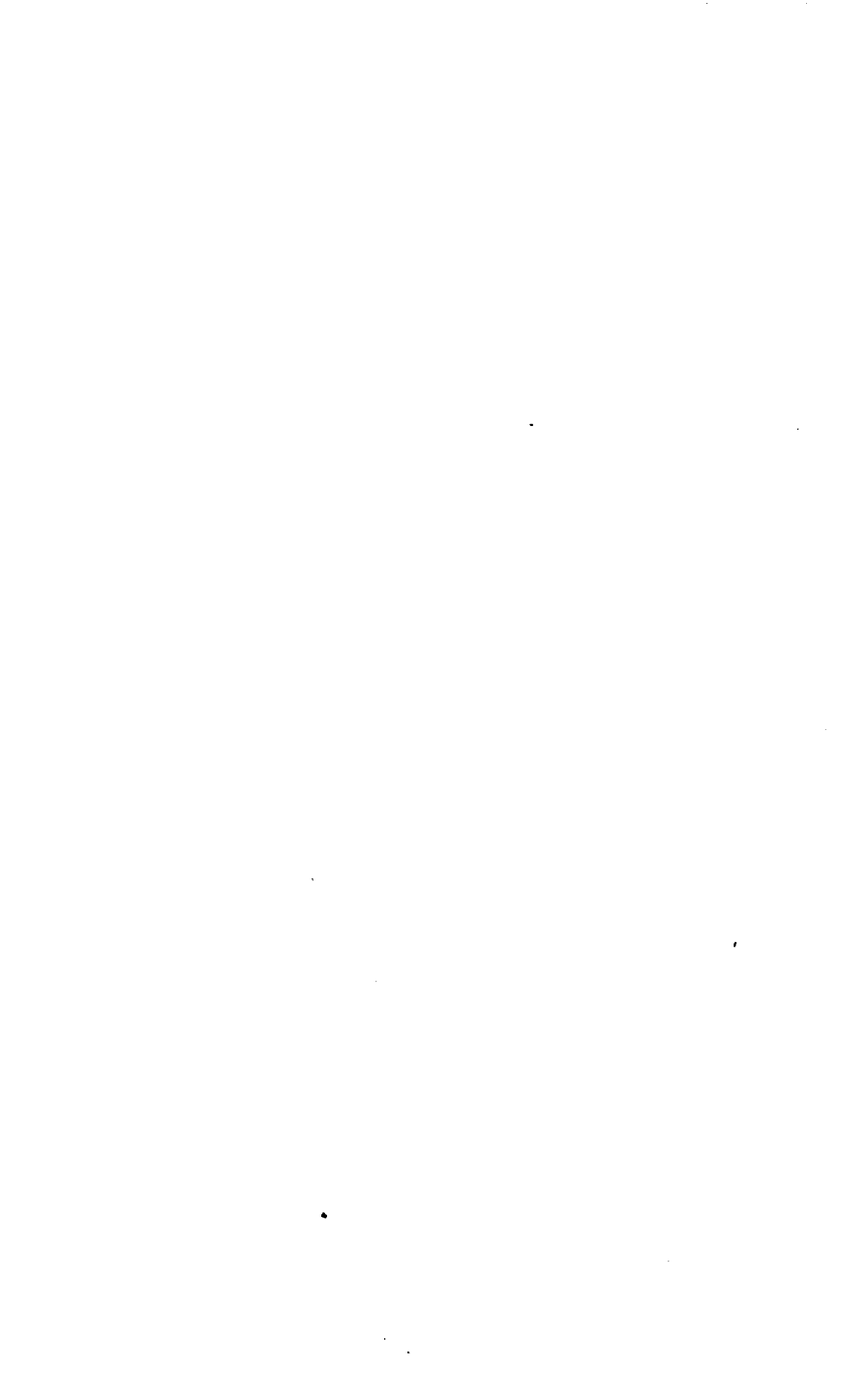
He lived much, he says, in the open air—on brae-sides, in woods, in caves—and repaired often to a secret knoll on a certain hill, that he had found to be a mount of transfiguration for his

imagination. In the little drawing-room of his mother's house, which was his study, he read the Bible, and Shakspeare, Wilhelm Meister, Rabelais, Sir W. Hamilton, Reid, and Berzelius's Chemistry. A German philosopher called in fancy a perpetual Messiah—home David Scott called a perpetual paradise, not without its tree in the garden. He felt a better and purer man, he says, there—the soul became there again pliant and fresh. “A little writing,” he adds, “a little reading, a little conversation with my sisters, a little walking, and much endless cogitation, make up my little day.”

One of David Scott's latest designs, entitled “The Procession of Unknown Powers,” typifies admirably his struggles and aspirations. A winged spirit rests on the ground, while round him float other spirits, bearing flames in their hands. David Scott died, a man of promises unperformed. We may well append to this short biography the verses of Blake the painter-poet, that the poet-painter's poet brother affixes to the last chapter of his loving biography, fervently trusting that that dear soul found peace.

"The door of death is made of gold,
That mortal eyes can ne'er behold;
But when the mortal eyes are closed,
And cold and pale the limbs reposed,
The soul awakes, and wondering sees
In her bright hands the golden key."

CHAPTERS ON ART.



CHAPTER IX.

EPOCHS OF PAINTING.

OUR early writers on Art have done much harm by repeating, from mouth to mouth, absurd legends about Greek painting. The only results clearly ascertained are these two small facts—first, that nearly all we now know of ancient Greek painting we get from Pliny, that apoplectic collector, without inquiry of truths and lies : secondly, that the wall-paintings of Pompeii are the solitary evidences of that much-lauded art. We will try and prove that, firstly, the testimonies of Pliny are mere uninvestigated legends, sewn together in patchwork fashion by an industrious sciolist, who knew nothing of the art he wrote about ; and further, that from all possible evidence existing it

is clear that the Greeks never attained, in painting, to anything but a very crude and barbaric art; modern painting being the only true result of all their centuries of labour.

Of course we start with the Corinthian legend of the origin of painting by the Corinthian maiden tracing on the moon-lit wall of the laurel-shaded temple the silhouette of her departing lover. You may still see on the mantelpieces of London lodging-houses, the negro shadow of Mrs. Griper's departed husband. Your attention will be drawn to such black profiles. You will probably, when you inquire the price of the rooms, be informed that Mr. Griper was "a blessed creature." When you hear this, think of the Corinthian maiden, and wonder at the slow progress of Art. We need scarcely say that the truth of this old fable is of about the same value as the story of Dædalus turning a shark's jaw into the first saw; or of Mercury stringing a turtle-shell and calling it a lyre. One thing is evident, that, somehow or other, through the Pelasgi who left us the lions of Mycenæ as art-legacies, Grecian art came directly or indirectly from Egypt and the East; for Cadmus and his dragon's teeth, Cecrops and Danaus,

all point to the East as the origin of Greek civilization. Vulcan was a smith and Dædalus a carpenter, but in Greek mythology we look in vain for the artist. Homer mentions that the prows of ships were smeared red and purple ; but then his use of the names of colours was uncertain and barbaric. He never mentions painting, without the aid of which science any nation's nomenclature of colours must always be imperfect : even now English ladies, we frequently observe, call ribbons blue when they mean lilac, and poppy when they mean cherry-coloured. Our poets say golden-coloured when they mean yellow, and fiery when they mean simply red. The words expressing colours are the most indefinite and unlimited of any we have out of the controversial regions of metaphysics. Knowing as we do the limits of embroidery, we may easily guess what joggling, quaint figures struggled as Greeks and Trojans on the diplax of Helen, who, like an Amazonian queen, embroidered her robes with needlework representations of battles. No doubt the figure of Sesostris, armed with bow and javelin, that Herodotus saw on the way from Ephesus to Phocæa, was a piece of art about equal to our

snuff-shop Highlanders. As for the battle of the Magnetes, by the painter Bularchus, executed 16 B.C. for the foolish Candaules, king of Lydia, for which he gave its weight in gold, it was probably something like the conflict that an Indian brave smears with vermilion on his buffalo-skin. From these early legends, related by an ignorant and careless authority (Pliny), we gather only this small sesame seed of truth—that Art flourished in Ionia after the Persian conquest, and in the islands of the Ægean Sea before it did in Greece. Very few of the Greek stories, however, bear a moment's examination; for what can a rational being (not an R.A.) think of a purple embroidered Milesian shawl selling for 120 talents (29,000*l.*)?—and what but darkness can we filter from the story of Herodotus, that at the siege of Phocæa (544 B.C.), the citizens fled to Chios with all their valuables, except paintings, which *could not be removed*? There is some mistake about the very word paintings—perhaps they were not worth removing: if London were in danger, should we all fly with carts to the Pantheon? I think not.

Now as day breaks we come to the real

Grecian art, "developed (?) about 600 B.C." Well now, what do we find after all the ridiculous stories about the pictures bought for their weight in gold (a story you may still hear in every third country-house in England)? Has Art gone on since Bularchus, 716 B.C.? No. Pliny gives a long list, certainly, of Cleanthes, Telephanes, Dinas, Charmadas, and other great men, but goes on to tell us that they were all painters in one colour; and Eumæus of Athens, he says, first distinguished the sexes. This does not look very like high Art. Cimon of Cleonæ, his successor, invented foreshortening about the time of Solon. Somehow or other, our exact Pliny leaves us a gap of three solid centuries without one painter; and this says a good deal for the success and flourishing of Greek Art.

With Polygnotus, whom Cimon brought from Thaxos, (463 B.C.), "the Greek development of Art began," says a credulous author. He painted portraits, and decorated a portico in Athens with a picture of the "Rape of Cassandra." Lucian says he was one of the four greatest colourists of Greece; and Aristotle

says he painted men better than they were; though improvement on God's work is now thought rather difficult, if not impossible. His draperies were truthful, yet graceful and flowing; so some people may think our own Mr. Hurlstone's. His great work was the "Destruction of Troy," in the portico of the Temple of Apollo at Delphi. "Great dog," says our friend Old Tap, who is prepared to admire anything that is old; but what do we find?—that this celebrated work had no perspective or composition but what was made up of figures ranged in three tiers. Then came Dionysius of Colophon, who painted "men as they are;" then Micon of Athens, who excelled in horses, and yet, as Ælian says, did not know that they had not lashes to their under eyelids. Micon painted the Battles of the Amazons, and of the Centaurs and Lapithæ. Yet of Micon, too, we are told that he was fined thirty minæ for making the Persians large out of all proportion. As for Panænus's "Battle of Marathon," we cannot say much, for we hear that Miltiades wanted his name written over

his figure, to show which it was. About 468 B.C. Apollodorus, the rival of Zeuxis, came on the stage, and because, forsooth, Pliny speaks of his power of light and shade, Mr. Wornum calls him the "Grecian Rembrandt." With Zeuxis, a fresh sea of legends burst upon us, even to eloquent dilatations on the Juno-like character of form this painter gave to his women. He is said to have been eccentric in the choice of subjects, and to have painted Helen from the culled beauties of five Crotonian virgins. This picture was exhibited, *Ælian* says, for money in the temple of Juno. With all this exactness, however, it is not yet certain whether Zeuxis painted on walls or panels, nor does Pausanias in his Art tour even mention him. Timanthes of Sicyon is praised by the old writers, who have done so much injury to Art, as remarkable for originality of fancy. He was the astounding inventor of the idea of making Agamemnon hide his face at the sacrifice of Iphigenia—a trick about as ingenious as that of the old portrait painters, who, in order to shirk drawing the

hand, stuck it out of sight deep in the waist-coat.

The "Eclectic" (Caracci) period, which is the favourite one of all Academicians, with whom the form always drowns the essence, is compared to the Alexandrian period of Greek Art, when Apelles was the king. The student at the school of Pamphilus studied ten years. The charm of the brush of Apelles was grace; yet though Protogenes finished too highly, Asclepiodorus excelled him in proportion. Yet the most ingenious of Art-theorists must allow that nothing can be made of the story of the rival lines of Apelles and Protogenes, unless the *linea* mean the outline of a human form. Protogenes seems to have excelled in painting highly-finished mules and dogs; and of Pausias, we are told that he was famous for drawing a foreshortened bull, with a shadow that showed its size (which is absurd).

It is rather a stultifying fact for the mere academic rhapsodist about Greek Art, that scarcely a genuine fragment of its purest and best age remains to us. We have uncertain copies mechanically executed from the copies of Phidias and

Praxiteles. We have, perhaps, figments, hints, and sketches of their works from vases, gems, and bas-reliefs; but we have nothing but one great omnipresent guess really to go by. Even in sculpture, where the genius of the Greeks for Art found its highest, if not its only expression, all the most distinguished remains—the voluptuous Antinous, the writhing Laocoon, the Torso of Apollonius, are late and Romanized. As for painting, we can only go to Pompeii, and see the not ungraceful daubs of country-town decorators in a nation that imported, but did not produce its art—at a period, too, when even in Greece there was little but still-life pictures and obscene caricatures to be had. One of their greatest *genre* painters was Antiphilus, who lived at the court of one of the Ptolemies: he painted dressmakers' rooms, boys blowing the fire, cobblers' stalls, and barbers' shops. Antiphilus was the Greek Wilkie, only he was wise enough to keep to what he could do.

It took a long time to teach the Italians Art. It is easy to see exactly how long—from the day Mummius sacked Corinth, 146 B.C., to 1260 A.D., when Cimabue began to work, and found, on

Byzantine traditions, a Christian school of Art. The Romans never had a painter, but they had a million "low-backed slaves," such as Juvenal mentions, who would colour their walls with Pompeian dancing nymphs, and who drew by geometric laws rather than by any instinct. Greek art, Kügler says, truly sprang from Greek religion—so did Christian art from Christianity; but it was left for the Protestants to discover that Art need not be confined to the Church, but may enter into every branch and phase of life.

History shows a providence perpetually filling granaries and reservoirs with hoarded strength, virtue, and life, to be redistributed over the world in times of famine, atrophy, and decay. What we call volcanic ages in history are but the violent dispersions of long-hidden currents of richest blessing. What we call death, say the alchemists, is but a change—a re-making, a shuffle of nature's kaleidoscope. So it is with Art. The destruction of Corinth flooded Europe with statues as standards of beauty. The sack of Syracuse inundated the world, as when a dam breaks down and lets out the waters. The removal of empire from Rome to Byzantium sent flocks of statues to

revolutionize the East; from which again, after the Gothic darkness, classic art returned to ally itself to the art of the Norse barbarian. Incredible have been the ravages of fire and sword upon the works of Art. Genseric gutted Rome to adorn Carthage. The sons of Theodosius destroyed all pagan temples and statues they could reach. The Iconoclasts worked with the cruel malignity of bigots. Then came the Crusade fires, which must have destroyed more of the Constantinople relics of Art, but at last gave rise to the intercourse between the East and West, and finally, through Venice, to the rise of Italian art. Yet still—for Providence will not let good things perish—we have, in spite of this perpetual pounding of Time's hammer, a fine cabinet of Greek relics left, sufficient for all useful purposes of instruction and warning. They taught Giotto and his men drawing. They may still teach us something. To us, indeed, the destruction of Greek painting is sufficient proof of its uselessness to future ages. The Bible did not perish. Homer did not perish. The Niebelungen lied did not perish. Our old ballads did

not perish. Nothing worth preserving has ever perished.

It is a curious thing that Art not only originated in paganism, but seems to have been at first looked upon with as much horror by the early Christians as it was by the early Puritans, who found it an ally of the religion they warred against; just as the Jews forbade artists to dwell among them, and Tertullian would not baptize painters till they renounced their iniquitous trade. God was a Spirit, they said; how can we represent Him by lines and colours? They were afraid of idolatry, and remembered the old decrees of the stone-table against graven images. Clement of Alexandria thought it not unbecoming in his unsettled age of thought to write against the use of images in excess, recommending the mere Christian symbols of the dove, the fish, the lyre, and the anchor, such as the use of the Catacombs had sanctioned. It was not till the fourth century that fresco paintings seem to have been introduced into Italian churches, to preach through the eye to the rude congregations of that twilight age. Directly the Gentile element began to regain its strength, and

rise up to the surface through Christianity—that moment an age of religious symbolism began, and Art seemed to assume a less beautifully sensuous, but still a more thoughtful and noble aspect. Christ was then represented in many different forms, as the umpire at the games—the shepherd—the fisherman. The cross, the symbol of redemption, became the greatest of all the types; but the phoenix, the peacock, the palm-branch, ship, the vine, were all initial letters of great allegories. The fables of Meleager, Niobe, Cupid, and Psyche were revived. Art, like a deserter, had left paganism and gone over to the new camp. From the Christian paintings in the catacombs of Calixtus, representing Christ as Orpheus of the Mysteries, as the Vine, and as the Shepherd—from the frescoes and mosaics of Leo the Great and the Emperor Maximilian—from Byzantine missals and apocalyptic visions—the real Christian art of Giotto sprang. From the time of Charlemagne downwards Art was kept like a dried flower, safe but crushed between the leaves of the illuminated gospels. The monks reproduced their little world in miniature in their great

tomes, whose leaves were embalmed by the perpetual angel-breathing of incense. They copied flowers in crimson and azure—they traced out trees in gold—they drew their enemies as devils, the beautiful dream-faces of their freer days as angels, and thought that Art had reached its climax—the monks of Mount Athos still going on painting just as they did in the sixth century, or when Cimabue broke loose from their dungeon. They still preserve the same inflexible conventions, dark olive-green faces, stiff gold draperies—everything is done by rule, whether attitude, subject, or colour, according to the book of the monk Dionysius which Didron discovered.

Brave men lived before Agamemnon; and there were painters beginning to think before John Cimabue (1240-1300.) Daybreak spreads quietly, it does not burst out like a volcano. Guido of Siena (1202-1258) began to break the mummy-wrappers, and strive for purer form and livelier colour. There is *naïveté* in his Virgin at Siena, and the child Christ is graceful and simple. The drapery is still frozen, and the hands long and stiff as glove-stretchers. The

thirteenth century was a great century; and a great century has great Art. The papacy was splendid and triumphant under Innocent III. St. Francis had evangelized and revived religion by his great legalized heresy and Reform—for in the Roman church every good man has been a heretic or a reformer. The great sculptor, Pisano, was discovering the antique that was to quicken Christian art by the blood of the old pagan life. Edward III. was heading his outburst of chivalry; Chaucer was tuning for his song; Dante was suffering, that he might become immortal; Boccaccio was soon to be born; the world was heaving with new thought; and Wickliff was anticipating the Reformation. Into this troubled air Cimabue soared, happy and daring as an eagle that has broken its chain. There must have been a great fever and enthusiasm for the new Art, if the stories are true of the universal rejoicing, and clamorous procession of horsemen, with which his colossal Madonna was carried to the Church of Sta. Maria Novella, in Florence, where it still remains; and of the district in which he lived being called the "Joyful Quarter," from the bell-ringing and

shouting when Charles of Anjou came to visit the painter. From Margaritone and Buffalmacco, of whom Vasari tells us such quaint buffoon stories, we pass on to Giotto, the patriarch of Art, whom Cimabue found as a common shepherd boy, drawing a figure of one of his sheep on a stone. Giotto had one of those great encyclopædic minds of the middle ages, that ran through the whole circle of the sciences, and disdained the modern system of division of labour. He was a portrait-painter, for he left us the likeness of his friend Dante; he was an architect, for he built that inlaid casket column of the Campanile of Florence; he was a worker in mosaics, for he wrought the Disciples in the Storm, now in the vestibule of St. Peter's; he was a sculptor, for he carved the Sta. Croce crucifix; and a great religious painter, for he left us the Life of the Virgin, in the Arena chapel at Padua. He is hard, flat, and wanting in perspective and chiaro-oscuro; his eyes are still almondy, and his figures stiff; his colour is pale, the carnations too faint and spiritually delicate. His imagination, however, was boundless, and his composition almost modern in richness and depth: his

groups are dramatic, and his incident and expression are taken from great every-day nature. He admired allegory as much as Dante did, for the age strove to impersonate and dramatize abstractions. Giotto loved reality with all his imagination, as much as Chaucer or Shakspeare. In colour alone he was ascetic and mannered. When we look at his works, we can never be sure that we are not looking at some thought furnished to the painter by Dante. There can be no underrating the effect produced by this mouthpiece of the feelings of his age. He revolutionized Florence; and his fame ran from Padua and Verona to Rome and Naples. He painted for Clement V. at Avignon; and popes and kings, abbots and priors, wrangled for his pictures.

It was under very deep religious influence that Art, just released from its cave of the Seven Sleepers, worked so boldly, and with such unrepressed fire. Of one artist we are told that he always painted on his knees; of another, that he received the sacrament before proceeding to his easel, which was itself an altar of sacrifice. We find others burning solemnly all their pictures of nude subjects, at the bidding of a preaching friar.

They all believed that St. Luke himself had been an artist ; and pictures of the Virgin by his holy hand were shown with exultation at innumerable monasteries. A picture of the Madonna, in the stiff Byzantine style, and painted on a panel of cypress-wood, is still shown as the work of the saint in the Church of Ara Coeli, at Florence, though it is probably the work of some Greek hermit of centuries later. But perhaps the most singular proof of the religious feeling of early Art is shown in the institution of the Florentine Compagnia, who met in the chapel of a hospital, given to them by the Portinari family. In this factious and divided age, when tongues are smooth above and thick slab with poison below—when competition is so greedy, ruthless, cruel, and envious—it surprises us to read in Vasari of this apostolic club, so impossible in these days, that, uniting the old Greek and the new Cimabue men, held meetings to return thanks to God for the spread of Art, and to tender each other assistance at all times and for all needs. Fancy the forty R.A.'s meeting the Hogarth Club, and chanting the anthem, "*'Tis like the precious ointment,*" &c. But everything was healthy, vigorous, and true about

this new Art, now conscious for the first time of its greatness and power. In Florence there were self-protecting guilds of painters—a sure sign of growth. Cennino Cennini, pupil of one of the Gaddis, wrote a treatise on painting, which was, in fact, a code built up from scattered practices and traditions.

Piero della Francesca's treatise on perspective, and Masolino's knowledge of light and shade, enabled Masaccio (who followed Angelico, 1402-1443) to individualize and dramatize form, and to carry Art far beyond Giotto's high-water mark. In some respects the mechanism of Art all but reached its culminating point in Masaccio and his wild scholar Fra Lippi. In his lifetime, too, Fra Angelico, brooding in his cell, carried spiritualism further, though disregarding that purity and actuality of the beautiful in form that Ghiberti of the Gates and Donatello his contemporary had developed. Grown-up men could not copy the stiff, flat imaginings of Giotto; but Raphael himself worked upon the old Masaccio themes, with sometimes the Masaccio manner. His influence ran through all the Roman school, affecting their composition and design, in spite even of Michael

Angelo and Da Vinci; and, not many years ago, one of our own young painters plagiarised, with success, from one of Masaccio's most celebrated designs. Masaccio's Chapel of the Brancacci, in the Church del Carmine at Florence, became the school-room of a long generation of painters. Raphael copied his Adam and Eve, and Fra Bartholomeo his Madonna and child. Now, when we come to sum up what Masaccio did for Art, we see that he stretched its horizon degrees further into the unknown country. The Medici of Florence were not to be satisfied with the cold purity of Giotto: they wanted more truth and human nature; they called for more illusion, and wondered a picture could not equal a statue. Masaccio modelled and rounded his figures till they grew out of the canvas: he gave up the pinched stiff robes, and gave broad, billowy masses and grand rolling lines. He made the drapery express the form, and the form beautiful for itself, not merely for the religious idea it expressed. In fact, Art had come back to the old Pagan truth, that the human body in perfection was the most beautiful of all things, and the very centre column of the world. The study of sculp

ture, in fact, was making the Italian what he has ever since been—a good draughtsman. The century's eye, by constantly watching with careful love the outline of things, had educated itself, and Masaccio was the result.

Fra Lippi, that wild painter, who deserted his convent, was made a slave of in Barbary, carried off a nun from a convent, and eventually died of poison, gave a certain Flemish tendency to Art, a sensual grace, a realistic ardent grandeur, that has, in his figure of St. Paul, a large feeling, which anticipates Michael Angelo. He introduced boors and sharpers into his religious pictures occasionally, and sometimes gave his saints and angels rather a sly and cunning look. He first freely introduced the modern Florentine dress, a convention that was some centuries in dying out, and of which the Dutch picture, in which Abraham is clapping a tremendous bell-mouthed blunderbuss to the ear of Isaac, is perhaps the most outrageous example. It is in the works of Sandro Botticelli, the vehement poet, who taught Fra Lippi's son, that we first find Art altogether leaving the convent and plunging into the dangerous Armida gardens of old mythology.

Savonarola would, we daresay, gladly have burnt that delicious little picture now in the Uffizi at Florence, which represents a naked Venus floating on a shell, driven to the shore through a shower of roses, and a nymph, under a laurel bush, holding out a puffing crimson mantle to receive the goddess.

But now a new discovery burst like a sunrise upon Art, which already to many seemed perfect. It was to Art what printing was to letters: it rendered the repetition of a great work easier, and its destruction more impossible; it drew Art away from mere church frescoes, and sent it into palaces and cabinets; it rendered it more within reach of single fortunes; it came at a time when Art was getting colder in the service of a superstitious faith, and longing for new and less restrictive patrons. Previously to the Flemish Van Eycks' discovery of how to dissolve amber in drying oil, every one had painted in distemper with yolk of egg, which dried quickly and forbade much finish. With tempera Art was necessarily hard, quick, and conventional; there could be no rivalry of the external world. Distemper was paler and more perishable than oil. The secret, as a doubtful legend

runé, was brought from the Netherlands by Antonello da Messina, who confided it to his friend Domenico Veneziano, who was murdered by Andrea de Castagno, who longed to be without a rival. Now, although the Van Eycks never kept the discovery a secret, it is certain that Andrea's manner was a hard and meagre one; while the one extant work of Domenico's shows the artist's character to have been gentle and noble, which suits the story.

But before we come to the great epoch which produced Andrea Verocchio, Leonardo's master—Ghirlandajo, Michael Angelo's master—and Perugino, Raphael's master, let us give a word to that great, impetuous genius, Luca Signorelli, a fiery soul, who had studied every school, and whose figures bear down on us like a charge of cavalry. He was the direct forerunner of Michael Angelo, and his men are gods. He carried foreshortening to new heights, and was a Columbus in Art, preferring naked figures, and drawing them with pure antique power and force. His colour has a stern gloom about it; and in all Art we know of nothing so Dantesque and terrible as the "Fulminati, or Destruction of the Wicked," from

they had sea atmosphere, liberal and numerous patrons, historical tradition, and a picturesque city. From the beginning Bellini's colour was of a jewelled depth and richness; a twilight splendour, not so natural as his pupil Titian's, but even more rejoicing. And now about this time, just as oil, when it was wanted, rose to the surface and displaced the more limited and less practical distemper, engraving—the chance discovery of a Florentine goldsmith—arose to disseminate and perpetuate the *growing* art. With Francia, the quattro-cento painters end. Of this painter's grace and earnest tenderness of passion, the "Dead Christ" in our National Gallery is a fine example. Beauty and dignity were ever at his easel; and even in his crudeness there is a simple charm. The legend goes that he died of a broken heart at the success of Raphael; but hearts sixty-seven years old are generally rather too leathery to break.

The cinque-cento ideal was not the quattro-cento ideal. The new men were half-religious, half-material. They were, in fact, Mr. Ruskin's horror, Renaissance-men, now painting from the Old Testament, now from Ovid; now Apollo

sawing on a fiddle, now Isaiah fiddling with a saw. The last century attained to individuality of form; the present refine upon that knowledge, adding to perfect form perfect colour; to the ideal selection of form, both dramatic composition, and light and shade. Of the higher developments of the new ideal Raphael and Michael Angelo are the types; of the mediators between the two centuries, Fra Bartolomeo and Leonardo da Vinci.

Leonardo, the son of the Florentine government notary, was perhaps one of the greatest Eclectics that ever lived. He was all but omniscient: he was a great mathematician and military engineer; a sculptor, painter, poet, and musician; a master of botany and anatomy; a gunsmith and ship-builder. Yet he has been one of the great unfortunate men; for his "Last Supper" exists only in copies—and we all know what copies are—and his great cartoon of the "Victory of Piccinino" exists only in Rubens' coarse copy of some half-dozen tumbling figures; while Michael Angelo's rival cartoon of "Pisa" is preserved by accurate and careful engraving. His life was a troubled one; for

Charles XII. drove him from Milan; jealousy of Michael Angelo drove him from Leo X. and Rome; and just as his great period of patronage began under Francis I., Death called him, and he could not refuse to go.

As for Fra Bartolomeo, who first introduced our old friend the lay-figure, he was an ally of Raphael, and imitated Da Vinci. He is one of those grand averages that no one can praise too much; and in no case (and this is a hint for amateurs) is injudicious praise safer.

Michael Angelo, the stalwart son of a Tuscan gentleman, was twelve years old when Raphael, the son of the painter of Urbino, was born. Raphael was the strongest in gentleness; Buonarrotti the strongest in strength. The one was the fiery St. Peter, the other the loving St. John of Christian art. The Virgin's motherly love was the ideal of the one; the other, in his "Last Judgment," shuns Heaven, and seems more at home with the agony and writhing of the Devil. The one craved for ideal purity and beauty of form; the other, muscular strength: the one would have executed the Venus; the other, the Hercules of antiquity. Buonarrotti

was strong and passionate; Raphael was lovely and beloved by every one. "O happy and blessed spirit!" bursts out Vasari, half in tears as he speaks of him. The Virgins he painted are so innumerable that they are known by special marks—as the pink, the goldfinch, the oak, the napkin, the cat, the fish, the seat, the chair, the canopy, the curtain, the diadem, &c. He could never reach his ideal of maternal and divine love, yet he never repeated himself: his colour, though often deep and rich, as in the Madonna of the Seat at Florence, was never paramount. In portrait, Titian surpassed him; in sublimity and cyclopic power he was inferior to Michael Angelo; in drawing he approached, but never rivalled the antique; in variety, Rubens equalled him; and in finish, the Dutchmen go beyond him. Yet in grasp and width Raphael stands alone: his groups of pictures in the Vatican were epical in their compass. That he should have modified his manner after seeing Michael Angelo, is perhaps a sign of confessed inferiority; or, was it rather a proof of Buonarrotti's incapability of growth?

We regard it as the special mark of greatness

in Raphael's mind, that Michael Angelo did not show—it was always growing, always improving; his last work was his best. Raphael studied the cartoon of "Pisa" till he grew out of the severity of Perugino; and when he had seen the "Last Judgment," he again modified his style. Michael Angelo always was in a rage with his work, and was always straining. His men are Titans, his women men, his children small giants—his creatures' muscles grow through their skin. His figures are painted statues—they are sublime; but it is just because they are always sublime that they weary us. One might be friends with an acrobat, but one would not like him to be always supporting three men on his chin. There is a brag of strength about Michael Angelo, which is bullying; there is a religious sentiment about Raphael, which is often monotonous. Michael Angelo is intellect, says Mr. Wornum, and Raphael sentiment. It is like the old scholastic distinction between the cherubim and the seraphim—the one knew more, the other loved more. Look at the portraits—the beardless, seraphic face of the one, with the longing eyes and the flowing hair; the other a

struggling full face, wide broken nose, strong mouth, crispy hair, and curly beard. Remember, too, in judging of their rival fames, that Buonarrotti lived nearly three times as long as the genius of Urbino; and on the other hand, that Michael Angelo's best work has all but perished.

Correggio and Parmegiano led the Lombard school to a beautiful but lower ideal than that of the Roman and Florentine schools. They sought not so much the form and expression of Rome, the colour of Venice, or the learning of Padua, or the humble poetry of Flanders. Art grew more Pagan, sensuous, and more voluptuous; sensibility and the power of loving were Correggio's gift, but his tenderness and aspirations were more low and human than those of Raphael. Love and pleasure, the happiness of childhood, he rejoices in, and expresses with the softest interweaving of light and shade. Of his great works, the "Assumption of the Virgin," in the cupola of Parma, is the greatest; and in this he triumphs in all the complications of foreshortening. There is a little picture by this painter, with a white rabbit in it, at Naples,

which is a delicious masterpiece of this lovable master.

Titian, never daring in drawing, or very subtle in composition, is the great emperor of colour, of simple grandeur, and of what Reynolds calls "senatorial dignity." Titian glorified life; and his nobles are lapped in a calm, great-minded serenity, such as the abstract statesman and philosopher should wear at the end of life, but does not. He is too grave to excel much in action or in the grapple of passion. In his "Peter the Martyr" he seems to attain a powerful excellence, which promises even higher things. But still the siren, Colour, was the Cleopatra for which Titian lost the empire of art, and was content to lose it. He was the greatest man who ever condescended to paint portraits. Beside his old Venetians, as Kügler cleverly says, all modern gentlemen look poor and small. This is no proof, however, of our mental inferiority to those gentlemen, but of our mental inferiority to Titian. In the glorious backgrounds, too, taken from his own Friuli mountains, we must not forget that Titian founded modern landscape. Titian moved a

king among men. He knew Ariosto; Michael Angelo came to see him paint. The Pope invited him to Rome, Charles V. to Augsburg. But this image of gold had clay feet; he strove to impress no moral fact; he aimed neither at ideal form, expression, nor beauty. His god was Colour, and before that beautiful idol he laid down his genius and his life. It is almost a proof of his defects, to find that the weakest parts of his mind were the first to decay. His last work is gorgeous in colour, but is feeble in drawing, and staggering and uncertain in composition.

On the early German schools it is not necessary to dilate. In truth, German art, but for a missal-painter here and there, was late in flowering; though in a romance of the thirteenth century, the writer describes Sir Percival in so goodly a mass of blazing steel on horseback, that no painter of either Cologne or Maestricht could have coloured anything half so fair. In the quaint, simple, old German books, so delicious and homely in their *naïveté*, there are mentions of Master William and Master Stephen, who prayed and thought over their diptychs, or those

quaint altar-pieces that open like shutters : they are generally highly-finished tempera paintings on gilded panels ; their heads grave and noble, but the drawing, especially of the extremities, weak and faltering. The scenes are occasionally complicated, but no more resembling the real passionate drama of the later schools than the rough religious comedy of the mystery plays did the stage of Garrick or of Kean. There was nothing, indeed, specially great in the patient naïve school of German art, till the two brothers Van Eyck astonished Bruges by discovering oil-painting. The examples at the National Galleries are just sufficient to show us what the Van Eycks were, with their simple, timid composition, slow careful detail, never since surpassed, hard cutting outline, and stiff angular drapery. Who can forget the delicious lucidness of their colour, the wonder of patient finish, inexhaustible to travel over with the eye, and the billowy scarlet of that curious head-dress, that leads us on in thought to Mabuse, Lucas, Van Leyden, and the blacksmith Matsys ? Mabuse was in Henry VII.'s court what Holbein was in Henry VIII.'s,

Vandyck in Charles I.'s, Lely in Charles II.'s, and Kneller in William of Orange's.

Look carefully into the round globular mirror in that National Gallery picture of Van Eyck—peer well into its luminous darkness, disregarding the diamond-cut reflection of window and chandelier, and you will see, at certain magic moments, all German art reflected in its round, as in a little world. German art never was led aside by the siren of the ideal: and from it distinctly, with certain side influences from Greece and Italy, all that is real in English art springs. We see Hogarth in Holbein; in his searching truth, austere confession of the vanity of life, and the brittleness of its illusions, in his stern ghastliness and almost sardonic humour.

The great Albert Durer, the son of the Nuremberg goldsmith, was, like Hogarth, an engraver; and, as in the English painter's case, his enemies sought to depreciate his painting by praising his engraving. His mysticism and mannerism still reign over German art, just as Hogarth's influence reigns over us, being as traceable in Frith as in the last young painter

of a street scene. The wild northern fancy which, in the middle ages, sported in the stone lily flower and grotesque figures of cathedral capitals, lashed out in German painting in such visions as Van Eyck's "Hell," teeming with devils, Hemling's apocalyptic dream, and Jerome Bosch's purgatorial whirlpools. Durer was another of the great encyclopædic pioneer minds of Art; he was at once sculptor, engraver, painter, and architect. His fingers took in the whole key-board at once. He was hundred-fingered as a Thalberg, or a Listz. He was solemn and tender, at once a poet and a mathematician; yet his drapery was pinched and petty, his drawing often archaic, his expression painful and mannered, his colour fluctuating and uncertain. Durer expressed the chivalry of the Maximinian age, and the religion of the Erasmian time. His pictures are comments on the history of the Reformation. Occasionally, Durer developed in his works all the weird imagination and mysticism of his country. We see hidden under the colours, Richter, Göthe, and Fouqué. "Melancholy and the Knight," "Death and the Devil," are as

poetical fancies as the romantic school has produced. A large head of Christ we have seen from his hand is grander than Raphael, and perfectly Phidian in its royal sweep of power. Yet, strange and humiliating contrast, - Durer was a henpecked husband !

On the decline of Art whom shall we hear ? There are the imbecile, persisting in their cry that patronage creates Art, and that Art-decay is therefore attributable to a Dutchman becoming Pope, to the dispersion of the school of Raphael, to the sack of Rome. The decay was really the languor after a fever—the ebb after the flow—the weariness after the exertion. Now come hopeless Zuccheri, dull Del Sarto, imitative Piombo, mediocre Vasari—hard at work painting naked dissections and bumpy prize-fighters, with the delusion that they were imitating Michael Angelo. The Caracci, at the Bologna school, indeed established a code of laws for successful imitation. In a celebrated sonnet, Agostino Caracci, incapable of originality, advises the clever student to unite the colour of Lombardy with the drawing of Rome, the chiaro-oscuro of Venice, the truth of Titian, the terror of

Michael Angelo, the symmetry of Raphael, the grace of Parmegiano, the invention of Primaticcio, and the purity of Coreggio. We need scarcely repeat what Mr. Ruskin, the Achilles who tries so fiercely to storm the Academic Troy, has so often said on the degradation of this miserable school of Art, which your true pedantic Eclectic condemns so gently. Its twilight eclipse of sunshine, its insincere and meretricious religion, the pale neutrality of its colours, the absence of all power, purity, and originality, every loaded London sale-room demonstrates. Unlucky was it for English art that Reynolds, who had early and fatally studied that poor sentimentalist Guercino, did not see the evil of this dangerous school. Eclectic art might have been great but for its turning imitative, and pandering to the wants of a less religious and more luxurious age.

The Eclectics tried to unite impossibilities: they wanted at once the finish of Pope and the fire of Dryden—the grandeur of Homer and the refinement of Virgil. They were essentially tame, imitative pedants. Nature amid their rules was forgotten. They had so much to observe in

pictures of dead men, that they had no time to go out and observe living nature; so they painted dead pictures, and will be forgotten and despised as they deserved. Yet, even down among these dead idealists, from mere weight of brain arose some great chiefs: Annibale Caracci, for instance, though often tame and conventional; Domenichino, cold and unimaginative, though sometimes pure and grand; Guido and Albani, graceful and elegant, but often mere mannered manufacturers.

No wonder then that, sudden and violent as a storm, broke out in volcanic, irritable Naples, the new and rival school of the Naturalisti. From this repulsive school, after many filterings, our English art has drawn many of its inspirations; though it is difficult to see Ward's French scenes in the strong, yellow lights and black darknesses of the mason Caravaggio and the Spanish murderer Ribera. Wander out of the irritable heat of a Neapolitan day in the coolness of the National Museum at Naples, and shudder at the revolting slaughter and the loathsome ruffians. These Naturalisti, sick of the platitudes of the Caracci (the tailor's sons), loved to paint, dagger in hand. If

devils ever painted, here are their works. What sensual, thievish, suffering faces!—what purgatorial scenes of human wrath and violence!—all pointing to Ribera dying poor and unknown, and to Caravaggio expiring of rage and broken-hearted at one of the gates of Rome. Not waiting to notice the vulgar boldness of Lanfranco, and the plastered insipidity of San Ferrato, Carlo Maratti, and Carlo Dolce, we come to Rubens, who springs indirectly from the Naturalisti, borrowing their sensual colour, daylight colour, and truthful but coarse drawing. Motion, vigour, and colour were the Fleming's special gift: as Fuseli says, his figures sweep by you in a "gulf of colours." Often redundant, often vulgar, Rubens was the florid genius of the Renaissance. His energy is boisterous, and his talent turns too often to a sort of decorative flood of fancy without motive. Mythology and Scripture, all Christian and Pagan tradition and creed, Rubens ransacked and distilled into gold, filling with their revived visions halls, palaces, and churches. He paints like a king, and from his school great painters went forth to rule over newly-discovered countries and

newly-conquered provinces, like proconsuls from the throne of the Cæsar.

In portrait-painting, in which Raphael, and indeed all the old masters, attained certain triumphs, Vandyck rivalled Titian, Giorgione, and Del Piombo. He is more flimsy, and less deep and thoughtful; he has less force, and is sometimes cold, flat, or feeble. Vandyck has ground into us a deep conviction that the Charles the First's nobles he painted were the most perfect gentlemen who ever lived. The self-respect, the quiet, easy, and almost playful dignity of those cavaliers of his, in their buff and blue, has never been surpassed. The painting is not impatiently strong, but almost feminine in its subtle delicacy. Our Gainsborough (except in his strongest picture—"The Blue Boy," and his bewitching queen of womanhood—"Mrs. Graham,") is a mere flimsy dilution of Vandyck, his great model, as far as light and shade, and the structural power of modelling go. Pure daylight has only just begun to be painted by our P.R.B.'s, whose trick of red hair, protruding chins, and small salad vegetation, has hitherto, with all their talent, so grievously deluded the Art-world of all

studio dim conventional light, once thought indispensable to Art. Rembrandt's is the most artificial and the most delicious : in his system of a centre light, rendered a jewel of value by a surrounding ocean of harmonious and semi-transparent darkness, Rembrandt has never been surpassed. Da Vinci could round a limb as well, Correggio track the softest shadow over its surface into every curve and dimple, but the miller's son alone hurls his sunbeam at the bull's-eye of his picture, and fixes it there like the burning arrow of Virgil. He smeared his oil over a golden ground, says Hazlitt; he was the most vulgar of draughtsmen, the most ideal of colourists. His ideal colour has delighted generations, but it never produced a successful imitator; and if it had, he must have been a ruined man, for nature is not Rembrandtish, except in cellars and other exceptional places. No doubt, however, in roughly laughing at the ideal, like Hogarth, he did in his day much good; and he at least added to the palace of Art one beautiful though dark chamber. But we must leave Dutch art—Gerard Dow, with his needle brushes, and Teniers with his acute silveriness, Backhuysen with his gray

skies and rough seas, and Both with his spotty lights, &c.

For Spanish art, we could ill afford to forget Murillo's religious sentiments, and Ribera's fanatic violence; Cano's purity, and the painter-like dash of Velasquez. While from the beginning French art has been stiffly classical. The great outburst of national enthusiasm in the time of the Consulate redeemed it in some degree from the theatrical grace of Watteau, and the vapid voluptuousness of Vanloo and Bordone. Poor Leopold Robert devoted himself to describing on canvas modern life in Italy, its contrast and romance. Greuze, before this, had opened the way to modern French sentiment. Gericault's "Medusa Wreck," though hideous as carrion in colour, in 1819, led the French art, by its passionate dramatic action and situation, painful almost to melodrama, to the modern romantic school of subjects, in which Delaroche (Gros's pupil) attained such triumphs. Less facile, vigorous, and dashing than Vernet, he excels him in dramatic intensity, particularly in his "Death of the Duc de Guise;" his "Crossing the Alps" is a singular contrast with the same subject as

painted by David. Genre pictures, like this and "The Duel of Gerome," show that genre may be the highest art; for, though the true definition of high art is the highest rendering of the highest subject, we can all see that a mean thing treated highly is higher than a high thing treated meanly. For instance, a plum, painted by William Hunt, is higher art than a Christ entering Jerusalem daubed by Haydon.

With Hogarth began English painting. He, the poor engraver's apprentice, has left us a wonderful panorama of Walpole's age. He first really tried to paint the novel—to produce the stage on canvas. Wholesome art—but whether pleasing or not, the sturdy little man did not much care. At the same time, Wilson rose up to found idealized landscape; which Gainsborough, in a brown, skirmishing way, full of grace and feeling, but careless and sketchy in manner, carried much further, by confining himself to English landscapes which no one would buy. Then came Reynolds, to lay down critical laws for us, and to prove that a great English portrait-painter might exist, who could unite the solidity of Titian to the grace of

Vandyck. As for poor tame West—industrious enough, and lucky enough, but no genius—he too helped to break the swaddling-bands from young Art; for he had the courage, in his “Death of Wolfe,” to paint that general in a tail-coat, and not in a toga. Fuseli showed us the capers and gymnastics of Art; and Opie lent us some coarse power and violent expression.

Poor wrong-headed Barry split on the same rock as did Haydon afterwards. Believing the sublime must necessarily be the large, he forgot that the large is not necessarily the sublime. But after all, with all our struggles and hopes, we must not forget that it is in the Dutch school, headed by Hogarth as a satirist and teacher, and Wilkie as a storyteller and sketcher, that our nation has hitherto chiefly excelled. Large pictures will not sell, and classical pictures will not sell. We have no room for them: the mercantile world do not know the classics, and do not understand the pictures. There are no longer rich monasteries to buy large pictures, and in our churches they are forbidden. But though, *ceteris paribus*,

a small picture never can be so sublime as a large one—size being one of the most obvious and best-known elements of the sublime—the largest mind may find room to exercise its enchantment almost as well in a small volume as in an epic. There is no fear of the canvas being too small, if the mind is only large enough. We have not yet met with many minds too large for their canvas. We have met a great many too small.

In landscape, from some old Saxon early love, the English have always excelled on paper and on canvas. On paper, too, in a double sense, for water-colours are an English invention: and an English triumph, from the early days of Sandby and Varley to those of the great autocrat of colour—Turner himself. Seascapes we have always produced, and always purchased eagerly. We are still making discoveries in the shape and grouping of skies and leaves.

Nor can we conclude without noticing the P.R.B.'s, those children of the last heresy of English art, that latest development of change in the English school. Like all heresies, we

consider it as a sign of a want, and at the same time of an abuse which needs correction; all that is good in it will live, all that is bad we hope will pass away into the grave of bygone Academicism and Eclecticism. It sprang from the German ascetic revival of Cornelius and his crew, and came to us wrapped in the white stole of Puginism. It originated, no doubt, in that Gothic renaissance which Wordsworth began, leading us back to truth, through ultra, and at first rather caricatured, simplicity. It began with splay feet, hideous worn faces, red hair, corduroys, vegetable peculiarities, crimson sheep, worsted-work clouds, and other exceptionable oddities. In its love of chivalry and ecclesiastical romance of a past time, Pre-Raphaelitism is Tennysonian. If it points anywhere it seems to point, in its cleverest representatives, Ford, Maddox Brown, Millais, Rosetti, and Holman Hunt, to a sort of semi-Venetian school, with the sentiment of modern poetry illustrated by a Veronese and Giorgione type of colour. At present, in its weaker representatives, it tends to a tinted stained-glass

style, in which surface colour is attained at the expense of soundness and solidity. As for their painful finish, we need not much fear it; for, at that peculiar stage of success, when the painter turns manufacturer, all this will be cast off as a slough, and the race of rising P.R.B.'s will soon learn, when they once get out of the hot air of clique flattery, that the great public have no sympathy now for knights in gilded mail, in mystic ladies of Shalotte, in nuns digging graves, or in melancholy princesses sitting at twilight windows, with golden cushions on their laps: they will find that all that antiquarian frippery suits only the drawing-room and the student race, not the wide corduroy world. The large world want the old heart-ache painted; mothers parting from children, death-beds, lovers joining hands, and all the old humours and passions of the abstract man. A great picture should translate into every language, and require no book-comment to eke out its meaning. Pre-Raphaelitism, if it died to-morrow, has, however, given us, through Mr. Millais, de-

lightful imaginations ; through Mr. Rosetti,
exquisite sketches ; through Mr. Holman Hunt,
a truly great picture.

CHAPTER X.

GREEK ART.

IN a gallery of Greek statues, with no toil at Universities, no slow scholastic steps, you may bring mature intellects to realize the mythology of a people who seemed, unlike all other nations, to care little about truth, or what meaning lay within the myth they taught, so it were beautiful in form and radiant with poetry. If Jove was degraded into mortal shape he was also the deity at whose frown earth shook to its centre, the shepherd of the lagging clouds, the ruler of men, the friend of kings, the majestic being in whom the past, the present, and the future were centred. If Pan was lewd and earthly, he loved Syrinx, and carved

green pipes, to pipe to the memory of the transformed maiden. All nature had its animating spirits to their eye, and they cared little for external nature, unless it could be seen through idealizations of the human form. Their poets do not dwell on the rushing river, hurrying on with all the aspirations and eager avidity of eternal youth, never resting, never ceasing, its wild aim never fulfilled, yet its impetuous longing never-ending, the eternity of motion, the impenetrability of unattainable craving; but with them it is the frolic dance of the white armed nymphs, who bear off the beautiful youth Hylas, as he stoops down to the stream brink to fill his vase, while the shout of the warring Hercules is heard over the distant mountain. Sophocles has a word or two for the sorrowing nightingale, and Plato for the shady plane-tree, and the murmuring Illyssus; but a page of Keats contains more sensuous appreciation of external nature than can be found in all the volumes from Sappho to Theocritus. If they looked up at a mountain, it was to see Mercury new lighted on its summit. If they stayed to smell the blossoms of

the vineyards, it was to look around, fearfully dreaming of nestling fairies and Bacchantes sleeping in the green and golden shadows. Through the storm the seamen round the Symplegades heard the hoarse trumpets of the Tritons, or a distant sun-gleam showed them Amphitrite sinking slowly through the wave; and when the Grecian rower leant wearily over the taffrail of the galleys of Themistocles or Phocion, it was to spy through the semi-transparent depths the nymphs lifting up their broad tapestries of seaweed, that they might sink a thousand fathoms down to the coral chambers of the sea-king Neptune. The rainbow was alive to them with winged shapes; in the moonlight they saw spirits descending to entrance the shepherds sleeping on the mountains. Heaven in their mind was so entwined and intermarried with earth, that the one had become a mere vestibule of the other. All nature appeared but as a background to the human form. We, perhaps, make the human form too much what a landscape painter does his figures; for our poets are landscape painters, and in our landscapes the human species dwins

dles down to less importance than a bunch of dock leaves, or an old post.

If we have gained by the boundless pleasures that the contemplation of Nature presents, we have lost by sacrificing our appreciation of the naked figure,—and modern dress has been the death of sculpture.

The Greeks, then, with their human mythology, in which the gods were not things apart from men, but only men with higher power, threw their whole genius upon realizing this humble ideal, and accomplished it. We say humble ideal, because the abstraction of beauty, however difficult to realize, must be less difficult than the mysteries of man's redemption, or the glories and horrors of a future state. In the *Venus de Medici* we have the most perfect conception of pure female beauty, apart from intellect, that ever has, or perhaps ever can be, attained. In Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment," we have but faint shadowings of the greatest event that our religion foretells; and yet it is higher in degree than the Grecian work; and though it deals with things not a whit more true than the Greek abstract,

which is a truth of the human mind independent of all religion, is infinitely more impressive and more sublime. The Greek statue may have some irradiation of an angel's beauty, but the Florentine canvas is gloomed with the soot and blackness of the mouth of Hell, and lit by the splendour of the Gates of Heaven.

Rome, Naples, Florence, Paris, and even the cities of Germany, have each in turn contributed to the aggrandisement of Art. Pope, king, cardinal, and duke, have all given tribute; the spoilers have rendered up their spoil; the magi have strewn their treasures. Art is not only Greek—Venus is now at the loom; Diana amongst the spindles; Mars works at a boiler; Mercury teaches at a ragged school, and Vulcan looks grimy as a stoker. Yet, in all these orbits, among the roar, and gush, and hiss, and the rattle, din, and pounding of shop and work-room, the eternal types of possible beauty will soothe and elevate, and be as angel dreams and whispers of hope and perfection. The minds that wrought the great works of Greek art may have been ambitious, restless, and fickle, but they could not have been gross or brutal.

Immured within lies the Greek spirit—the spirit of Homer and of Æschylus, of Sophocles and Plato. In that gambolling foam is something of the spirit of Aristophanes; the jests of Hierocles are not all dead, while that satyr's mask still gapes wide.

Dead Mars and buried Mercury are as potent over us as the saints we worshipped not 300 years since. They recall more delicious visions, are surrounded by a brighter halo, are embalmed in our memories, and dwell in a recess of it, oftener visited, and more honoured; they are obsolete coin, it is true, not known in the market-place or the theatre, but still true bullion, and worth its weight at the changer's; not current coin, milled and glittering, but precious ore all the same, and from a mine as high and deep. Poets do more to perpetuate false faiths than whole generations of priestly hierarchies and lying oracles uttering what is not. A temple may be shattered, but the poem is immortal. The pagan lie is a great bird of prey, and dominates over the country for a time, till some new and purer faith comes like a Hercules, and transfixes it with his dart. But

poems are butterflies, too numerous and too small for his shafts; they come in flocks like sparrows, and nestle under your eaves, and build in your chamber, and no fowler may wring their necks, or string them to his girdle; but the poem perpetuates, after all, only what is true—the Beautiful that lives because it deserves to live, and is itself a truth.

These statues were to the early Christians the hateful images of detestable idols. Their paganism has long died out of them, for us; they are not now branches of an entangled forest of poisoned upases, where no sunbeam might enter—but rather dead leaves, lying at our feet, still ribbed and curiously veined, and bright with the unfading colours, not of their autumn, but of their perennial spring.

As we contemplate the triumphs of Greek art, the mind, dazzled and drunk with beauty, is carried back involuntarily into the remoter past, into other regions and forms of life, and modes of thought, no longer extant. Amongst such visions as these lived men whose errors we perhaps still share in, and whose virtues we have still to reach. These were the great mas-

ters in those realms of thought where we are now learning the A B C. Such were the opponents of the Persian, the conquerors at Marathon, the men whose red blood rained out at Thermopylæ, or dyed the sea of Salamis. Here lived the men who threw the shell into the urn against Aristides, and who poured out the green juice for Socrates; who trod the desert with Alexander, and who shouted "Thalatta" with Xenophon. A race that left some traces behind them of their existence, perhaps in the eyes of the divinity almost as admirable as steam-engines or railways; another walk of mind, but not an inferior one, dealing more with the mind than the body, less the result of concentrated instincts and accumulative observation, but not less tending to the world's progress. We have long since left the Doric temple of the Corinthian doorway, but we still look back wistfully, uncertain whether we have been advancing, or merely going round and round; our position is a fresh one, but not much nearer to the goal of human aspiration.

What themes for speculation are these Ro-

man and Greek works!—companions of the Cæsars and tenants of Athenian temples! Two empires have passed away, merely to furnish us with objects of wonder and delight! Men have thought, and toiled, and bled, and fought, and wept, and suffered, to fill the Art-halls of England with these reproductions of their toil, passed away as the Antediluvian monsters before man. I wot, as the stones of our pavements are full of the shells of dead creatures, so is the present built upon the past. We walk upon roads covered with pounded altars of the Druids; the walls of Roman fortresses are built in our church towers; we ourselves shall pave the path of the future.

Will sculpture ever revive? The marble cliffs of the Cyclades still glitter over that blue *Ægean* which the gilded oars of the Persian Satraps beat into foam. There is still stone to be hewn at Paros; the bee of Hy-mettus feeds upon the purple thyme, whose roots are twining over uncarved statues. Unshapen Venuses sleep silent in the quarries of Pentelicus, ready to awaken when genius utters

the talismanic word; the mould of the Apollo, still unbroken, lurks half covered by the acanthus, in some green corner of the world. Let but genius arise from the dead, and the mute stone, too, will start to life. From this pavement might be chiselled forms as fair as ever poet dreamed of; there is gold enough to coin with, could we but forge again the stamp of divinity. Genius alone is the true Prometheus that can come and breathe the breath of life into the wayside rock, and bid it rise from its age-long slumber, "a thing of beauty," and a "joy for ever."

In considering these statues, the question naturally arises, what enabled a country smaller than Portugal—at its greatest length but a poor 250 miles, in its breadth 180—to achieve such wonders? Was there ever on the world's surface such an aggregate of intellect as crowded itself into the eighty miles that formed the territory of Athens? A country rugged with rock, chilled with snow, with a craggy, uninviting seaboard, almost destitute of ports, and scantily furnished with objects of barter or commerce—a more unpromising nook for great men to nestle in could

scarcely be found. The broad plains of Mesopotamia furnish room for the evolutions of the cavalry of all Europe. Constantinople sees Europe and Asia like vassals at her throne. Venice is great, like England, from the moat that defends it. Round Alexandria the navies of the world may float, but who could expect the tree of life to have taken root round the pines of Cithæron, or the plains of Hæmus? Was it since so little could be done for the body that the soul drew all nutriment for itself? Did the protection of the rocky fastnesses, and the fierce hunger for liberty produced by the never-ceasing wars that eventually destroyed Greece, give time to these favoured children of the Supreme to mature their strength for the world's conflict? They were attacked by the Persians and the Medes; and from defending they grew to brave the terrors of Susa and Ecbatana, to learn that silver spears and silken robes did not constitute power or courage; and Asia became their trembling prey. Their blade of fine temper came in contact with the short sword of the Roman, and it shivered like a blade of ice; they pierced the heart of the

Persian Colossus, and were about to sack his palace, when the horn of the Romans sounded over the Euphrates, and a mightier than they took possession. Providence threw them away like a broken weapon; yet from this land came the perfection of almost every branch of human thought—poetry, philosophy, and mathematics. Homer and Euclid, the poles of the mind, are not to be superseded; men do not yet treat Plato's "Reveries of Egypt" as old wives' tales, or the pathos of Euripides as unintelligible words. We labour for years to acquire a difficult and unspoken language, merely that we may learn the wisdom of these men. It is the first thing we teach our children—the last thing we ourselves forget; it survives in our memory the names of friends and kinsmen. Our poets still con their horn-books in the great school where blind Homer teaches. Why have the works of these men alone the gift of eternity?

We know that from Greece alone their uncreative conquerors drew their poetry, their science, and their philosophy. The Greeks subdued the minds of their Italian conquerors, and

so enriched their spoilers, that they in their turn became the historians, the poets, the orators of Europe. Strange, too, that the old Greek spirit should revive again the middle age—should prove stronger than priestcraft or chivalry—should subdue all literature to itself—and should originate the Reformation. A Grecian sage furnished from his writings the scholastic theology of the middle ages; the statues of Greece inspired Raphael, and fired Michael Angelo; the study of Grecian authors revived the literature of the fifteenth century, the modern drama is half borrowed from the Greek stage. Grecian sculpture formed the renaissance sculptors, as it directs those of our own day; Grecian mythology opened a fresh world to the modern poet, and without it our brightest pages would grow blank. The myths of an impure but beautiful faith are more potent than the records of a perfect creed. Our best Madonnas are but pale reflections of the Attic Venus. We go up half-way to the moon, we visit the bed of the sea, we make invisible essences do our “meanest chares,” we laugh at time for we go faster, we annihilate

space, we travel swifter than the planets, and with bottled lightning we amuse our children; yet have we not learned to rear a Phidias or a Lysippus. We have had nineteen centuries of schooling, and we are still drudging at the bottom of the form.

How came the Greeks, then, to excel? They had no cities of columnar chimneys looking up into the clouds; no trains from Thebes to Corinth, with branch lines to Athens and Sparta; no electric wires from Delphi to Dardona; no suspension bridge over the Dardanelles. We can give no reason for their triumphs, and content ourselves with the mere confession of ignorance, by attributing it to the chance combination of fortunate circumstances—a way of judging of Providence something like that of a lady who explained all mechanical contrivances as being “done somehow with a screw.”

Greek art seems to have originated in religious aspiration. The first sculptor strove not to enrich the palace of Miltiades, or the rich chambers of the voluptuary Alcibiades, but to adorn his country's temple, and to express all the ardour of his unhesitating faith. Great

nations are always most religious at the climax of their greatness. Leonidas saw the faces of the gods smiling upon him as the Persians darkened up the pass, and he cried to his men, "Rejoice, for to-night we sup in Hades!" Cicero, speaking of his own countrymen, says, "The Spaniards excelled them in numbers, the Gaul in bodily strength, the Carthaginians in subtlety, and the Greeks in genius; but there was one thing in which the Romans went beyond all the nations of the earth, and that was, in piety, religion, and a deep and spiritual persuasion that all human concerns are regulated by the disposal and providence of the immortal gods." A deep and earnest belief of God's direction and favour led the Greeks to victory at Marathon, as it led Mohammed to the destruction of the Pagan Koreish. A trust in God nerved the English arm that repelled the Spaniard, as it did the Greek when he rushed against the gilded galleys of Persia. The highest act needs inspiration from the highest faculty man possesses—and that is, the religious faculty.

From its outset Greek art seems to have

been based on religion. There was a demand for religious sculpture, and the demand was supplied. At the time that the religious multitude craved for visible forms of a sensuous faith, there were found men whose minds craved such an exercise. It is difficult in such cases to know whether the supply creates the demand, the demand the supply, or whether demand and supply be merely contemporaneous. It was reserved for a later age, and for the enslaved workmen, to create mere images to gratify luxury, or to pander to the baser feelings. Art, which at every stage of growth, and in every country, proceeds from a veneration and desire to reproduce God's work, and is, therefore, in a degree religious, was in itself at first actually a religion. The Greek who imagined strongest the actions of the gods, wrote down his imaginations, and became a Homer or a Pindar. He who saw best their visible form, grew into the Phidias and Praxiteles. Neither Homer nor Phidias invented the fables of Jove and Minerva; but they must have impressed deeply on the minds of their nation the reality of the deities they

presented to their eyes and minds. They gave vitality and shape to a faith before their time somewhat vague and visionary.

Greek Art, starting from so high a ground, could not but deteriorate in purity as it advanced, though it might progress in execution and facility. The early sculpture of *Ægina* and the Parthenon had thought, and the later Art finish. It answered to the usual stages of rise and fall—to the paintings of Giotto compared with Correggio, or the rude carvings of the early English with the elaborations of the decorated; the monks' lily and the lace work and flowers of Gibbons, fresco cyphers and the labour of Gerard Dow.

The great German critic, Winckelmann, attributes the Greek superiority in Art to the influence of climate, to the freedom of their constitution, and to the national honour paid to Art.

In the first place, their genial, equal climate was favourable to physical and mental development. The Greek was strong and cheerful; and, from the beauty of his race, endowed with a love of beauty in either sex. By us mascu-

line beauty is slighted, and considered only worthy the attention of a woman. Young men remarkable for their beauty were looked upon with respect, and distinguished by prominent places in the great religious processions. Critobulus, in Xenophon's Symposium, cries out—"I swear by all the gods, I would not choose the power of the great king in preference to beauty."

Oppian says that the Spartan women placed in their sleeping rooms statues of the youthful gods, that they might influence their mind, and that they might bear beautiful children. Dion Chrysostom asserts that in the time of Trajan manly beauties had ceased to be an object of regard; and we know that at that time Greek Art was dying daily. The dullest mind instinctively feels the beauty of the opposite sex; to appreciate that of one's own requires a higher cultivation of artistic feeling.

Grecian freedom gave birth to the noblest aspirations, nor checked them in the development. It took a whole nation to build a pyramid or drag a logan, but one man carved the Apollo; and the same hand that thought out the subject hewed the stone.

The third cause was the respect paid to Art by the Grecian people, and the demand for their labours. With the Greeks statues were necessities of life. A temple was a mere dark inclosure of four walls without the consecrating deity; a statue was a reward for every virtue, for physical as well as mental excellence. Pindar had a statue, so had Entelidas, the athlete of Elis. The very horses that carried off the prizes in the chariot race served as models for native groups. The demand was constant, public opinion and religion sanctified private vanity and the pride of the conqueror. The victors at the games had statues erected to them in their native places, so that even their kinsmen shared their glory. The aspiration of the sea and mountain led them above all the calmer and tamer excellence of the arts of a flat pastoral country. The Dutchman paints his cabbage and his broomstick—the Greek carves his Apollo. The Greek artists were so honoured, that they were allowed to place their own statues beside their works, to inscribe their names upon the figures even of the gods, and on works the property of

kings. No slave to fashion, or private caprice, or the ignorance of a crowd, the works of the Greek artist were judged in public by the wisest arbitrators of Greece. Drawing and music were part of all men's education. He had no transitory caprice to follow, or idle public to attract: he had but to do his best. The smallest invention in the meanest Art was regarded with respect. Down to the times of the emperors, the names of the great jewellers and silversmiths of early Greece were still remembered.

Greek Art intended for the decoration of temples and public buildings preserved a grandeur impossible, among those who labour for drawing-rooms and boudoirs, whose works are sold and removed, have no abiding place, are liable to all the casualties of private life, and are seen but by a few. The Greek artist, when he erected his statue, knew that it would become the wonder and admiration of half the civilized world, would remain where it was erected for ages, and must become the type of all future poets, painters, and sculptors.

We have thus seen that Greek Art was an

emanation of religious feeling, and was neither devoted to perpetuate petrifications of self, to render vanity eternal, or ugliness immortal. The Greek, a simple citizen at home, poor as Aristides or Phocion, or even when he was rich as Pericles or Alcibiades, kept the best part of his wealth to lavish on his temple and his market-place.

The real secret, however, of the Greek success in Art seems to lie in their early, undivided, and untiring worship of the beautiful; for this they disregarded every other property of Art—variety, novelty, vigour, even truth itself. Thousands of Venuses showed the perennial longing to realize the unrealizable.

Their earliest sculpture was the image of a god in the shape of man—not because it was not man they represented, but man heightened by divinity. They strove by combination of beauties, seldom uniting in the same model, to work out the unattainable excellence of their dream. They believed that the highest beauty was in God—the highest, both moral, intellectual, and physical. “They thought,” says a German writer, “that the nearest approach to the divinity, unattainable as it might

be, was in the perfect human form, taken at its ideal or highest moment."

Every nation has its ideal moment — when an enemy is repulsed or destroyed, when it rises like Samson and bursts its chain, when it gropes out into light like Lazarus. Every man has his ideal moment—his moments of highest love, religion, or self-devotion; when he swears his love, when he weeps in penitence, when he perishes to save his children. The Greek strove, by an aggregate of beauties, to fashion a being as free from every flaw as Adam was, rising to life beneath God's hand. Zeuxis painted his "Juno" from fine beautiful women of Crotona; adding to the beauty of each something which the artist alone could give, and which alone could render such patchwork available. The elliptic, the very line the artist so much loved, is the essential line of the Gothic window—a shape which, Mr. Ruskin beautifully observes, is a favourite one with Nature, being found in almost all our fairest leaves—giving an aspect of perpetual youth to some of their deities, and of age to others; they shed on all a semblance of eternity,

representing youth without its weakness, childhood without its feebleness, and age without its infirmities. The mere imitation of individual nature seemed to them beneath the dignity of an art that strove to create the unseen, and not re-create the seen.

The beautiful became all in all to them, originating in their sensuous mythology, which really acknowledged no spiritual world or undefined essence, but only God-men, with increased powers and enlarged capacities. The three wishes of the wise Greeks were—"to be *beautiful*, healthy, and rich." The Greek education realized the equal cultivation of the physical, the moral, and the intellectual; they learnt to be strong, good, and wise; they had few fox-hunters, who never think or pray; students who bleach over books till they die young, with their aspirations unaccomplished; they felt none of that black hypochondria that makes half of our great thinkers visionaries, or that drives us to day-dreams in place of action. The thinker and the doer were not then necessarily separated or antagonistic. Study and thought was a relaxation from the

foot-race and the wrestle, the *discus* and the *cestus*, from the poem or the oration. Their minds were healthy, out-of-door, daylight minds; their errors did not spring from diseased livers, late suppers, or feverish midnights, but from obliquities of the age and race. What they did well, they did better than any nations before or since. Their final destruction arose from the firm maintenance of a great principle injuriously restricted; and had Athens loved liberty less, union might have given an impetus to Grecian intellect, that would have insured fresh conquests over the world of thought. They believed rightly that a sound mind needed to be backed up by a sound body; they did not deem it necessary that an advanced civilization should necessarily bring up men more helpless than the savage, with observation dulled, health impaired, and instinct dormant. Many of their most famous philosophers distinguished themselves by carrying off prizes at the sacred games. Socrates saved the life of Alcibiades; Thucydides was a general and a statesman; Plato and Pythagoras, Cle-anthus and Chrysippus, were all renowned for

their personal strength. They wrote like athletes—and about our literature, in comparison, there is all the punyness of enervated bodies; a successful tragedian and a victorious wrestler are more nearly on a par than we can well imagine. The whole city went out to welcome a victor at the Olympic games; statues were raised to his honour; gymnasia were built for his use; he was maintained at the public expense; and his children were provided for. They did not pay this homage to the mere possessor of brute strength; the mercenary seller of his own blood, or the very loathsome, hired homicide of our modern prize-ring; but they paid it to him whose patience and courage were tried by arduous trainings and reiterated struggles; whose courage fronted death hourly, and who, by art and education, had doubled the primary powers that nature had given him.

The poorest as well as the richest Greek had his daily bath, and would as soon have thought of forgetting his food as the exercise more necessary for the sedentary citizen than the peasant. The result of this hereditary training was that in no country,

and in no period of the world, has the human form attained to such perfection as in Greece. The physical training gave strength; the moral, grace; and nature heightened both by the pre-existing gift of beauty. Prizes were given throughout Helles to the most beautiful youths; in Sparta, that scarcely produced an artist, and even among the rude mountaineers and shepherds of Arcadia. Men were known throughout the Grecian world for the beauty of a single feature; kings were considered honoured by a name that particularized their beauty. Their poets, while they pay little regard to external nature—for the love of which we have to thank Christianity—speak of the dewy forehead, the swimming eye, the eye-brow arched like the Graces, the eye-lid curving like the vine-tendril, and hair crisp as the hyacinth.

Among such a people then, so beautiful and so devoted to the beautiful, did the Grecian sculptor study the human form—the noblest work that proceeded from the hand of God. Even to-day, among the beggars and hill robbers of Epirus or Macedon, are seen faces worthy of Helen of Argos, whose beauty was so universal that every

one believed himself allied to her, and for whose love Troy perished. Daily in baths and gymnasia, by the river side, or stripping and anointing before the combat, the finest forms of Greece moved around the sculptor, till their beauty became a part of his own mind. He began life with a capital of thought with which modern artists leave it; his imagination took flight from so high a level that its lowest soarings transcended our loftiest endeavours. In daily wrestlings, leapings, runnings, climbings, the richest mind must have found suggestions. He had not to trust to shivering models of low birth, unrefined in expression, coarse and vulgar by nature and by habit, depraved by suffering, emaciated by poverty, with forms marred by vice and infamy; the greatest beauties of antiquity were the types from which Zeuxis painted and Apelles drew; the noble youth of Athens stripped for the Palæstra, needed little idealization to represent the youthful Apollo, or the more graceful Apollino.

It is still a question amongst artists whether the Greeks studied anatomy. We think few minds unobscured by controversial prejudice or

artistic theory could fail to discern their deep knowledge of the internal, as influencing the external; mere guess-work could never be invariably correct, and accidental imperfection would be inevitably visible. We cannot doubt that they studied deeply, at least in the later ages, both comparative and general anatomy; and had the self-denial not to use their knowledge pedantically, but to keep it subservient to their thought. We know that the vast learning of Michael Angelo did not prevent him from giving up in despair his attempt to repair the right arm and hand of the Laocöon; years of dissection did not enable him, with all his display of knowledge, to evince the science visible in one limb of the fighting gladiator; nor has any reparation of the antique by any modern sculptor been completely successful; and the modern work beside the ancient looks like a milliner's flower of printed muslin beside a rose of Damascus. We are told they dissected apes, and are reminded of the superstitious reverence paid to the dead by the Greeks; but that is no real objection—the Greek artist could have attended the sick, and watched the amputation of limbs, and could have dissected

those limbs. There could have been little religious scruple about the bodies of executed criminals, dead prisoners, or barbaric slaves; and certain secrecy and connivance would have removed even those difficulties. A scalpel, after all, only does neatly what the sword does rudely; and the burying or burning of dissected bodies would have removed every scruple. The Egyptians did not dissect; and what was the consequence? They left off, after a thousand years' study, nearly where they began.

Grecian sculpture is peculiarly precious, because it is all that time has left us of Grecian Art. Time has withered all the paintings of Apelles and Protogenes, as ruthlessly as it has the leaves of last summer; and of Grecian painting we have scarcely a trace preserved. However admirable their works, they were, it is supposed, ignorant of light and shade, and of perspective and of landscape. With the exceptions of the arabesques at the baths of Titus, or Mæcenas's villa at Tivoli, and the mere decorative ornamentation at Pompeii, we have nothing but traditions by which to form a judgment. The old woman whose portrait

threw the artist into fatal convulsions of laughter—the foaming dog, which the sponge, thrown at in despair, completed successfully—are alike lost. The story of birds pecking at grapes, that Zeuxis coloured, is repeated in the studios of Spain and Flanders, and indicates no very successful imitation. That a cow lowed at its bronze image by Myron we can easily believe, since a horse neighed at the Elgin frieze when Haydon was present. We know that the “Jove” of Phidias was scarcely more celebrated than the great picture by Apelles of “Venus Rising from the Sea,” painted from that Campaspe whom the generous king bestowed upon the happy artist. Of the Greek power of design every cameo and relief is a proof. The group of Niobe, and of the Farnese bull, would imply a high power of composition in sculpture, which it would not be difficult to transfer to painting.

Not only, however, did religion sanctify Grecian Art, but religion rewarded it when it had sanctified it. And this is indispensable for the maintenance of a national art; for it is an easy thing to light a fire, but it requires care and fuel to keep it blazing. Ge

nus, if it soar like the lark, toiling ever towards a sun it may not reach, has still its nest and home on earth. Art is a question of supply and demand, as much as any other trade which men carry on for bread; there must be a demand first, or there will be no supply. The middle-age intellect ran purely to theology; the musician wrote church-music, the bard hymns to the Virgin, the architect built churches, the painters painted chapel frescoes, and Paternoster Row in the thirteenth century was a cloister. The age built cathedrals, and needed cathedrals; instantly the solid stone budded into life, the stone tendrils twined and clung, and threw out flowers and clustered leaves over roof and pillar. When it needed pictures, Raphael leapt forth, brush in hand, and Michael Angelo stood forward to do then what he could not do now for want of a wall. The Greeks, full of municipal pride, and eager for favour, erected daily statues votive and triumphant; their sensuous and creative faith required incarnation in stone—they used up Alps of marble in statues, from that of Homer down to that of a simple tile-maker. Islands

and states became known for the number or excellence of their sculptors; cities were honoured for a particular statue; wars were made about statues—they became subjects of national controversy; whole nations shared the triumphs and jealousies of their leading artists; their rights were remembered even amid the shock of arms. When Thebes was burnt, Alexander spared the house of Pindar; when Demetrius besieged Rhodes, he left the quarter of Protogenes untouched. Socrates himself was a sculptor. The Greek led armies, shook senates, and conquered nations, and came home to dream of beauty in his modelling-room. The artists were the true high-priests of Greece—the interpreters of the unseen by the seen. We may imagine the number of their works by the fact that in that great marine store-shop of stolen goods, imperial Rome, there were more statues than inhabitants; and that in one campaign alone the last king of Macedonia is said to have destroyed 2,000 statues. Remember all those still existing, and those that must have been reduced to shapelessness by the ignorance or fanaticism

of the Roman, Goth, Lombard, Hun, Frank, early Christian, iconoclast Guelph, Condottieri, and all the cameos and reliefs that have perished in the same way.

The very sensuousness and imperfection of Grecian mythology heightened Grecian imagination and enriched that art. It was itself the most beautiful dream of the world's youth. In no other faith is the all-powerful spirit of the beautiful more conspicuous. The Mohammedan has his angels of the dead, and his rebel giants—the Scandinavian had his hell-snakes and his colossal spirits of evil; but these legends of Pan and Mercury, Dryad and Nymph, are marred by no frost giants, no monstrous afrits, no ghouls that feed on the dead, nor vampires that burrow in the new grave and revivify corruption; no lemures, no gibbering dwarfs or luminous mine spirits; even the Medusa they represent calm and sorrowful, the Furies beautiful in form and image, and the Fates like winged angels; they had loathsome Charon, but he appears in no fable; and the legends of the Hydra, Chimera, Har-

pies, and Gorgons are single incidents, not much regarded by the sculptor.

We are scarcely able to judge of Grecian Art by the few fragments of antiquity that time has preserved; we might as well venture to describe the surface of the Pre-Adamite earth from a fragment of primæval rock. With a few glorious exceptions, rather curiosities than perfect works, we might as well judge of the new launched vessel by a wave-worn plank drifted up upon the beach—as well write a survey of a shivered planet after merely examining an aerolite that has fallen from it to the earth.

Beautiful as are the Apollo and the Venus, the Laocöon is, perhaps, the only original specimen of ancient Art preserved which is distinctly mentioned in the old writers; but with copies of old originals and works of the late Emperors we are amply provided. When we remember that before the time of Praxiteles, the contemporary of Alexander the Great, and the leader of the decorative or last phase of Art, Venuses were seldom represented entirely

naked, and Fairies were rarely introduced into sculpture, being mere ornaments for private houses, we may at once infer from how late a period the greater part of our modern sculpture must be dated.

Yet still exist—long since severed from each other it may be, but still preserved—the same statues about whose marble magnificence the smoke of Corinth rose heavenward in rich incense clouds to the God of battles, and the golden trumpets of Nero rang like shrieks of the Furies through the groves of Athens. The same wonderful productions of human genius—broken steps of that old ladder that once joined earth and heaven, and down which the descending angels trod in their hourly ministrings. The powers that reared the Titanic sublimity of the Pyramids, or conceived the exhaustless fertility of a Gothic cathedral, must have been both united in the genius that fashioned the Apollo. An old legend says that sinless man knew the language of animals—a bygone race framed the Apollo and broke the mould for ever. A

Greek statue is a poem written in stone. Our sculptors, in comparison, have not got beyond shaping snow men, and their heads do not reach to the knee of the Apollo.

The very road-dust of modern Athens formed once, perhaps, a part of the noblest works of Phidias. We have only the lumber of her Art. Her soul has flown, and only the mere mummy-case remains behind. Where are the 1,500 works in bronze executed by Lysippus? Where the 500 statues that Nero plucked from the pedestals of Delphi? Of Phidias's great statues of gold and ivory, his "Minerva" and "Jupiter," not a fragment remains; of Scopas and Myron we have, perhaps, merely copies; the "Standard" of Polyclethus, the "Cow" of Myron, the Venuses of Scopas and Praxiteles, the "Cupid" of Lysippus, are to us as though they never were. Even the "Belvidere Apollo" is by good authorities supposed to be only a late copy of the bronze original, and at earliest of the age of Nero. The "Laocöon" is attributed by some to the age of Titus. Of Phidias we have only those Titanic torsos, the Elgin marbles, supposed to

be by his hand, or, at least, of his design. The very names of the greater part of the antique statues are uncertain, and are generally the christenings of ignorant auctioneers and fraudulent dealers. An Isis of to-day appears to-morrow as a Hebe, or is finally degraded to an Ariadne; and this is no uncommon instance. But is it not better, rather than being querulous, to congratulate ourselves on the few rich bales of merchandise that the divers have nevertheless recovered from the old wreck? What revolutions and convulsions, what earthquakes and floods, what sieges, sacks, and pillagings, must they have escaped, these same statues, on which the eyes of Pericles and Plato¹ may have rested? Think of the Ætolian wars, of Mummius and Sylla, of Egis and Antiochus, of the iconoclastic tumults—of the early Christian fanaticism, in whose legends Venus figured as an archdemon, and Cupid as her chief imp; of the Goths, the Huns, and the Lombards; of the tumults of the Guelphs and Ghibellines, of the faction-fights of the Orsini and the Colonnas; of attacks of people on nobles, and

nobles on people. They have been hurled from the walls of Rome at the yellow-haired Vandals; they have been built as ramparts against the Goths; they have been scorched and scathed, buried and broken, imprisoned in vineyard-walls, and sunk in tanks and wells!

Who can wonder, after all the vicissitudes of Italian history, that in the fifteenth century only six antique statues were known to exist in Rome. The treasure-seekers dug beneath the living city down among the dead, deep amid the ashes of Cæsar, Juvenal, Nero, and Titus. The "Fighting Gladiator" and the "Apollo" they found among the ruins of Nero's marine villa, at Antium, but nearly all the rest at Rome; "Laocöon," in the baths of Titus; the "Antinous," in the Esquiline Hills; the "Venus de Medicis," near the theatre of Marcellus; the "Farnese Hercules," at the baths of Caracalla; the "Barberini Faun," in the ditch beneath the Mole of Hadrian; and the "Dying Gladiator" in the gardens of Sallust. The spoilers who stripped off the gold and jewels from these chambers left the statues as mere lumps of useless stone. Some must have been roofed over by sudden

fall of ruins, others were carefully buried and concealed.

Remembering that the ancient sculptors, from a religious convention, rarely deviated from their first type, and that every celebrated statue became a standard for succeeding epochs, we may, perhaps, conclude that there are few celebrated works of the golden age of Greek Art, of which, either by copy, imitation, or plagiarism, cameo or relief, we do not possess some remains.

The "Cupid Bending his Bow," and the "Apolino" by Praxiteles, are probably thus handed down to us. The "Apollo Belvidere" may be that statue of Calamis executed by him in rivalry with Phidias. The Medicean "Venus" may be at least a copy of that of Praxiteles. The Towneley "Discobolus" a counterpart of that of Myron.

The Greek mind was exquisitely balanced by the Greek body. Their writers were no pale, dyspeptic students, "drying their brains" over the midnight lamp, but men who excelled in the Palæstra. Socrates was a wrestler; Plato distinguished himself in trials of strength. These

writers did not wait for feverish moments of vinous inspiration; and their poets dared to write—

“Before the ink was tempered with love sighs.”

They sought nature in the wood and by the fountain, and wrested her secrets from her as they came floating along the breeze, whispering to the flowers of Arcadian meadows, or were muttered in the storms which brood darkly ever round the rocks of Delphi. Pure religion, undefiled, they could not discover, because they had never tasted of

“Siloe’s brook,
That flows fast by the oracle of God.”

But they adored the elements, which to man, unaided by inspiration, seem the movers and causers of all things; and as they became in their own lovely climate more intense lovers of the beautiful, they vivified all nature with living forms: then the butterfly, as it fluttered by on emblazoned wings, the gorgeous herald of spring, seemed to them a happy soul just released from the prisoning body. They saw the nymph, changed into a flower, still turn its head towards the sun; the flaunt-

ing poppy told the reaper of God's vengeance on pride; and the Narcissus the folly of self-love; the laurel as it waved bade them think of Daphne, and the river weed of the nymph beloved by Pan. From this mountain you may see where the sun-god ever visited the earth as a simple shepherd; in yonder city live the descendants of Jove himself; and nearer, at the hill-foot, dwell the children of Hercules. All nature to them had an inner life. Their homes had been the homes of divinity; their first statue had dropped from heaven; the voice of the gods was still echoing at Delphi. The sea could not move, the air undulate, the leaf flutter, without the knowledge of a watchful god. The trees had their guardian dryads, the fountains and streams their nymphs; the rainbow was the messenger of God; flowers were the evidences of divine love and divine vengeance. The very spirit of the Greek religion is a love of the beautiful nature. All religion vibrates between these two poles—Reason and Faith; and the Greeks, like all uninspired

nations, inclined to the excess of faith, just as the German rationalist and the modern dissenter incline to excess of reason.

CHAPTER XI.

MOORISH ART.

THE Alhambra Hill is about 2,690 feet long by 730 feet in its widest part; the walls average 30 feet high, and 6 feet thick; it is shaped like a grand piano, and entirely girdled by walls and towers. The great mosque of the Alhambra, which was ornamented with Mosaic work, and exquisite tracery of the most beautiful patterns, was entirely destroyed by the French, who also blew up six towers, and undermined many others.

Irving and Ford both agree that night is the real time to see this gorgeous tomb of Moorish dominion. The latter traveller says,—"To understand the Alhambra, it should be

lived in, and beheld in the semi-obscure evening, so beautiful of itself in the south, and where ravages are less apparent than when flouted by the gay day glare. At twilight it becomes entirely a vision of the past—daylight dispels the dreamy, tainted air, and we begin to examine, measure, and criticize; while on a stillly summer night all is again given up to the past and to the Moor; then, when the moon, Diana's bark of pearl, floats above it in the air, like his crescent symbol, the tender beam heals the scars, and makes them contribute to the sentiment of widowed loveliness. The wan rays tip the filigree arches, and give a depth to the shadows, and a misty, undefined magnitude to the saloons beyond, which sleep in silence and darkness, broken only by the drowsy flight of some bat. The reflections in the ink-black tank glitter like sub-aqueous silver palaces of Undines. As we linger in the recesses of the windows, below lies Granada, with its busy hum, and the lights sparkle like stars on the obscure Albaicon, as if we were looking down on the reversed firmament. The baying of a dog, and the

twinkling of a guitar there, increased the desolation of the Alhambra. Then, in proportion as all here around is dead, do the fancy and imagination become alive. The halls and courts seem to expand with a larger size—the shadows of the cypresses on the wall assume the forms of the dusky Moor, revisiting his lost home in the glimpses of the moon; while the night winds, breathing through the unglazed windows and myrtles, rustle as his silken robes, or sigh like his lament over the profanation of the unclean infidel and destroyer.”

Below the ruined palace flow the Xenil and Darro, the latter arrowy and swift, and famed for its golden sands; the Darro rises from a myrtle hill near Huetor, the Xenil from the melting crystals of the Sierra Nevada.

From the precipices of the Sierra you see the blue Mediterranean and the faint outline of Africa, the land of the lion and the pyramid—the most wonderful view of coast perhaps seen in the world from mountain height—and inland-jagged sierras, the barriers of Central Castile, rise piled one above another. All vegetation has ceased here; even the hardy lichen

refuses to grow, and yet you may look below on the field of the sugar-cane, and the mulberries where the silk-worm feeds.

There is a modern reproduction of a portion of the building of much interest, because it is constructed of the very material of the original, and wears a bloom and a glow that the old palace of the Granada sultans has long since lost. Between the sharply dispersed stucco of the one, with its newly polished marble scintillating with a rainbow fretwork of interlacing colours, and the shivered alabaster, the mouldering cedar, the broken porcelain, and the faded gilding of the other, there will be as much difference as between a flower just ruffled open by the soft violence of the south wind, and the same blossom with its colours flown, its odour lost, hanging yellow and withering with decay.

The "cachuca is heard now where Arab poets once sung the deeds of Antar; the castanet clatters where the soft flute woke the voice of harmony and love.

The Hall of Lions is, indeed, fit for a soldan's foot. An Arab warrior might forget for ever

his black camel's hair tent, and the date trees of the yellow desert, could he but overlook upon these rich, encrusted walls; and Hafiz himself would renounce the sweet wine of Shiraz for the bitter beer of Bass, were he to gaze on these mural poems, which, never silent to the soul, though voiceless to the ear, fill the Western palace with the soft-hushed melody of distant music.

Mirror your Western face in this alabaster fountain of the far East, carved by some Koran murmurer for a commander of the faithful, when the "Arabian Nights" were newly written, and Aladdin's children were still making mud pies beside Abana and Pharphar, rivers of Damascus. Look how it stands on the back of its grotesque lions, which the Arabic legends very needlessly inform us are as innocuous as the animal that scared Thisbe by moonlight at "Nynny's" tomb. Can all the richness of tapestry, of cloth of gold embroidery, of the shawls of Indian princes, of commingling blossoms, or of those summer clouds that sunset presents in ever-shifting hues, outshine these tessellated walls, which resemble the ever-expanded leaves

of gigantic missals? What gorgeous profusion, what tropical wealth, is there in the tropical imagination that could thus shower all the colours of gems and flowers, of tropical birds' wings, and iridescent plumes, of beetles, shard, and insects' eyes, the glitter of metals, the rich jewellery of mottled serpents' skins, and the dyes of spotted sea-shells upon the fragile frost-work of these colonnades, and the pierced trellises of these alcoves! What an imaginative exultation of splendour there is in these zig-zagged arches and honeycomb roofs, emblazoned with all the pride of Christian heraldry, aided by all the fervour of Oriental fanaticism!

Let us still, however, in the very tumult of our admiration, strive to sober it with moderation. Very inadequate are these rooms, beautiful though they may be, and great as is the skill, and earnest the love, that has reproduced each hue and tone, and sent time groaning away at seeing his proudest destruction so arrested, to convey a correct impression of the original. These rooms are like excellent but short quotations from an

untranslatable poem. Judge the Alhambra by a group of pillars or a horse-shoe arch! As well attempt to judge Homer by a line, or Dante by a sentence!

The costly arabesques, the gilded trellising, and coloured radiations, this honeycomb of gold and azure, this bright petrification of coloured flowers, these stalactite pendants, these glittering crystallisations, so unreal and yet so real, that seem to reform, as you look, like a kaleidoscope, or the brightening of a rainbow growing to its perfect glory; these unfading flower leaves, these fantasies of melodious colouring, that wall you in, and are subdued so gently by the shadows of the roof of those dim chambers, small as jewel caskets, give a very faint conception—beautiful as they are—of the Royal halls, fading gently into a sunset ruin—the silvery symphonies of commingling fountains, crimsoned with falling rose-leaves, or the silver stars of the jessamine; of frescoed roofs, of wild gardens, beautiful in decay; of rich chambers, where the pomegranate blossoms cover the walls with a perpetually-renewing tapestry, richer

than ever Moorish woman could weave; of marble floors silvered with moonlight, or throne chambers regilded and yellowed by the pitying sun. Where are the halls of the two sisters, or of the ambassadors? Where the latticed treasure-rooms of the harem, and the balcony of the Sultana? Where are the chambers where the fountains, murmuring like Moslems at prayer, are ever striving with the silvery laugh of children's voices, as if that ceaseless toil was spent to wash out from the pavement the accusing blood of the Abencerrages? It was those red spots that brought the Christians so dark around the walls of the city of the Moors, that kept their horns thrilling so long, and made their war-cry of "Castile! Castile!" sound so vengefully through these perfumed cloisters. Where is the tower of the Comares, of the watchman, of the Infantas, and of the vine-press, of the aqueduct, and of the seven stories? Where are the throne-rooms and the prisons (built so near together in the East), the mosque and the bath-rooms? Here is the pierced roof, but where is the gilded cedar of Aleppo? Here is the marble fountain, but

where are the alcoves of a hundred pillars, slender and graceful as the palm-grove? The gilded walls are here shimmering with prismatic light like a diamond mine, and gay with the colours of the chameleon and the peacock. The rich fancies of dead poets are here too, flourished in gay scrolls of the letters of Arabia and of Cufa; though the pall of their author, who sleeps at Bassora, by the lone Persian sea, has long since turned black and withered. But the Andalusian climate is still wanted to lend the last glimmer of enchantment to these starry fantasies of Solomon and his ministering genii. A whole summer of Aragon, or two of Estremadura, would not make the soft warmth of a May-day in Andalusia. That is the climate that makes the majo strut in his velvets and tassels, and the maja bound like a fawn in the fandango.

Root up the pyramid, and bring with it no desert and no Nile, and it changes to a mere cube of heavy stone. Transplant the Doge's palace, and through a London fog it looms a dismal factory. It is the endless repetition of

beauty in the Alhambra that changes its grace and gorgeousness into majesty and sublimity; not the one water-pipe, but endless fountains, choked up with roses, and overgrown with spiced blossoms and spiked aloes; not a few braidings of lapis-lazuli and attenuated gold, but leagues of gilded lace-work and rainbow wreathings, forests of slender pillars, their bases hidden by flowers, musical with nightingales, that build there as they do in enchanted gardens; and countless roofs, ribbed and intersected with stars and suns, and Euclid figures, half problems, half flowers—such devices as the houris might create and mould into leaves, as patterns of blossoms for a second Creation.

Add to these wonders, and, a hundred times more than all these, all the changes of a Spanish climate, the delicate veils of almost invisible shadows cast over such regal spots, the resplendent glories of a Southern sun, and the silvery bloom of Andalusian moonlight. It is there that King Boabdil, who wept when he took his last leave of his lost kingdom, holds his shadowy levees of all the spectres of Granada, where headless Abencerrages present

petitions, and jetty Moors of gigantic stature make their bow, and describe the loss of buried treasure, which they had pledged their ghastly word to watch; or, through the arcades built by the crowned descendants of the Omniades, winds the solemn procession of sable nightmares, who presently hurry off in a demon hunt across the broad Vega, or go and pic-nic on tempestuous nights among the eternal snow-peaks of Sierra Nevada, kept warm by a glance of distant Barbary.

The modern reproduction is badly provided with these supernatural appliances, and the groans of the murdered Moors are not heard there as in Granada. Were there all that we ask for, we should still require the broad green Vega, lying like an emerald bowl in the gold chasing of the girdling mountains, and the Alps of Spain to rise like silver pyramids into the burning sky. Let us deduct, too, something for the very excellencies of the copy. It is new, too garish, and in too holiday a trim—it looks like Othello in a suit from Bond Street. There are no jewels torn from the turban, no blood upon the silken

robes—all is fresh as when from the mosque of the Alhambra first sounded in the daybreak, “Come to prayer, come to prayer! Prayer is better than sleep, prayer is better than sleep!” All the gentle harmonies even of ruin and decay are wanting, and the decoration has a crudeness that in itself dispels the visions its beauty helps to raise.

Yes! in spite of earthquakes, mines, and blastings, spite of Spanish galley-slaves and French soldiers—of Spanish bigotry, French pillage, and Flemish barbarism—of thieves and gipsies, contrabandistas, muleteers and brigands—paupers, charcoal-burners, and snow-gatherers, the Alhambra is still one of the most wonderful, as it is one of the most recent, of European ruins. It is the most perfect as to repair, and the richest in design; it is the best known to us, even to its minutest detail; it has suffered less from man or the elements, and has fallen more gently and imperceptibly to decay. It was not molten in an hour like Nineveh, or buried in a day like Pompeii; it was not drowned in fire like Sodom, engulfed like the sea-shore of India by the ocean, or

swallowed whole in the jaws of an earthquake; it was not smitten down at a blow like Corinth, or sapped for centuries like Athens. Though it has been alternately a barrack, a prison, a tea-garden, and an alms-house—though its harem is a hen-house, and its prisons pens for sheep—the Alhambra still exists one of the most wonderful creations of Eastern splendour and Oriental magnificence. There it stands, a great tomb-stone of a dead Empire, like an obelisk of Egypt; lingering in Europe long after the Moslem waves have rolled back again into Asia, it remains as a bright shell that is left behind by the tide, or as a gold cup that a Turcoman has dropped upon the steppe; like the empty tent of a dead Arab still standing, though the rest of his tribe have long since pulled up their spears, untethered their camels, and have sought new homes in the far desert.

What traveller in Spain can forget his first glance from the roof of the Generalife, or the window of the throne-room, down over the gardens and trees, and the roofs of the old town of the Moor, where the grand captain and the sovereign he so well served,

sleep their sleep far over the seventy green miles of Vega, with its twin rivers wending their common way to the Guadalquivir; the whole plain glowing in the sunlight like a golden sea, on which the white roofs of the farm-houses and *haciendas* seem to float like gleaming sails on a sunset tide; while around rise the bare, scorched sierras, and above them all the changeless moon and changeful sky, veering from the sapphire of noon to the p  le ruby of twilight and the opal of dawn. That Vega, spreading wide with its groves and vineyards, pomegranate and citron trees, a many-coloured flood of brightness fused to one gold by the alchemist sun—lies a broad plain, whose fields are still enriched by the blood of Moor and Christian, shed long ago, when jereed crossed spear and scimitar flashed sunlight before eyes barred dark in the vizor. Well might the Moorish poet cry out in his rapture that the scene was fairer than the valley of Damascus, and that the Xenil waters were like molten gold flowing between emerald banks—and that Cairo had but one river, and Granada a thousand miles.

In this Eden, on the sloping walls of rock that bar it from the world without, grows every production of the temperate and the torrid zones—from the sugar-cane and the palm, to the apple-tree and the fir, the walnut, the cork-tree, and the chestnut. In this fragment of lost Paradise you may mount from the region of the balsam of the East to peaks where even the rugged lichen will not live. At its heart is a deep alluvial basin, watered by twin rivers; while its lofty snow-peaks have been glittering beacons to the sailor on the distant Mediterranean ever since Scipio landed in Iberia, or Hannibal left exulting Carthage for the shores of Italy. Granada is a country of legends and of the past, and a place of pilgrimage for the present. Every crag has its falcon nest of a tower; every hamlet by which the Xenil wanders has seen the crescent set in blood, when the chivalry of Spain trampled down the pass of Lope; or has beheld the cross glitter in the light of the beacon when the white steed of St. James was revealed in the clouds, and the stern picture of the dead Cid, with three

green turbaned heads strung grimly at his saddle-bow, rode slowly by the good saint's side.

The key to all national architecture is the material with which it had to deal. The Egyptian moulds his palm-tree in stone, and ornaments his capitals with lotus and papyrus. In India and China the tent turns to a pagoda, as the Moor's tent-pole petrified into a column. We have already observed that the mural decorations of the Alhambra are imitations of the luxurious shawls and weavings of Cashmere with which their tents had been adorned when Mohammed was visiting Syria, and ere Kadijah was yet a widow; while some are imitated from the gilt leather of Cordova. Arab Art sprang from the Koran as the Gothic did from the Bible. Everywhere, could you but read, you would see written, "Blessing! God alone is the Conqueror!" All creation is thus written over, but in a language known only to a few. The sailor reads God's word in the cloud, the geologist in the stone he treads on; the botanist in the leaf and the weed; the poet everywhere. The favourite mottoes of

particular kings occur as frequently on the walls as the bees of Napoleon did at Fontainebleau, or the white swan and *honi soit qui mal y pense* on Edward III.'s tapestry.

In the Alhambra much of the old severity of the Mohammedan ordinances is relaxed, for the purposes of architectural decorations. Perhaps they thought designs lawful when once on the wall, and executed by Christian captives or Christian renegadoes.

The Koran forbids any sculptured or graven representations of living things, as tending to idolatry. The Moslem fears even to tread on a piece of printed paper in the street, lest it should perchance contain the name of Allah. The Arabs, when they entered Egypt under Amron, defaced the sphinx with their lances, as the hateful work of the Jews. Yet here we have on one ceiling frescoes of kings and knights, hunting-trains and tournaments; and we see the Fountain of Lions, and the sculptures of deer hunted down by wild beasts.

The coarse, crumbling, brick-like towers of the Alhambra are but a rude casket for the precious jewels, within which these wonders lie like crystals

in the bottom shell of a colourless and earth-stained flint. Spain was the Capua for which the Moor sold his birthright; here ended his conquests; here his proud waves were stayed; and here the tide, so long advancing, began to slowly ebb. Gradually from the mountain caves of Pelago crept down the Gothic kings, like an unnoticed mountain-stream, till flowing wider and vaster over the broad plains of Leon and Castile, they scared the Moslem into flight. State after state fell; and the deluge rolled on, till the united waters, ever swelling, never resting, reached the capital of the Moor, the last stronghold of the true believer, and washed into the very portal of the Alhambra. Cordova, with its gorgeous mosque and rich palaces, had long before fallen. The 1,030 towers, and the 200,000 inhabitants of Granada, had become a fable, and the cross-bowmen of the Vega were ridden down by the mailed spearmen of the Cross. A woman's beauty lost the Moors Granada—

“L'amour tu perdis Troie,
“Dux fœmina facti.”

As it had the Britons Wales, and the Goths Spain. A woman gave Spain to the Moors, and

a woman gave it back to the Christians. The undutiful son of the blind old Sultan, the last Moorish king of Granada, died in a fray in Africa, and his subjects became pirates with Barbarossa, or beggars like the Moriscoes.

Their descendants still sit in the sun in Morocco, and see in visions the pleasant gardens of their former homes, watching the swallows, which they know will visit Granada in the spring, and return in the autumn, to be exiles like themselves. They fall asleep and dream of the silvery fall of the fountain, or the soft ripple of the Xenil through reed and rush. In sun-scorched Barbary they sigh for the cool breeze of the Nevada, that fanned their royal fathers as they sat beside the flowings of the swift Darro. They are said still to possess the old Arabic title-deeds of every mill and vineyard in the Vega, just as the Roman cardinals exult in the nominal titles of English bishoprics. The sons of Moorish kings chaffer for hours about a para—would pawn the coffins of their fathers—and sell the very bones of the Prophet, could they but find them. They have still imagination; for though others lie more naturally, they do it with a better grace, and

their fiction boasts a richness of invention seldom found even in the East. They have an inheritance of grace, for they pick your pockets or cut your throat with the dignity of an Emir. They no longer preach the armed conversion of nations; but if rendering every Christian penniless would facilitate the progress of Moham-medanism, they would willingly proceed with such profitable conversion.

Some spots on the world's surface seem favoured above all others. Here the Cid, that savage type of early chivalry, and the great-hearted Columbus, may both have stood; here Ximenes and the grand captain may have conversed; and here Cervantes and Mendoza have rambled. To the Alhambra hill first came the Phœnician and the Roman, then the Ostro Goth and the Berber, and after them the Spaniard and the Frenchman, the sun-worshipper and the moon-worshipper, the idol-fearer and the destroyer of idols; and, last of all, to filch an ornament from the great home of thought, the English tourist. He, like an Arab who lives by robbing helpless mummies of the papyri they clutch so fast in their black and shrivelled hands, racks his brain to weave his

fugitive rhetoric into three pages of his travels. He, with a great belief of the present, and a great contempt for the past, on which he sets his heel, sits down, and, scribbling his profession of a regret which he could not share, and, inspired by the associations of the spot, a cigar, and a flask of Xeres, scratches his name on the gilded wall—an eloquent expression of the imperishable greatness of his country.

CHAPTER XII.

GOTHIC ART.

"And glorious work of fine intelligence,
 Give all thou canst; high Heaven rejects the lore
 Of nicely calculated—less or more.
 So deemed the man who fashioned for the sense
 These lofty pillars, spread that branching roof,
 Self-poised and scooped into a thousand cells,
 Where light and shade repose, where music dwells.

* * * * *

They dreamt not of a perishable home,
 Who thus could build
 . . . Hopes perhaps more heavenly bright than thine,
 A grace by thee unsought and unpossessed,
 A faith more fixed, and rapture more divine,
 Gilded their passage to eternal rest."

WORDSWORTH'S "SONNETS."

GOTHIC architecture has this peculiar distinguishing characteristic from Greek—that the

one is horizontal in its tendency, the other vertical. The one is full of repose, of the level desert, of Eastern calm, and delights in deep shadows and broad surfaces of light; the other is restless and aspiring—its character is drawn from the tree-top, growing into the light from the mountain peak, gilded by the sun, of the motley of Northern brightness and gloom, of struggle, strong endeavour, and unconquerable will. The Greek decoration delights in the human form, the Gothic in external nature; the one in abstract beauty, the other in character and contrast; the one is stern, serious, and calmly beautiful; the other grotesque, vigorous, and earnest.

Of the various hypotheses of the derivation of the Gothic order, some attribute pointed style to the imitation of the Druidical groves, of wattled huts or the timber buildings of the Saxons, or of the Pyramid; while Dr. Milner considered the pointed arch was suggested by the intersection of the round Romanesque arches, when used in arcade work. Mr. Ruskin has, however, all but proved that the gable-roof is a necessity of climate, and was intended and

originally invented to throw off snow and rain, just as the flat roof was to fend the sun. But this he surely much overthrows when he goes on to compare the energy of the erect or vertical work—the work of a man urging himself to work amid a snow-storm—with the lassitude of the horizontal work—the inactive toil of one laid at his length on a sunny bank among *cidadas* and fallen olives. In the Northern Art he sees the serrated lines of the pine-forest, and the long levels of the poplar; and contrasts the effects of a mind delighting in the frost-work wreathed upon the glittering point of a spruce, and the dark green depth of sunshine that the Italian could see on the broad table of a stone-pine canoping some Mediterranean isle.

The high-roof builder longs to raise pinnacles that the clouds may wander round; the Southern delights in the level roof, like a meadow in the sun, or like the glassy sea in a summer noon. The Northern gets petty in detail, and loses a love of broad surface—smooth as a hill-side on the breast of a lake—and all appreciation of calm beauty, grace, and quiet truthfulness.

The Southern gets insipid, with his calm and rest, and recoils at the exaggerated stare and energy of the Goth : the one is strong and powerful, the other beautiful ; the one active, the other passive ; for the one has more of the male, the other of the female principle of Art.

According to Mr. Ruskin, the six great principles of our English Gothic Art, are *savageness, changefulness, naturalism, grotesqueness, rigidity, and redundance*. Gothic is objective, the Greek subjective ; the Goth delights to imitate, the Greek to create ; the one is a love of the real, the other of the ideal ; to the Greek the Goth would appear a savage hewing with a hatchet, when he should pare with a chisel ; to the Goth the Greek would appear wearisome and womanly ; the one battles with the wind and rejoices with the storm, and continued heat and perfume he deems fit only for idlers ; the other thinks cold a preparation for purgatory, and warmth synonymous with life.

Modern glass-painting is as much a new art as oil-painting was in the time of Van Eyck ;

and the great number of new churches has caused a demand for it, which the revival of mediæval feeling has tended to increase. Every one familiar with our "old petrified religions"—the cathedrals of England—remembers with delight those windows, mystic even in their numbers—

"Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes
As are the tiger-moth's deep damasked wings,
Where, in the midst many thousand heraldries,
A shielded scutcheon glows with blood of queens and
kings ;"

Windows that seem the spangled blossoms of that great stony net-work, that, twisted round roof and pillar, shoots rich leafage round the capitals, and branches arching over vault and doorway. If ever there shone "a light that never was on sea or shore," it is that rainbow radiance that sheds "rose-bloom and liquid amethyst" on tomb and gravestone, like a glory emanating from the wings of unseen angels.

Glass painters should go for their designs not to books of rules and parallelpipeds, but where the monks went—to nature; and to nature with the same faith and ardour that the

monks went, guided by better taste and greater skill. The monks took the oak-bough and the vine-branch, turned them to stone, and wound them round their columns. They plucked the honeysuckle, the wild rose, the violet, and the trefoil, and carved their semblances to decorate their string-courses and their pateræ. They gathered flowers from the English hedges as the Greek took the acanthus from his mountain foot, or as the Egyptian took his water-plants or his palm-twigs. Our botany shows what attentive lovers these hooded men were of nature, and how they sanctified each blossom with a pious name, blending so many with associations of the Virgin, making the snow-drop and the lily her emblems, and pronouncing a blessing to the Virgin's Bower, our Lady's Mantle, Cross-Flower, Herb St. Christopher, and many others.

The use of legends as decorations, thoughtful and more suggestive than mere angular crystallizations, is also too much overlooked in the present day. The most beautiful ornaments of the Alhambra are those gilded sentences from the Koran that fill every intersection. The

Egyptian walls were but ever expanded leaves of a religious book, in which every letter has a written beauty of colour, appealing to the eye that speaks every language as to the mind that may know but one. The monks, too, encircled their table-tombs with Lombardic — “Jesu merci, prie pour l’alme;” flourished their shields with protests of knightly honour and daring; or introduced scrolls, winding like immense horns from the mouths of saints and kings. Old English still gives us the opportunity of devotional sentences and curt proverbs, suitable to particular places. There still exist a thousand flowers, capable of myriads of combinations, which have never yet been employed by the artist. The beautiful curves and ellipses of the leaves of trees alone are sufficient to enrich a new order of architecture. The world was dead to the monkish thinker, as it is to us. He had Roman traditions weighing down his imagination, and Byzantine uglinesses goggling from every altar; but he trampled over these, and strode out to the forest and the field. Here all was new, and yet eternal—perpetually changing, and yet grounded in sta-

bility. Grimly and faithfully he went to work, and at once the most poetical and suggestive of all styles of architecture rose to light: one not grounded on the finality and repose of abstract beauty, like the Greek; but full of aspiration to that heaven towards which pointed its spires, its towers, and its pinnacles.

Mediæval architecture expressed a certain tone of feeling which does not now exist, and is not likely to exist. We need no long aisles for discontinued processions, no trifariums as balconies for ill-guarded nuns. We no longer believe that to build a church is to secure a certain reversion of salvation; Art is no longer grated up in the cloister; the poet now writes other things besides hymns to the Virgin, and painters now decorate boudoirs, and leave altars bare and colourless. All music is not church music; and we need some superstition, as well perhaps as much faith and much money, ere we build another cathedral. On certain prescribed days we hear a low buzzing in some corner of our mouldy piles, like the sound of a few surviving bees in a rifled hive, but they are no longer resonant with full-voiced sympho-

nies and perpetual harmonies. The riches spent in keeping up these monuments of ecclesiastical dominion and priestly pride are better spent in village churches and country chapels. What has this age in common with the age of cowls and pointed toes—of iron-locked barons and shaven monks?

The Gothic builders had a rich feeling for decoration and for colour. Their eyes, debarred from nature, turned from cold gray stone to the laminated jewels that studded their storied windows, to their gorgeous albs and priestly vestments, to their starred roofs and frescoed walls, to the bright mottle of mosaics and the glittering emblazonry of their graven brass. Their architecture arose spontaneously from the wants of the age, growing through all the gradations of youth to manhood, answering every want of the priest and of the people—of the founder and the worshipper. Its wonderful and mysterious beauty was equalled only by its ready concessions to the sternest utility. It had, too, this great requisite in pure Art: it did not boast finality—it did not rest in a beautiful abstraction, that kept the soul entranced and sen-

sually satisfied; it roused the mind—it raised it inquiringly to heaven—it hinted solemn secrets—it was restless, impassioned, and unsatisfied. In a word, it was Christian, and though it rose from the earth, its spires pointed to a higher and a more enduring world. It was not transparent and perforated like the Arabs' work in Spain—not mountainous and stupendous like that of the Egyptians who rivalled the rocks of Nubia; it had no fountains and open roofs like those of the sunburnt Roman, it was fitted to bide the buffet of the north wind and laugh at the flame of the lightning. Its light and shade were full of the storm and tempest that raged without. The spirit of the bleak moorland, of the blasted crag, of the silent lake, of the lone sea-shore, were all embodied there; and round the main bulk of this vital Christian Art howled and grinned all the demons of the yet living Paganism—local spirits and the whole congregation of the damned, caricatures of personal enemies, and grateful remembrances of buried patrons and dead kings. Below, in the crypt, lay the relics of the martyr—the hermit, whose wicker cell was raised three

centuries before a stone was laid, and beside him lay a Saxon king. In the founder's vault reposes a Norman chief; round the niches of the aisle sleep his crusading children. Under the echoing stones of the cloisters slumber too the brothers who once paced over the spots where now they rest. National, local, and individual feeling consecrated these great shrines of a common religion; they took centuries to build, for centuries they were enriched, and it will take centuries still ere they decay.

The mediæval feeling can never revive, till the world moves backwards. No great order of architecture has ever risen from the grave. Men build no more pyramids, hollow out no more rock-temples, rear no longer golden houses or Babylonian walls and towers; the spirit, the faith, and the money are for ever wanting. No true genius can imitate, he must think himself superior to the men he in vain attempts to rival, and must despise the style he professes to adore. If he attempts to be partly original, he might as well be so altogether, and throw up the old for the entirely new. If he strives to invent, he must tran-

.

scend the inventions of half-a-dozen centuries—must avoid the rudeness of early Art, surpass the richness of the climax, and avoid the follies and corruptions that attend its decline. He need have good heart and good brain. The architecture of other nations grew with their greatness and shared in their destruction, carefully shadowing every fresh addition to their degradation and their downfall; but ours, on the contrary, fell to ruins on the very daybreak of our prosperity, leaving us to barter our merchandize for the taste of other nations, and to patch up our buildings from the pagodas of China, the palaces of modern Italy, and the deformities of Egypt—to borrow everywhere materials without the skill to use them; to mass together flesh and bones, as Prometheus did, and yet find no heavenly fire to kindle them; to go begging from all climates, nations, and languages, and yet return poorer than we went out.

May this reproach be soon removed! May we grope about dark Gothic crypts till we find the amulet that gave our fathers wisdom! Let no ignorant admiration of foreign Art

lead us to ignore the necessities of climate and national character. We are an indoors people; we want sunlight without rain—summer air, and yet no winter wind. We may have sheltering porches and guarded cloisters, but no Moorish cupolas or transparent alcoves. We want warmth, and we want light; and let our architects remember that one use of a house is to live in it; let them show earnestness of purpose and unintermitting zeal, and the nineteenth century may still see a new order of architecture arise, in which the power of the Roman builder may be blended with the softer beauty of the Greek.

An order of architecture to be great must be national. The Gothic architecture was pre-eminently English. The Egyptian took the Nile plants to ornament his pillars; the Greek plucked the acanthus leaf; the Hindoo gathered the palm; but they used those natural types with a stinting and a niggard hand. It remained for the northern dweller to regard nature with his childish and earnest love, to carve the hazel-bough and the fern-leaf, the rose-bud, the lily-flower, and the sacred trefoil, the oak-branch

and its acorns, the hawthorn, the clasping ivy and the clinging vine, the poppy, the honeysuckle, and the clover. He needed the tutoring of our rain-glooms and our sunbursts. He needed the teaching of poets who loved nature better than the Greek; for every allusion to nature in a Greek poet might be put in the compass of "As you like it." He, first of all men, loved her with a pure, a perfect, and an untiring love; learnt, from the long watching for the bud, to regard the leaf with a deeper pleasure, to feel joy synonymous with spring, sober gladness with summer, sadness with autumn, and grief with the frosts of winter. The majestic monotony of an Eastern sun, the weary splendour of Italian azure, and the sublime melancholy of eternal snows, could not inspire such love. This love could be learnt only under a changeful sky of storm and showers, of slow growth, of gradual springs and long winters. We learnt to love nature as no other nation has ever loved her; no poets have sung of her like ours, no painters have painted her sweetest scenes better or more frequently. Our first builders strove to cover their roofs and

walls with the stormy verdure of a perpetual spring; the monks dated their festivals by the reappearance of flowers, and named them after their saints and martyrs.

The monkish builder united under one roof of his palace, his home, his shrine, his guest-house, his conclave, his library, and his grave. The cathedral was the great temple of a whole province. Its painted windows were the poor man's illuminated books, its tombs his sculptured chronicles; its choral hymns were all that he knew of music, all that he could imagine of the voices of angels; its incense was that peasant's perfume, wafted to him like the breath of saints; its grotesques were almost all that he knew of mirth. Once a week, at least, he might live as kings lived, and share the pleasures of princes, and to his eyes its rich glass was flushed with the perpetual sunset of a vision. The sunbeams creeping over its wall were to him the golden shadows of descending spirits; and when the moon came, and silvered niche and pillar, it must have seemed to that rude, but not insensible churl like the glories of a good man's dream. The cathedral was the vassal's concert-hall, his pic-

ture gallery, his library, and his sculpture-room. It taught him through Art to love nature — and, through nature, to love God. It gratified every sense, and won each sense to religion, purifying and heightening every power. The monk knew that the boor was soonest taught through the eye, so to the eye he first directed his appeal.

Though the European mind has not that gorgeousness of taste in which the Asiatic exults, yet the monk was a great lover of colour. Look at his mosaics, his altar-pieces, and frescoes, his missals, and the rich blazonry of his heraldry; see his diapered walls and windows of perpetual flame; his jewelled robes, and the glittering embossments of his inlaid cups and chalices. English nature could not teach him this; the grey marblings of our sky, its scanty fire-streakings, and dull lustres of opal and pearl, the purple cloud of the heather, and the reddenings of our buds, the tinted granite or the lichened rock, the riches of the wild thyme and the gold of the furze-blossom, the hazy mountain nor the leaden lake. The violet and the snow-drop are poor substitutes for the

flowering trees of India. The faint streaks of gold and azure on our wild bird's wings match feebly with the dyes of the tropic dwellers. But perhaps the indoor life that makes the business men of this country love landscape-painting, and enables our painters to excel in colour, made the monk love the scenes he could so seldom visit, and rejoice in these festive hues of the sky and earth, when he was debarred from their reality. Jewels lent a lustre to his brown and sable robes, gilding took the place of sunshine, and silvering of moonlight.

From the same spirit of vexation came the fondness of the monks for all attempts to depict human and divine love. The Saviour and the Virgin, the Mother and the Son—this is the soul of Gothic feeling. These childless, isolated, unloved men, perpetually depicted the tenderness of the ideal mother. Scarred wretches, who had fled bleeding from the struggle of life, delighted to portray the agonies of a boundless love. It is common to find such deep, stern, melancholy natures peculiarly disposed to love and to be loved. All the debauchery of his life could not drive away Byron's childish dream. Swift, the

bitterest hater that ever hated, married Stella and won Vanessa's heart. Cromwell was a tender father and a fervid friend. Impossible and unnatural as was the monkish ideal, it was still, we see, based on these two deep humanities. The heart prompted every stroke of their chisel, and to accuse it of being barbarous is to mock the child because he lisps and stammers. They knew that at the root of every flower was the great, universal, underlying earth. Their minds resembled their own high sculptured towers, that, while they are scathed by the lightning and marred by the whirlwind, still give shelter to the nestling birds. Their art, while it wears all the sublimity of northern storms, exults in all the beauty of the flowers of a northern spring.

It is not for us to point out their faults. Who are we, to judge of their vices or their sins? It is sufficient proof that the Monastic system existed. It was not the finger of a poor monk that could stop the rolling world. These convents were the fortresses of piety; their system was the reaction of sword law, violence and rapine. St. Bernard and King John—Rochester and Penn—St. Paul and Tiberius—Wesley and

Wilkes: such are the typified reactions of every age. The very pastimes of these men were useful to ourselves. From the madness of alchemy sprang modern chymistry—from the dreams of astrology, the certainties of astronomy. Faraday and Chaucer's "Cheat with the Alembic,"—Galeotti and Newton have still something in common. To their scholastic theology we owe the preservation of Aristotle, and the labours of their copiers saved Homer and Plato from the fate of Ennius and Sappho. The monks looked at the storms of life through their painted windows, and mistook the lightning for the rainbow. Their ideal was too perfect for our nature. They were the first missionaries, and the first colonizers; the defenders of the serf, the educators of the poor. The monk and the knight were necessary phases of a civilization dangerous and ridiculous only when their use was past. Every nation has given its art some peculiar attribute of divinity: that of the Mexican was terror; that of the Greek, beauty; of the Egyptian, repose; of the Assyrian, power; of the monk, love. Their faults were of their age. We should no more complain of St. Bernard preaching the crusade than we should of

Elizabeth filling her prisons with the Jesuits, of Cromwell burning the priest, or Calvin drowning the Anabaptist.

What a grand triumphant progress of conquest over the unknown did these men make, from the low arches and massive columns of the Norman to the slender pillars and the lancet arches of the early English—from the thistle-leaf to the lily and the vine—from the low pyramid-crowned tower to the spire that shoots up, sudden and gleaming as a flame—from the trefoil arch to the mullioned window and the transomed oriel—from the rude loophole of the Lombard to the stony tracery woven intricate as forest boughs against the sky—from rude corbel to flourished finial and flowering cusp — from rude arcades to walls incrustated with diaper, and flowers dying into geometric figures, the caprices of luxury and novelty.

Has Greece anything finer to show in her friezes and entablatures than the imagination that pierced these parapets, piled these spires, cast these buttresses, bridged these chasms—that carved their lingering paganisms in these

grinning gargoyles — that vaulted over these gulfs of air with mere films of strong web-work radiations, and clamped them here and there with the firm grasp of leafy bosses? Does the Greek fluted pillar or sculptured pediment excel the fretted niches, the solemn echoing cloisters, with their dead monks below and the saints carved above; the self-poised roof, the high ribbed vaults, warmed by the solemn sheen of storied windows and these recumbent effigies? Gothic architecture now is like the prince in the Arabian tale, half man, half marble—half alive, half dead. The wharf flows on lapping against the mouldering fret-work of Bolton, and the Black Mountains look down upon the ruins of Llanthony, whose Art once rivalled their nature. St. Cuthbert's still rises above the Wear, York above the Ouse, and Wells defies the storms of the Mendips, that only dye its twin towers with softer tints; but Tintern and Val Crucis, the pleasant riverside and the lovely valley, are shorn of their splendour. Lincoln is throned upon its hill, but a woful autumn has saddened the glories of its summer.

Before we conclude, let us give a word of praise to that sure concomitant of great imagination—the strong common sense of the Gothic builder. He never swerved from the necessity of use; he learnt to beautify the use, but did not ignore it; his necessities became beauties. He threw off snow and rain by high-gabled roofs; he propped up vaultings with pillars, and then let foliage grow round them in rich clusters. This beginning was rude, for men do not use French cooking for herbs; the first stool was not a throne, nor the first walking-stick a sceptre. The instinct that made the Cistercians always build by the river-side, led the Benedictines to carve in stone the flower and leaf, and to dedicate, as it were, to God all the beauties of this nether world. With their stone they did as much as the Greek with his marble. The Greek temple had a dark interior, but the monk's temple was his home, and thorough-lit by the daily sunshine. The monk knew when to be mirthful and when to be sad; in his architecture there is every gradation of feeling, from the broad grins of gurgyle and corbel to the

dark and solemn crypt. He had his saints who cured the tooth-ache, and his blood-stained martyrs. He had felt our noon warmth and the damp of our nights. His Art was a full reflex of the English mind and the English climate.

THE END.

13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT'S NEW PUBLICATIONS.

TRAVELS IN THE REGIONS OF THE

AMOOR, AND THE RUSSIAN ACQUISITIONS ON THE CONFINES OF INDIA AND CHINA; WITH ADVENTURES AMONG THE MOUNTAIN KIRGHIS, AND THE MANJOURS, MANYARGS, TOUNGOUZ, TOUZEMTZ, GOLDI, AND GELYAKS. By T. W. ATKINSON, F.G.S., F.R.G.S., Author of "Oriental and Western Siberia." Dedicated, by permission, to HER MAJESTY. Royal 8vo., with Map and 83 Illustrations. £2 2s., elegantly bound.

"Our readers have not now to learn for the first time the quality of Mr. Atkinson as an explorer and a writer. The comments we made on, and the extracts we selected from, his 'Oriental and Western Siberia,' will have sufficed to show that in the former character he takes rank with the most daring of the class, and that in the latter he is scarcely to be surpassed for the lucidity, picturesqueness, and power, with which he pours the scenes through which he has travelled, and the perils or the pleasures which encountered him on the way. The present volume is not inferior to its predecessor. It takes us through localities, some of which are little, others not at all, known to even the best read men in the literature of travel. The entire volume is admirable for its spirit, unexaggerated tone, and the mass of fresh materials by which this really new world is made accessible to us. The followers, too, of all the 'ologies' will meet with something in these graphic pages of peculiar interest to them. It is a noble work."—*Athenæum*.

DOMESTIC MEMOIRS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY, AND OF THE COURT OF ENGLAND, CHIEFLY AT SHENE AND RICHMOND. By FOLKESTONE WILLIAMS, F.R.G.S., F.G.S., &c. 3 vols., with Portraits, 31s. 6d.

"An interesting, pleasant, and instructive book, abundant in anecdote, and agreeably gossiping. It evinces considerable research, and a generally sound historical judgment."—*Spectator*.

"This work belongs to the best class of popular antiquarian books, because it is popular by reason of the entertaining character and the variety of its trustworthy information."—*Examiner*.

NARRATIVE OF A RESIDENCE AT THE

COURT OF MEER ALI MOORAD; WITH WILD SPORTS IN THE VALLEY OF THE INDUS. By Capt. LANGLEY, late Madras Cavalry. 2 vols., 8vo., with Illustrations, 30s.

"A valuable work, containing much useful information."—*Literary Gazette*.

"Captain Langley's interesting volumes will doubtless attract all the attention they deserve on account of their political and commercial importance; and as they are full of incident connected with the sports of British India, they will be as agreeable to the sportsman and general reader as to the politician."—*Messenger*.

HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF HENRY IV.,

KING OF FRANCE AND NAVARRE. By Miss FREER, Author of The Lives of Marguerite D'Angouleme, Elizabeth de Valois, Henry III., &c. 2 vols., with Portraits, 21s.

"We know no works of this kind, with the exception, perhaps, of Macaulay's History, which are more pleasant reading than the histories of Miss Freer. The charm of the style and manner and the accuracy of the details combine to render her works a valuable addition to our literary treasures."—*John Bull*.

TRAITS OF CHARACTER; BEING TWENTY-

FIVE YEARS' LITERARY AND PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS. By A CONTEMPORARY. 2 vols., 21s.

CONTENTS:—Lord Melbourne—L. E. Landon—The Earl of Carnarvon—The Duke of Wellington—Edward Irving—Mrs. Shelley—Thomas Campbell—Robert Liston—William Lawrence—Thomas Moore—Dr. Kitcheener—Edmund Kean—Mr. Justice Crowder—The Rev. J. M. Bellew—The Rev. F. W. Robertson—Lord Macaulay—Lady Blessington—The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon—Sheridan Knowles—Tyrona Power—Viscount Dillon—Thomas Pringle—A. J. Valpy—The Hon. Mrs. Norton.

13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT'S NEW WORKS.—*Continued.*

MEMOIRS OF THE COURT OF GEORGE IV.

From Original Family Documents. By the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM AND CHANDOS, K.G. 2 vols. 8vo., with Portraits, 30s.

"The country is much indebted to the Duke of Buckingham for the publication of these volumes—to our thinking the most valuable of the contributions to recent history which he has yet compiled from his family papers."—*John Bull*.

SONGS OF THE CAVALIERS AND ROUND-HEADS, JACOBITE BALLADS, &c. By WALTER THORNBURY.

1 vol. with numerous Illustrations by H. S. MARKS. Elegantly bound. 6s

"Mr. Thornbury has produced a volume of songs and ballads worthy to rank with Macanlay's or Aytoun's Lays."—*Chronicle*.

"Those who love picture, life, and costume in song will here find what they love."
Athenæum.

A BOOK ABOUT DOCTORS. By J. C. JEAFFERSON, Author of "Novels and Novelists," &c. 2 vols., with Plates, 21s.

A SUMMER RAMBLE IN THE HIMALAYAS; with Sporting Adventures in the Vale of Cashmere. Edited by "MOUNTAINEER." 15s.

"This volume is altogether a pleasant one. It is written with zest, and edited with care. The incidents and adventures of the journey are most fascinating to a sportsman and very interesting to a traveller."—*Athenæum*.

A CRUISE IN THE PACIFIC. From the Log of a Naval Officer. Edited by CAPT. AYLMER. 2 vols., 21s.

THE ENGLISHWOMAN IN ITALY: IMPRESSIONS OF LIFE IN THE ROMAN STATES AND SARDINIA DURING A TEN YEARS' RESIDENCE. By MRS. G. GRETTON. 2 vols., 21s.

"Mrs. Gretton's book is timely, life-like, and for every reason to be recommended."
Athenæum.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF GEORGE VILLIERS, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM. From original and authentic sources. By Mrs. THOMSON. 3 vols., Portrait, 31s. 6d.

"These volumes will increase the well-earned reputation of their clever and popular author."—*Examiner*.

TRAVELS IN EASTERN AFRICA, with the Narrative of a Residence in Mozambique. By LYONS M'LEOD, Esq., F.R.G.S., late British Consul in Mozambique. 2 vols. With Map and Illustrations. 21s.

SIX MONTHS IN REUNION; A Clergyman's Holiday, and How he Passed It. By the Rev. P. BEATON, M.A. 2 vols., 21s.

LADY CHARLOTTE PEPYS' JOURNEY ON A PLANK FROM KIEV TO EAUX-BONNES. 2 vols., 21s.

LORD WILLIAM LENNOX'S PICTURES OF SPORTING LIFE AND CHARACTER. 2 vols., 21s.

THE VALLEY OF A HUNDRED FIRES. By the Author of "Margaret and her Bridesmaids," &c. 3 vols.

NOW IN COURSE OF PUBLICATION,

HURST AND BLACKETT'S STANDARD LIBRARY

OF CHEAP EDITIONS OF POPULAR MODERN WORKS.

Each in a single volume, elegantly printed, bound, and illustrated, price 5s.

A volume to appear every two months. The following are now ready.

VOL. I.—SAM SLICK'S NATURE AND HUMAN NATURE ILLUSTRATED BY LEECH

Messrs Hurst and Blackett have very fitly inaugurated their Standard Library of Popular Modern Works with this admirable volume. With regard to this we can truly say—Who can tire of the genuine sallies, the deep wisdom wrapped up in merry guise, and the side-splitting outbursts of genuine wit, in the pages of Haliburton? 'Nature and Human Nature' is particularly full of all these qualities; and to those who love a good laugh, when they can enjoy it accompanied by good matter for reflection, and who have not yet read this production of Sam Slick, we can heartily recommend this elegant Edition.—*Critic*.

"The first volume of Messrs Hurst and Blackett's Standard Library of Cheap Editions forms a very good beginning to what will doubtless be a very successful undertaking. 'Nature and Human Nature' is one of the best of Sam Slick's witty and humorous productions, and well entitled to the large circulation which it cannot fail to obtain in its present convenient and cheap shape. The volume combines with the great recommendations of a clear, bold type, and good paper, the lesser, but attractive merits, of being well illustrated and elegantly bound."—*Post*.

"This new and cheap edition of Sam Slick's popular work will be an acquisition to all lovers of wit and humour. Mr Justice Haliburton's writings are so well known that no commendation is needed. The volume is very handsomely bound and illustrated, and the paper and type are excellent. It is in every way suited for a library edition, and as the names of Messrs Hurst and Blackett warrant the character of the works to be produced in their Standard Library, we have no doubt the project will be eminently successful."—*Sun*

VOL. II.—JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN.

"This is a very good and a very interesting work. It is designed to trace the career from boyhood to age of a perfect man—a Christian gentleman, and it abounds in incident both well and highly wrought. Throughout it is conceived in a high spirit, and written with great ability. This cheap and handsome new edition is worthy to pass freely from hand to hand as a gift book in many households."—*Examiner*.

"The new and cheaper edition of this interesting work will doubtless meet with great success. John Halifax, the hero of this most beautiful story, is no ordinary hero, and this his history is no ordinary book. It is a full-length portrait of a true gentleman, one of nature's own nobility. It is also the history of a home, and a thoroughly English one. The work abounds in incident, and many of the scenes are full of graphic power and true pathos. It is a book that few will read without becoming wiser and better."—*Scotsman*.

"'John Halifax' is more than worthy of the author's reputation. We consider, indeed, that it is her best work. There are in it many passages of beautiful writing. The closing scenes are deeply pathetic, and few will lay down the book without tearful eyes. 'John Halifax' is a picture, drawn with a masterly hand, of one of nature's gentlemen. Everybody who ever reads a novel should read this one."—*Critic*.

"The story is very interesting. The attachment between John Halifax and his wife is beautifully painted, as are the pictures of their domestic life, and the growing up of their children, and the conclusion of the book is beautiful and touching."—*Athenaeum*.

"John Halifax is one of the noblest stories among modern works of fiction. The interest of the story is enthralling, the characters admirably sustained, and the moral excellent."—*Press*.

"In 'John Halifax' every character is consistently conceived and very truthfully delineated. The incidents, the scenes, the 'still life,' are painted with a power that sustains the attention of the reader."—*Spectator*.

"If the delineation of the grand in character, the glorious in action, the tender in feeling, the pure in heart, can bestow eminence on a production, this work must take its place among the standard and the excellent."—*Sun*.

[CONTINUED ON THE FOLLOWING PAGES.]

HURST AND BLACKETT'S STANDARD LIBRARY

(CONTINUED).

VOL. III.—THE CRESCENT AND THE CROSS.

BY ELIOT Warburton.

"Independent of its value as an original narrative, and its useful and interesting information, this work is remarkable for the colouring power and play of fancy with which its descriptions are enlivened. Among its greatest and most lasting charms is its reverent and serious spirit."—*Quarterly Review*.

"A book calculated to prove more practically useful was never penned than 'The Crescent and the Cross'—a work which surpasses all others in its homage for the sublime and its love for the beautiful in those famous regions consecrated to everlasting immortality in the annals of the prophets, and which no other writer has ever depicted with a pencil at once so reverent and so picturesque."—*Sun*.

"In the mixture of story with anecdote, information, and impression, it perhaps surpasses 'Eothen.' Innumerable passages of force, vivacity, or humour are to be found in the volumes."—*Spectator*.

VOL. IV.—NATHALIE. BY JULIA KAVANAGH.

"'Nathalie' is Miss Kavanagh's best imaginative effort. Its manner is gracious and attractive. Its matter is good. A sentiment, a tenderness, are commanded by her which are as individual as they are elegant. We should not soon come to an end were we to specify all the delicate touches and attractive pictures which place 'Nathalie' high among books of its class."—*Athenæum*.

"A tale of untiring interest, full of deep touches of human nature, exhibiting all that self-sacrificing devotion, and all that sensitive waywardness, the combination of which constitutes one of the most powerful charms, as well as one of the greatest riddles, of the female character. We have no hesitation in predicting for this delightful tale a lasting popularity, and a place in the foremost ranks of that most instructive kind of fiction—the moral novel."—*John Bull*.

"A more judicious selection than Nathalie could not have been made for Messrs Hurst and Blackett's Standard Library. The series as it advances realises our first impression, that it will be one of lasting celebrity."—*Literary Gazette*.

VOL. V.—A WOMAN'S THOUGHTS ABOUT WOMEN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"A book of sound counsel. It is one of the most sensible works of its kind, well-written, true-hearted, and altogether practical. Whoever wishes to give advice to a young lady may thank the author for means of doing so."—*Examiner*.

"The author of 'John Halifax' will retain and extend her hold upon the reading and reasonable public by the merits of her present work, which bears the stamp of good sense and genial feeling."—*Guardian*.

"These thoughts are good and humane. They are thoughts we would wish women to think: they are much more to the purpose than the treatises upon the women and daughters of England, which were fashionable some years ago, and these thoughts mark the progress of opinion, and indicate a higher tone of character, and a juster estimate of woman's position."—*Athenæum*.

"This really valuable volume ought to be in every young woman's hand. It will teach her how to think and how to act. We are glad to see it in this Standard Library."—*Literary Gazette*.

"It is almost unnecessary to remark that the authoress of 'John Halifax' must almost surely write a clever book; but there are deep thoughts upon the phases of woman's conduct and disposition, in this volume, which for accuracy and excellence supersede the former productions of the same pen. The book will attract and delight those whom it does not profess to teach."—*John Bull*.

"Originating in the purest of motives,—the desire of seeing the female portion of the community virtuous, wise, useful, happy,—these thoughts are worthy of the earnest and enlightened mind, the all-embracing charity, and the well-earned reputation of the author of 'John Halifax.'"—*Herald*.

"A sensible well-written review of the true position and duties of women. There are some exceedingly valuable remarks upon female professions and handicrafts."—*Critic*.

HURST AND BLACKETT'S STANDARD LIBRARY

(CONTINUED).

VOL. VI.—ADAM GRAEME OF MOSSGRAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MRS MARGARET MAITLAND."

"'Adam Graeme' is a story awakening genuine emotions of interest and delight by its admirable pictures of Scottish life and scenery. The plot is cleverly complicated, and there is great vitality in the dialogue, and remarkable brilliancy in the descriptive passages, as who that has read 'Margaret Maitland' would not be prepared to expect? But the story has a 'mightier magnet still,' in the healthy tone which pervades it, in its feminine delicacy of thought and diction, and in the truly womanly tenderness of its sentiments. The eloquent author sets before us the essential attributes of Christian virtue, their deep and silent workings in the heart, and their beautiful manifestations in the life, with a delicacy, a power, and a truth which can hardly be surpassed."—*Morning Post*.

VOL. VII.—SAM SLICK'S WISE SAWS AND MODERN INSTANCES.

"The humour of Sam Slick is inexhaustible. He is ever and everywhere a welcome visitor; smiles greet his approach, and wit and wisdom hang upon his tongue. The present production is remarkable alike for its racy humour, its sound philosophy, the felicity of its illustrations, and the delicacy of its satire. We promise our readers a great treat from the perusal of these 'Wise Saws and Modern Instances,' which contain a world of practical wisdom, and a treasury of the richest fun."—*Post*.

"We have not the slightest intention to criticise this book. Its reputation is made, and will stand as long as that of Scott's or Bulwer's Novels. The remarkable originality of its purpose, and the happy description it affords of American life and manners, still continue the subject of universal admiration. To say thus much is to say enough, though we must just mention that the new edition forms a part of the Publishers' Cheap Standard Library, which has included some of the very best specimens of light literature that ever have been written."—*Messenger*.

VOL. VIII.—CARDINAL WISEMAN'S RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LAST FOUR POPES.

"A picturesque book on Rome and its ecclesiastical sovereigns, by an eloquent Roman Catholic. Cardinal Wiseman has here treated a special subject with so much generality and geniality, that his recollections will excite no ill-feeling in those who are most conscientiously opposed to every idea of human infallibility represented in Papal domination."—*Athenæum*.

VOL. IX.—A LIFE FOR A LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"We are always glad to welcome Miss Muloch. She writes from her own convictions, and she has the power not only to conceive clearly what it is that she wishes to say, but to express it in language effective and vigorous. In 'A Life for a Life' she is fortunate in a good subject, and she has produced a work of strong effect. The reader having read the book through for the story, will be apt (if he be of our persuasion) to return and read again many pages and passages with greater pleasure than on a first perusal. The whole book is replete with a graceful, tender delicacy; and in addition to its other merits, it is written in good careful English."—*Athenæum*.

"The works of this author go beneath the surface, and present a picture of human joys and human sufferings in which those deep hopes, disappointments, and sorrows, which are the very well-springs of our existence, are brought to light, and set before us by a sympathising mind. 'A Life for a Life' is a book of this class. The characters are depicted with a masterly hand, the events are dramatically set forth; the descriptions of scenery and sketches of society are admirably penned; moreover the work has an object—a clearly defined moral—most poetically, most beautifully drawn; and through all there is that strong reflective mind visible which lays bare the human heart and human mind to the very core."—*Post*.

HURST AND BLACKETT'S STANDARD LIBRARY

(CONTINUED).

VOL. X.—THE OLD COURT SUBURB. BY LEIGH HUNT.

"A delightful book, of which the charm begins at the first line on the first page, for full of quaint and pleasant memories is the phrase that is its title, 'The Old Court Suburb.' Very full, too, both of quaint and pleasant memories is the line that designates the author. It is the name of the most cheerful of chroniclers, the best of remembrancers of good things, the most polished and entertaining of educated gossipers. 'The Old Court Suburb' is a work that will be welcome to all readers, and most welcome to those who have a love for the best kinds of reading."—*Examiner*.

"A more agreeable and entertaining book has not been published since Boswell produced his reminiscences of Johnson."—*Observer*.

VOL. XI.—MARGARET AND HER BRIDESMAIDS.

"We may save ourselves the trouble of giving any lengthened review of this work, for we recommend all who are in search of a fascinating novel to read it for themselves. They will find it well worth their while. There are a freshness and originality about it quite charming, and there is a certain nobleness in the treatment both of sentiment and incident which is not often found."—*Athenæum*.

VOL. XII.—THE OLD JUDGE. BY SAM SLICK.

"This work is redolent of the hearty fun and strong masculine sense of our old friend 'Sam Slick.' In these sketches we have different interlocutors, and a far greater variety of character than in 'Sam Slick,' while in acuteness of observation, pungency of remark, and abounding heartiness of drollery, the present work of Judge Haliburton is quite equal to the first. Every page is alive with rapid, fresh sketches of character, droll, quaint, racy sayings, good-humoured practical jokes, and capitally-told anecdotes."—*Chronicle*.

"These popular sketches, in which the Author of 'Sam Slick' paints Nova Scotian life, form the 12th Volume of Messrs Hurst and Blackett's Standard Library of Modern Works. The publications included in this Library have all been of good quality; many give information while they entertain, and of that class the book before us is a specimen. The manner in which the Cheap Editions forming the series is produced deserves especial mention. The paper and print are unexceptionable; there is a steel engraving in each volume, and the outside of them will satisfy the purchaser who likes to see a regiment of books in handsome uniform."—*Examiner*.

VOL. XIII.—DARIEN. BY ELIOT WARBURTON.

"This last production, from the pen of the author of 'The Crescent and the Cross,' has the same elements of a very wide popularity. It will please its thousands."—*Globe*.

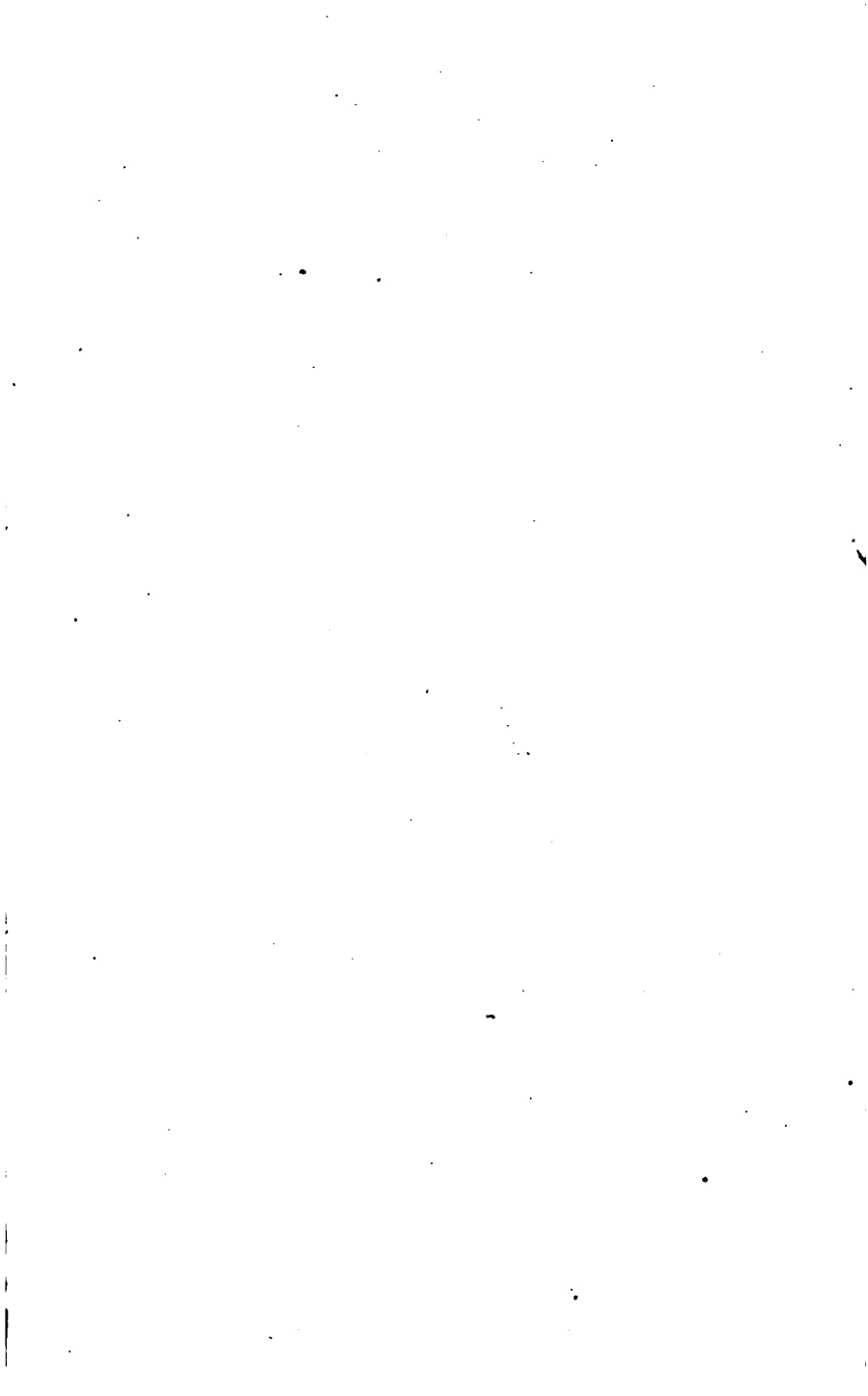
"This work will be read with peculiar interest as the last contribution to the literature of his country of a man endowed with no ordinary gifts of intellect. Eliot Warburton's active and productive genius is amply exemplified in the present book. We have seldom met with any work in which the realities of history and the poetry of fiction were more happily interwoven."—*Illustrated News*.

VOL. XIV.—FAMILY ROMANCE; OR, DOMESTIC ANNALS OF THE ARISTOCRACY.

BY SIR BERNARD BURKE, ULSTER KING OF ARMS.

"It were impossible to praise too highly as a work of amusement this most interesting book, whether we should have regard to its excellent plan or its not less excellent execution. It ought to be found on every drawing-room table. Here you have nearly fifty captivating romances with the pith of all their interest preserved in undiminished poignancy, and any one may be read in half an hour. It is not the least of their merits that the romances are founded on fact—or what, at least, has been handed down for truth by long tradition—and the romance of reality far exceeds the romance of fiction. Each story is told in the clear, unaffected style with which the author's former works have made the public familiar."—*Standard*.

C



14 DAY USE
RETURN TO DESK FROM WHICH BORROWED
LOAN DEPT.

This book is due on the last date stamped below, or
on the date to which renewed.
Renewed books are subject to immediate recall.

6 MAR 05 '68	
REC'D LD	
FEB 20 '65-4 PM	REC. CIR. FEB 26 1979
DEC 16 1968 87	REC. CIR. NOV 1 1973
DEC 2 '68 10 PM	INTERLIBRARY LOAN
LOAN DEPT.	SEP 15 1980
INTERLIBRARY LOAN	UNIV. OF CALIF., BERK.
JAN 10 1979	SENT ON IL
UNIV. OF CALIF., BERK.	JAN 02 2003
	U. C. BERKELEY
LD 21A-60m-4, '68 (E4555s10)476B	General Library University of California Berkeley

U. C. BERKELEY LIBRARIES



C042211495

14 DAY USE
RETURN TO DESK FROM WHICH BORROWED
LOAN DEPT.

This book is due on the last date stamped below, or
on the date to which renewed.
Renewed books are subject to immediate recall.

REC'D LD FEB 20 '65 - 4 PM DEC 16 1968 DEC 2 '68 - 2 PM LOAN DEPT. INTERLIBRARY LOAN JAN 10 1979 UNIV. OF CALIF., BERK.	REC. CIR. FEB 26 1979 REC. CIR. NOV 1 1979 INTERLIBRARY LOAN SEP 15 1980 UNIV. OF CALIF., BERK. SENT ON ID JAN 02 2003 U. C. BERKELEY
---	---

LD 21A-60m-4, '6
(E4555s10) 476B

General Library
University of California
Berkeley

U. C. BERKELEY LIBRARIES



C042211495

